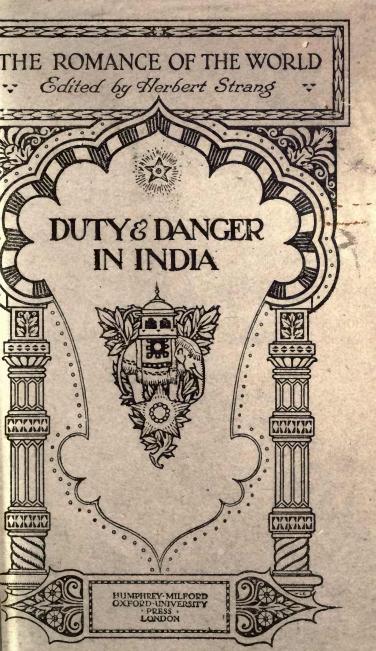




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THE ROMANCE OF THE WORLD EDITED BY HERBERT STRANG

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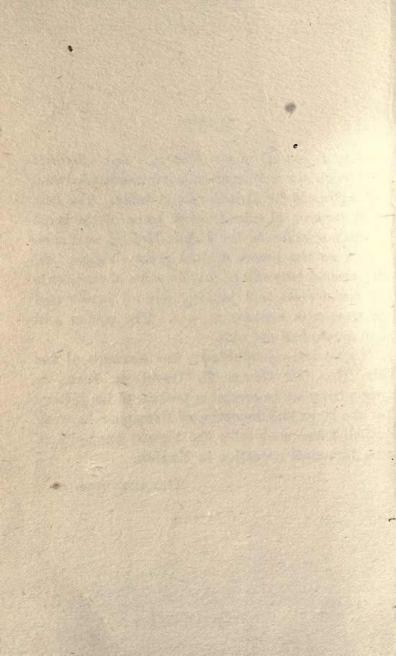
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NOTE

THE following pages illustrate the qualities by which our countrymen have maintained and strengthened the British rule in India. The first part consists of narratives of some of the most famous episodes in the Indian Mutiny, and sidelights on the heroes of that great struggle. In the second part will be found stories of adventure in the forests and jungles, and of heroic and venturesome exploits in war. The soldier and the sportsman are akin.

I gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the Rt. Hon. Sir George O. Trevelyan, Bart., in permitting me to reprint a portion of his history of the siege and massacre of Cawnpore—a work which takes rank with the highest examples of the historical narrative in English.

HERBERT STRANG



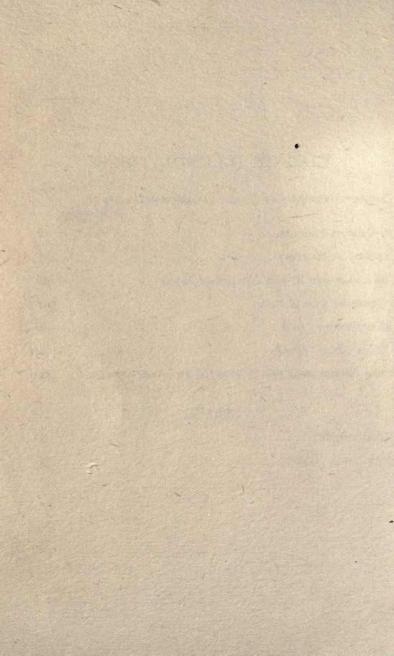
CONTENTS

STORIES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY	1
ORIGIN OF THE OUTBREAK	PAGE 1
THE DEFENCE AT CAWNPORE	9
A REMARKABLE RIVER JOURNEY (From "Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion," by William Edwards)	43
THE SIEGE OF DELHI	59
HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE (From "Hodson of Hodson's Horse," by G. H. Hodson)	81
"THE KHAKI RESSALAH"	93
A MEDICAL OFFICER'S EXPERIENCES (From "A Widow's Reminiscences of the Siege of Lucknow," by Mrs. K. M. Bartrum)	105
"LUCKNOW KAVANAGH"	114
THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW	140
ADVENTURES IN INDIA	
AN ADVENTURE IN THE JUNGLE (From "Shooting in the Himalayas," by Colonel F. Markham)	161
AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BUFFALO (From "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," by Sir S. W. Baker)	165

	PAGE
AN OUTLAW OF THE HILLS . (From "A Year on the Punjab Frontier," by Major H. B. Edwardes)	174
THE FIGHT AT LONG REEF ISLAND (From "Adventures and Researches among the Andaman Islanders," by F. J. Mouat)	187
CHASED BY A "ROGUE" ELEPHANT	200
THROUGH THE HEART OF MYSORE (From The Narrative of James Bristow)	208
A TIGER YARN	228
THE MASSACRE OF BENARES	236
SOME PANTHER STORIES	248
AMONG THE AFGHANS	269
A HEROINE OF BURMAH	281
THE MAN-EATER OF SHIKARPUR	291
A TOUGH CUSTOMER	314

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

BRIDGET WIDDOWSON ON	C	1	4.00	Cu	HWD0	, n / a			o face	page	
DRIDGET WIDDOWSON ON	Gruz	LKD	AI	OA.	WAPO.	KE (Se		ntispi	ece		
A CRITICAL MOMENT .										54	
Hodson at Rohtak .										84	
KAVANAGH AND KUNUJI	LAL	IN	TH	e Sv	VAMP					128	
WRESTLING WITH A BEAR									.=	162	
ELEPHANTS IN CHASE .										202	
WAZIR ALI IN PRISON.										248	
Mrs. Judson takes her	Сні	LD	то	HER	CHAI	NED	Husi	BAND		284	
			1								
MAPS											
India in 1857										1	
THE INDIAN EMPIRE .				15	412			1	10	161	



STORIES OF THE MUTINY

ORIGIN OF THE OUTBREAK

In the history of our Indian Empire there had never been a time when the political horizon seemed so clear, so little oppressed by the storm-clouds of war, as at the beginning of 1857. The Sikhs had been conquered, the Burmese subdued, and with the annexation of Oude the last remnant of effective opposition to our rule appeared to be destroyed. True, the sepoys of the Bengal army had now and then shown symptoms of insubordination, and on at least one occasion it had been found necessary to disband a regiment. But these warnings were not taken seriously; no one imagined for a moment that the mutinous spirit would spread over the whole of the native army, and that the sepoys in our service would one day turn their arms against the people whose empire they had assisted in building up.

The real trouble began with the introduction of the Enfield rifle, for use with which a greased cartridge ¹ was served out to the sepoys. The Hindus declared that the grease was obtained from the fat of the cow, which they hold in abhorrence; the Mohammedans that it came from the pig, an animal tabooed by their religion.

¹ The Enfield, now better known as the Dum-Dum cartridge, from the place of its manufacture, near Calcutta.

Both classes refused to handle the new cartridge, and a spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction at once became apparent. Still, no great alarm was felt. The matter was considered by the authorities, who ordered that in future the cartridges should be issued ungreased; the men were told to purchase a mixture of wax and oil and apply it with their own hands; and, as far as the Government was concerned, the trouble was believed to be at an end.

But the greased cartridge was only an excuse for revolt, not the cause of it. Unknown to the English officers, who in most cases had an exaggerated idea of the fidelity of their men, a great scheme was on foot for the recovery of India from the foreigner. In whose brain it originated is not known—probably the schemers were many and their plans the fruit of long discussion. But it is certain that the sepoys had been tampered with for some time before the actual outbreak of rebellion. They were to be the prime movers in the outbreak; the people of India—the princes, petty chiefs, warriors, villagers, irrespective of race or creed—all were to follow in a grand, united effort for the annihilation of the English. The time fixed upon for the rising appealed to the superstitions of the Hindus. One of their astrologers had predicted that the English rule would last exactly a hundred years; and 1857, the centenary of the battle of Plassey, was obviously the date selected for their downfall.

Thus, while the Government and the military authorities were congratulating themselves on a speedy settlement of the greased cartridge trouble, arrangements for the great rebellion proceeded apace. The considerate treatment of the sepoys was looked upon as a sign of weakness; they grew more arrogant, more peremptory in their demands. Nothing that their officers could do would satisfy them; for they sought not so much a redress of grievances as a cause of

quarrel.

Open mutiny first took place at Berhampore, a town about 115 miles north of Calcutta, where the 19th Native Infantry were stationed. A parade had been fixed for the 26th of February, and on the 25th Colonel Mitchell ordered blank ammunition to be served to the sepoys. The cartridges were the same as they had been in the habit of using, but the regiment to a man refused to handle them, on the ground that there was some doubt as to the methods of their manufacture. Eventually they were intimidated, received the ammunition in sullen silence, and retired to their lines. But in the evening, having worked themselves into a state of excitement, they broke open the bells, or huts, where their arms were deposited when not in use, seized them, and walked off, shouting defiance. As there were no European troops at the station, the colonel was forced to negotiate with the rebels and take them back on their own terms.

A more serious outbreak occurred a month later at Barrackpore, when a sepoy of the 34th Native Infantry, named Mungul Pandy, having intoxicated himself with bang,2 made a murderous and unprovoked attack on the adjutant of the regiment. He shot the officer's horse, disabled

¹ From this man's name the Anglo-India slang term, "Pandy," meaning a mutineer, was derived.

² An intoxicating liquor brewed from rice.

his bridle arm, and would assuredly have killed him, but for the intervention of an English sergeant-major. As it was, both the adjutant and his rescuer were severely wounded, for the native guard refused to go to their assistance, and it was only after the arrival of the General and other officers that the fanatic was secured.

Measures were taken by the Government at Calcutta to deal with the rebels: the 19th Native Infantry was disbanded, Mungul Pandy was hanged, and a European regiment, Her Majesty's 84th Foot, was ordered from Rangoon to Barrackpore with the utmost dispatch. But already the mutiny had become general and worse things were in preparation. The sepoys knew that we had no troops in India to contend with them. They had chosen their time well. Several cavalry regiments had been withdrawn from Bengal for service in the Crimea; others, both cavalry and infantry, were absent in Persia, where war had recently broken out. From Meerut in the northwest to Dinapore in the south-east only two weak British regiments were to be found. In the circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that the stern measures of the Government aroused not fear but resentment; that instead of extinguishing the rebellion, they fanned its flames. Outbreaks occurred almost simultaneously at Lucknow and at Meerut, an important military station thirty-five miles north of Delhi. The former was quelled for a time by the prompt action of Sir Henry Lawrence, the Chief Com-missioner of Oude; but the latter, injudiciously handled, resulted in the first of that long series of tragedies which were to mark the course of the Mutiny.

In the first week of May, eighty-five carbineers of the 3rd regiment of Bengal Light Cavalry, having declined to accept the cartridges issued for their use, were ordered to be tried by a general native court-martial. The sentence passed on them was ten years' confinement with hard labour, and they were at once removed to the common jail. It was thought that this action would have a salutary effect on the native troops in Meerut, but, as it happened, it only roused their indignation and accelerated their plans for a general revolt. Beyond the issue of some placards calling upon the natives to rise and slaughter the Feringhis, nothing happened for a day or two; then, on the 10th, a Sunday, the blow fell. Soldiers and civilians were getting ready for the evening service in church when a body of the 3rd Light Cavalry galloped over to the jail, forced their way in, and rescued the sepoys and some 1,200 ordinary criminals who were there confined.

So far the other native regiments had hung back, but all of them now threatened to join in the mutiny. Colonel Frinis of the 11th, a personal favourite with the sepoys, advanced alone to reason with them; but before he had gone many yards, he was shot dead. "The mutineers then threw off all restraint, and fired the bungalows, the Government cattle-yard and the commissariat officer's house and office. In this they were assisted by the population of the bazaar, the city, and the neighbouring villages. Every European—man, woman and child—fallen in with, was ruthlessly murdered. As soon as the alarm was given, the English troops were

i.e. Franks, the general name under which Europeans were known in the East.

got under arms; but by the time they reached the native infantry parade ground it was too dark to act with efficiency in that direction. Consequently they retired to the north of the nullah, so as to cover the barracks and officers' lines." 1

They were so far successful that, with the exception of one house, they managed to preserve these, and the mutineers, after plundering the station, marched off along the high road to Delhi. Here they had, by previous arrangement, made sure of a good reception. Arriving at the city in the early morning, they rode straight to the palace and called for the Mogul. The guards inquired what they wanted, and were told in reply that they were mutineers from Meerut, who had come to Delhi to fight for their faith and kill the Europeans. They were at once admitted to the palace, and comwere at once admitted to the palace, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of the English officials and their families. Nobody with a white face was spared. The first to be cut down was Captain Douglas, the commander of the palace guards. After him came Mr. Simon Fraser (the commissioner at Delhi, who was killed by the Mogul's own servants), Mr. Jennings the chaplain, his daughter and another young lady. These atrocities having whetted their desire for blood, the mutineers spread themselves

desire for blood, the mutineers spread themselves over the city, broke into the houses of the English, and massacred every soul they came across.

Of the three native corps stationed at Delhi, the 54th was held to be the most loyal. As soon as the happenings at the palace became known, this regiment under Colonel Ripley was ordered

¹ General Hewit's report.

to advance from cantonments and attack the rebels. They proved their loyalty by themselves shooting down the colonel and standing by idle while the other English officers were murdered by a detachment of light cavalry from Meerut.

Meanwhile, the rebels had made a formal demand for the surrender of the Magazine in the name of His Imperial Majesty, the Mogul. Lieutenant Willoughby, the officer in charge, treated the request with scorn, and, having closed and barricaded the gates, prepared to meet the attack of the insurgents. Two sixpounder guns double charged with grape were placed inside each gate, and other guns and howitzers were mounted in commanding positions. The non-commissioned officers in charge were ordered to stand by with lighted port-fires, and, in the event of any attempt to force the gates, to open on the assailants at once. A train was also laid to the compartment of the Magazine containing the small arms and ammunition, so that, in case of extremity, it could be exploded. From the first the native assistants in the

Magazine were more a hindrance than a help. They were plainly in sympathy with the rebels, and as soon as scaling ladders were placed against the walls, they began to desert. The defence then fell entirely on a handful of Europeans, only two of whose number could be spared to man the field-pieces at the gates. Nevertheless, a sharp fire of grape was kept up, and the guns never ceased to play until both the gunners had been disabled and the last round of shot expended. By this time the position of the defenders was desperate. Wounded, exhausted, exposed to a galling fire of musketry which they had no means

of returning, they waited expectantly the instructions of their gallant young commander. At last, as the mutineers swarmed into the enclosure, Lieutenant Willoughby gave the signal. The train was fired, the defenders hurriedly drew back, and the Magazine exploded. Hundreds of the rebels were blown into the air; hundreds more were wounded by splinters and falling masonry. Conductor Scully was so badly hurt that he was unable to move; but, strange to say, most of the English party succeeded in making their escape. Three of them eventually reached Meerut; the rest, including Lieutenant Willoughby, the heroic commander, were murdered by Gujar villagers on the road.

Delhi was now in possession of the mutineers. The other native regiments in cantonments had revolted, seized the guns, and joined in the general massacre of Europeans. The Mogul, an aged man, who had existed for years as a pensioner of the British government, was proclaimed Emperor of India; one of his sons, Mirza Mogul, became commander-in-chief of the army. This was the signal for which the sepoys all over the country were waiting. Risings took place everywhere. But the great centre of revolt was Oude, the newest of the British dominions in India. The annexation of this province had caused much resentment among the natives, who, accustomed for years to a life of plunder and pillage, did not take kindly to the civil and military restrictions imposed upon them by the Government. What is known as the mystery of the chapatties 1 had its origin in 1 Bannocks of dough and salt.

Oude. Early in March every hamlet in the province had received from its neighbour a present of two of these cakes, the circulation of which, though of no definite significance, was understood to be a warning to keep on the alert. Opinions are divided as to the part played by the chapatties in sowing the seeds of rebellion. It is said, and probably with truth, that those who received them knew nothing of the events in preparation. In any case, the outbreak at Meerut opened men's eyes: they at once connected it with the chapatties, and judged that they had been invited to join in the revolt.

Meerut opened men's eyes: they at once connected it with the chapatties, and judged that they had been invited to join in the revolt.

Gladly did they respond to the invitation. Before many days had passed the whole of Oude was in a ferment. Not only the sepoys, but the great men of the province—the rajas, zamindars and court officials—had declared themselves against the English. Whenever they could be found, our people, male and female, young and old, were hunted down and brutally murdered. Lucknow, the capital, and Cawnpore, an important military station on the frontier, were invested, while many smaller towns surrendered at once to the mutineers. Everything seemed to point to the total annihilation of the English in Oude.

THE DEFENCE AT CAWNPORE

THE officer in command of the troops at Cawnpore was Major-General Sir Hugh Wheeler, K.C.B. An Anglo-Indian of long experience, he had implicit faith in the sepoy, and was at first inclined to treat lightly the manifestations

¹ Great landowners.

of unrest reported to him from other parts of the country. But the events of the month of May, 1857, convinced him that the matter was more serious than he had thought, and, yielding to the representations of his officers, he ordered an entrenchment to be formed at the south-east extremity of the cantonment, below the town of Cawnpore. Into this entrenchment, which was furnished with provisions sufficient to maintain 1000 persons for thirty days, the English noncombatants removed on the 3rd of June. Two days later the sepoys of the garrison mutinied.

At first the rebels were content with plundering the town, firing the houses, and cutting up any stray parties of English people who remained outside the entrenchment. Soon, however, they turned their attention to the defenders. News of the revolt had spread rapidly over the sur-rounding districts, and all the thieves and cutthroats, all the petty chieftains and warriors of the neighbourhood, were swarming into Cawnpore. Among them came one who hitherto had pretended to be a friend of the English, but who now threw off all disguise and showed himself as the chief of their enemies. This was the Maharaja of Bithur, the infamous scoundrel known as Nana Sahib. He was an adopted son of Baji Rao, the last of the Peshwas, and nourished a bitter resentment against the Government because they refused to allow him to inherit the accumulated hoards of his adoptive father. Announcing the re-establishment of the Maratha rule, with himself as Peshwa, he then took command of the sepoys and directed their opera-tions against the defenders of Cawnpore.

1 Title of the Maratha ruler.

The position taken up by General Wheeler was ill-chosen. It was situated in open country, and defended by a rampart only three or four feet high. Here, in two bungalows, were crowded 400 women and children, with less than 500 men to defend them against 3000 assailants. How gallantly the defence was maintained, amid the horrors of tropical heat, thirst, and fever, is vividly described in the following pages from the pen of Sir George Trevelyan.

THE annals of warfare contain no episode so painful as the story of this melancholy conflict. It is a story which needs not comment or embellishment. Whether related in the inornate language of official correspondence, or in the childish phraseology of Hindu evidence, it moves to tears as surely as the pages in which the greatest of all historians 1 tells the last agony of the Athenian host in Sicily. The sun never before looked on such a sight as a crowd of women and children cooped within a small space and exposed during twenty days and nights to the concentrated fire of thousands of muskets and a score of heavy cannon. At first every projectile which struck the barracks was the signal for heartrending shrieks, and low wailing more heartrending yet: but, ere long, time and habit taught them to suffer and to fear in silence. Before the third evening every window and door had been beaten in. Next went the screens, the piled-up furniture, and the internal partitions; and soon shell and ball ranged at will through

¹ Thucydides, Book VII, chapter lxxv.

and through the naked rooms. Some ladies were slain outright by grape or round-shot. Others were struck down by bullets. Many were crushed beneath falling brickwork, or mutilated by the splinters which flew from shattered sash and panel. Happy were they whose age and sex called them to the front of the battle, and dispensed them from the spectacle of this passive carnage. Better to hear more distinctly the crackle of the sepoy musketry, and the groans of wounded wife and sister more faintly. If die they both must, such was the thought of more than one husband, it was well that duty bade

them die apart.

Never did men fight with more signal determination against more fearful odds. Not at Fontenoy, not at Arcot, not at Albuera was British endurance so stubborn, or British valour so conspicuous. For, while the besiegers worked their guns under cover, the artillerymen of the besieged stood erect upon the bare plain. While the besiegers possessed unbounded store of huge mortars and battering-guns, the besieged had a few cannon too small for efficacious service in the field. While disease and the accidents of combat hourly diminished the numbers of those within, the ranks without were daily swollen by regiments of recent mutineers and fresh clans of rebels. But circumstances such as these are best adapted to exhibit the strange humour of the English warrior. With all that was most dear at their backs, and in front all that was most hateful, and, in their view, most contemptible, undaunted and not uncheerful our

countrymen bore up the fray.

From the very earliest days of the attack it became apparent that old Sir Hugh was unequal to the exposure and fatigue involved in the conduct of the struggle, and in the inspection and re-distribution of the posts, a labour rendered only too severe by the deadly fire of the enemy. In such a strait men act as acted those ten thousand Greeks, when by the banks of far Euphrates their chief had been slain and their allies scattered to the winds. "Then," says Xenophon, "Clearchus took the command, and the rest obeyed; not as having chosen him by formal election, but because they saw that he, and he alone, had the temper of a general." The Clearchus of Cawnpore was Captain Moore, an officer in charge of the invalids of the Thirty-second Foot. He was a tall, fair, blue-eyed man, glowing with animation and easy Irish intrepidity. Wheresoever there was most pressing risk, and wheresoever there was direct wretchedness, his pleasant presence was seldom long wanting. Under the rampart; at the batteries; in some out-picket, where men were dropping like pheasants under a fearful cross-fire; in some corner of the hospital, to a brave heart more fearful still, where lay the mangled forms of those young and delicate beings whom war should always spare :-ever and everywhere was heard his sprightly voice speaking words of encouragement, of exhortation, of sympathy, and even of courteous gallantry. Wherever

Moore had passed he left men something more courageous, and women something less unhappy. It is well when such leaders are at hand. It is ill when they are discovered and promoted too late to undo the evil that has been already done.

Across the south-western angle of the intrenchment ran a line of barracks which were still in course of erection. They each measured some two hundred feet in length, and were constructed of red brick, which had not as yet received that coat of white plaster that reduces all Anglo-Indian house decoration to a uniformity of colour diversified only by the various degrees of age and shabbiness. Of these, the buildings marked by the numbers 2, 3, and 4, were in close proximity to the corner of our fortification, the entire extent of which they commanded, inasmuch as their walls had been already completed to an elevation of forty feet. None of the others had been raised to a height of more than two or three yards from the level of the ground. The floors had not been laid, nor the bamboo poles removed, which, rudely spliced together, form the cheap but frail scaffolding of Hindu architecture: and the ground both within and without, along the whole row, was thickly covered with piles of the materials used in the progress of the works.

From the very first the sepoys possessed the northern half of the range: but they never succeeded in obtaining a hold on Barrack Number Four, which was defended by a party of civil engineers who had been employed upon the East Indian Railroad. These gentlemen, over and

above that indigenous aptitude for conflict common to all Englishmen of the upper classes, had acquired, during years spent in surveying, a trained sharpness of vision and a correct judgment of distance which rendered them peculiarly dangerous when placed behind the sights of an Enfield rifle. For three days these amateurs baffled every attempt of the enemy: but at the end of that period the assaults of the enemy became so fierce and frequent that they were not sorry to accept the services of a fighting man by profession. And so there came across to them from the Redan Captain Jenkins, a valiant soldier, foredoomed to a death of anguish extraordinary even at such a time.

Whether the mutineers were aware of this introduction of the military element, or whether they already had learned to respect civilian skill and bravery, from this time forth they desisted from their efforts in that quarter, and turned their attention to the southernmost of the unfinished erections, which they proceeded to occupy in great force. Hereupon Lieutenant Glanville was posted with a small detachment in the adjoining barrack, which thenceforward was recognized by both parties as the key of our position. What the farm of Hougoumont was at Waterloo,—what the sand-bag battery was at Inkerman,—that was Barrack Number Two in the death-wrestle of Cawnpore. How furious was the strife,—how desperate the case of the little garrison, may be gathered from the fact that, though only sixteen in number, they had a

surgeon to themselves, who never lacked ample employment. Glanville came under his hands, desperately wounded: and the vacancy thus caused was soon after supplied by Lieutenant Mowbray Thompson of the Fifty-sixth Native

Infantry.

This officer did his best to lose a life which destiny seemed determined to preserve in order that England might know how, in their exceed-ing distress, her sons had not been unmindful of her ancient honour. "My sixteen men," he writes, "consisted in the first instance of Ensign Henderson of the Fifty-sixth Native Infantry, five or six of the Madras Fusiliers, two platelayers from the railway works, and some men of the Eighty-fourth Regiment. The first instalment was soon disabled. The Madras Fusiliers were armed with the Enfield rifle, and consequently they had to bear the brunt of the attack. They were all shot at their posts. Several of the Eighty-fourth also fell: but, in consequence of the importance of the position, as soon as a loss in my little corps was reported, Captain Moore sent us over a reinforcement from the intrenchment. Sometimes a civilian, sometimes a soldier came. The orders given us were, not to surrender with our lives, and we did our best to obey them."

Nothing contributed so much to check the spread of the rebellion of 1857 as the individual courage and pugnacity of our countrymen resident in the East. Civil and military alike, they were all skilled in the use of weapons, and cool in the

presence of personal danger. Such a habit of body and mind they acquired both for policy and for pleasure. Every Anglo-Indian is well aware that he is one of an imperial race, holding its own in the midst of a subject population by dint of foresight and martial prowess. There were villages of evil reputation which on the day of assessment the collector preferred to visit on the back of the steadiest Arab in his stable, with a favourite hog spear carelessly balanced beside his right stirrup. There were notorious bits of road where the traveller felt more comfortable if he heard from time to time the lock of his revolver clanking against the soda-water bottles in the pocket of his palanquin. Never was there a better training-school for warfare than the Indian hunting-field. A man who has heard unmoved above his head the scream of a crippled elephant,—who behind his trusty Westley Richards has awaited, calm and collected, the last rush of a wounded tiger,—need not doubt what his behaviour may be in any possible emergency. He who, like more than one true sportsman, has hardly crawled away, knife in hand, from the embrace of a dying bear, who has kept at bay a forty-inch boar with the butt of his shivered lance,—will not be at a loss how to meet the charge of a mutinous trooper. The rebels found to their cost that the Sahibs, like old stalkers of large game, were seldom foolhardy and never remiss; that they were neither fluttered by peril nor over-excited by success;-that they rarely failed to make the

most of what cover they could get, and still more rarely wasted a cartridge. Lieutenant Thomson contrived a sort of perch half-way up the wall of his barrack, in which he stationed a young officer, named Stirling, of high repute as a marksman, who soon proved that a rebel running home to his dinner was at least as easy to hit as an ibex bounding down the crags in a Himalayan valley, or a blue cow dodging in and out amidst the trunks of an Oude forest.

The whole of this range of buildings not included within our posts was literally alive with sepoys. They could distinctly be heard scampering along in troops, like rats behind an antique wainscot, chattering, yelling, or screaming under the emotion of the moment. From door, and window, and drain, and loophole they fired away at our stronghold, accompanying each shot with a taunt, conveying, in Oriental fashion, a random but painful statement concerning a remote ancestress of the person addressed. Ever and anon a fanatic, inspired by some vile drug, would issue forth into the open, brandishing his sword, in order to indulge himself in a dance of defiance; on all which occasions Lieutenant Stirling took good care that the performance should not meet with an encore. When the enemy became more than usually troublesome, the picket which was most hardly pressed would invite their neighbours to come over and assist them: and then the combined force of some thirty bayonets sallied forth to sweep the line of barracks,

chasing the foe before them; killing the boldest and slowest of foot; knocking on the head such as were drunk or asleep; shooting down those who, in their anxiety to get a good aim, had ensconced themselves too high up to be able to climb down on so short a notice; and driving the rest out, and across the plain: at which point the gunners of the intrenchment took up the work, and plied the flying multitude with

grape and canister.

During one of the earliest of these sorties eleven mutineers were captured, and brought into the intrenchment. As no sentry could just then be spared from the front, they were placed under the charge of Bridget Widdowson, a stalwart dame, wife of a private of the Thirtysecond Regiment. Secured by the very insufficient contrivance of a single rope, passed from wrist to wrist, they sat quietly on the ground like good school-children, while the matron walked up and down in front of the row, drawn sword in hand. After she had been relieved by a warder of the other sex, they all managed to slip off: and from that time forward it was generally understood that prisoners were to be left on the spot where they had been caught, with the jackal and the vulture as their jailers. A captive, as long as he remained in custody, was a consumer of precious food; and at once became the most dangerous of spies, if he succeeded in making his escape to the rebel lines with a report of our destitute condition.

On Friday, the twelfth, the insurgents made

their first general assault upon our position. The cavalry who on that day week had been the first in the career of sedition, were now with some difficulty prevailed upon to dismount and lead the way to glory; but after the loss of two of their number they concluded that enough had been done to sustain the credit of their branch of the service, and retired to console themselves for their repulse in the opium shops of the suburbs. The sepoy infantry next advanced to try their fortune, followed by all the rabble of the bazaars. They came on like men, but they went thither where there were men likewise. It was not thus that our rampart was to be won. Every English soldier had ready to his hand from three to ten muskets loaded with ball and slug: for there was a plentiful stock of small-arms within the fortification. The civilian held his thumb pressed tight upon the hammer of a pet smooth-bore, with a charge of Number Four shot for close quarters snugly packed in the left-hand barrel. The officer in command of the battery was feeling for the leaden tip in each chamber of his revolver, as he gave his final order to take time and aim below the cross-belts. Our people were composed and confident. Sending quiet shots from behind a wall into the middle of a crowd was child's play compared with the daylong hazard of the crashing cannonade. After a short but bitter engagement the assailants withdrew, leaving on the field many of their comrades. Profiting by this harsh lesson they returned henceforward to their old tactics, and applied themselves to pound out the life of our garrison by an unremitting storm of ball, and bomb, and bullet.

Few, and ever fewer, in number; overmatched in weight of metal; ill-provided with ammunition, and protected by not an inch of cover, our artillerymen still sustained the hot debate. Lieutenant Ashe went through his work with a display of professional interest that would not have disgraced Sir William Armstrong during a trial match at Shoeburyness. After each round the besiegers saw with astonishment the zealous young Sahib leap on the heel of the discharged gun, spy-glass in hand, heedless of the missiles which were chirping round his ears. Unfortunately eight out of our ten pieces were nine-pounders, and the supply of nine-pound balls was soon expended. Reduced to load with shot a size too small, our officers could not secure accuracy in their practice.

The gunners in our south-eastern battery had suffered much from a small piece which the sepoys had contrived to hoist into position amidst the débris of one among the half-built barracks. Lieutenant Delafosse, after despatching a number of six-pound balls in the direction of the embrasure without any perceptible result, at length resolved to bring the matter to a conclusion in one way or another. He rammed down three cannon-balls, filled up the chinks with grape, bade his men stand back, and fired off this portentous charge. To his surprise and delight his own gun did not burst, and nothing more

¹ Inventor of the Armstrong gun.

was ever heard of the tiresome little antagonist. The same officer, somewhat later in the siege, was in the north-eastern battery when the carriage of a cannon was ignited by an unlucky accident. The situation was most critical, for the woodwork which had stood beneath the June sun until it was dry as tinder, blazed furiously and there was imminent risk of a general explosion of all the powder in the battery. The rebels discerned the opportunity, and concentrated their fire upon the spot where Delafosse, stretched at length on his back beneath the gun, was pulling down the burning splinters and scattering earth upon the flames. By the aid of two private soldiers he extinguished the conflagration, though eighteen-pound and twenty-four pound shot were flying past at the rate of six a minute.

With such examples before them, people of no class or calling were behindhand in acts of daring when the common safety was at stake. One Jacobi, a coachmaker by trade, and, to judge from his appellation, a person of mixed parentage, descried on the roof of the magazine a fire-ball, which he mistook for a live shell. Under this impression he clambered up, secured the object of his apprehension, and heaved it over the breastwork with a sigh of relief. There was many a Cross of Victoria earned in that camp, where victory was not, nor any reasonable chance of victory.

But the contest was too unequal to last long. By the end of the first week our fifty-nine artillerymen had all been killed and wounded at their posts. Of the officers to whom the charge of the guns had originally been intrusted, few had escaped unhurt from the hail of lead and iron, or the hardly less deadly rays of the Indian noon. Sunstroke had killed Major Prout. Captain Kempland was stretched on the floor of the barrack, dazed and powerless. His next in command, Lieutenant Eckford, a soldier of high promise and an accomplished gentleman, while snatching half-an-hour's repose under the roof of the verandah, was struck full on the heart by a cannon-ball. In the west quarter Dempster had been shot dead, and from the same battery Martin had been carried into the hospital with a bullet in his lungs. For a while volunteers endeavoured to supply the place of the trained gunners; and all was done that could be expected from bandsmen, and opium agents, and telegraph-clerks firing six-pound balls out of damaged nine-pounders, while exposed without protection to a murderous discharge from siege guns and heavy mortars. There could be only one termination to such a business. Our only howitzer was knocked clean off its carriage. One cannon lost the entire muzzle. Some had their sides beaten in, some their vents blown out. At length our park of artillery was reduced to a couple of pieces, which were withdrawn under cover, loaded with grape and reserved for the purpose of repelling an assault. And even of these the bore had been injured to such an extent that the canister could not be driven home. Our poor ladies, accordingly, gave up their stockings to supply the case for a novel but not unserviceable cartridge.

As our reply waxed more faint and ever fainter, the fire of the enemy continued to augment in volume, in rapidity, and in precision. The list of individual casualties mounted up in increasing ratio, and before long our misfortunes culminated in a wholesale disaster. Grave fears had been entertained for the security of the thatched barrack by every man who had the common sense to see that fire would burn straw.

There were found some who, with admirable self-devotion, had scrambled on to that leadbespattered slope, and essayed to cover with tiles and rubbish the inflammable material of the roof. On the eighth evening of the bombardment a lighted carcase settled among the rafters and the whole building was speedily in a blaze. It happened most unfortunately that this barrack, as affording the better shelter and the less confined space, had been selected for the accommodation of our wounded and our sick. No effort was spared, no hazard shunned to rescue those who could not help themselves: but in spite of everything which could be tried, two brave men perished a little sooner than their fellows, and by a rather more distressing fate.

That was indeed a night of horror. The roar of the flames, lost every ten seconds in the peal of the rebel artillery; the whistle of the great shot; the shrieks of the sufferers, who forgot their pain in the helpless anticipation of a sudden and agonizing death; the groups of crying women

and children huddled together in the ditch; the stream of men running to and fro between the houses, laden with sacks of provisions and kegs of ammunition, and private property of value, and living burdens more precious still; the guards crouching silent and watchful, finger on trigger, each at his station along the external wall; the forms of countless foes, revealed now and again by the fitful glare, prowling around through the outer gloom;—these sights and sounds combined to form a scene and a chorus which will be ever memorable to the trio of actors who lived through the catastrophe of that awful drama.

Captain Moore thought it well to give the enemy an early and a convincing proof that the spirit of our people was not broken by this great calamity. At the dead of the ensuing night he stole out from the intrenchment with fifty picked men at his heels in the direction of the chapel and the racket-court. Beginning from this point, the party hurried down the rebel lines under favour of the darkness, doing whatever rapid mischief was practicable. They surprised in untimely slumber some native gunners, who never waked again; spiked and rolled over several twenty-four pounders; gratified their feelings by blowing up a piece which had given them special annoyance; and got back, carrying in their arms four of their number, and leaving another behind:—a service brilliant indeed, but barren of results: for the sepoys had only to resolve on the calibre that they preferred, and the number of cannon which they could conveniently work, and then take at will from the arsenal so inconsiderately placed at their disposal.

This chivalrous act, one among many such, at that time passed without reward or public approval. When in a water-logged vessel men are toiling for their lives, who observes whether his neighbour does more or less at the pumps than he, provided all do their utmost? And when they have betaken themselves to the boats, and are rowing against time and famine, who cares which of the crew feathers most neatly, and which reaches forward with the straightest back? This was no set duel of civilized nations: no stately tournament, wherein the champions fight beneath the eyes of a friendly people, ready with their praise and sympathy; where wounds are bandaged with a ribbon, and self-sacrifice entitles the hero to a corner in our modern Walhalla, the columns of the daily press. Rare were those who here had leisure or heart to take note, and they who survived to make report were rarer still. As during the ages before Atrides 1 came on earth countless chieftains, unwept, unknown, sank into eternal oblivion because they lacked a sacred bard: so at Cawnpore many a soldier brave as Hodson of Hodson's Horse, nobly prodigal of himself as William Peel² of the Shannon, dared, and fell, and was forgotten

¹ Agamemnon, whose deeds are recounted in Homer's Iliad.

² Third son of Sir Robert Peel. He commanded the naval brigade in the Mutiny, and was mortally wounded at the second relief of Lucknow.

for want of a special correspondent. Correspondence there was, containing much earnest entreaty for a rescue and some unconscious eloquence; but too important matter had to be compressed into too small a compass to admit of panegyric or recommendation for honours and advancement. Several urgent missives found their way to Lucknow, rolled tightly into quills, sealed up, and hidden with mysterious art in and about the person of Hindu messengers; so curiously stowed away that in some cases it took almost as long to produce as to convey the note: though, if the rebels chanced to intercept the despatch, they generally abridged the operation by cutting in pieces the ill-starred courier. On the middle day of June the Lucknow surgeons extracted the following lines from the nose or ear of a native who had been fortunate and adroit enough to elude the manifold perils which beset those forty miles of road:-

" From Sir H. M. Wheeler, K.C.B., to Martin Gubbins, Esq. "My dear Gubbins,

"We have been besieged since the sixth by the Nana Sahib, joined by the whole of the native troops, who broke out on the morning of the fourth. The enemy have two 24-pounders, and several other guns. We have only eight 9-pounders. The whole Christian population is with us in a temporary intrenchment, and our defence has been noble and wonderful, our loss heavy and cruel. We want aid, aid, and wonderful, our loss nearly aid! Regards to Lawrence.
"Yours, &c.,
"H. M. Wheeler.

[&]quot;14th June,

[&]quot;Quarter-past 8 P.M.

[&]quot;P.S.—If we had 200 men we could punish the scoundrels and aid you,"

The nature of the reply may be gathered from an acknowledgment which it elicited from Captain Moore. The anniversary seems to have inspired his pen. Brief and manly, cheerful and yet thoughtful, it is such a letter as an English officer should write on the eighteenth of June.1

"From Captain Moore, H.M. 32d Foot, 18th June, 10 P.M.

"By desire of Sir Hugh Wheeler, I have the honour to acknowledge your letter of the 16th.
"Sir Hugh regrets you cannot send him the 200 men, as

he believes with their assistance we could drive the insurgents

from Cawnpore, and capture their guns.

"By order."

"Our troops, officers, and volunteers have acted most nobly, and on several occasions a handful of men have driven hundreds before them. Our loss has been chiefly from the sun, and their heavy guns. Our rations will last a fortnight, and we are still well supplied with ammunition. Our guns are serviceable. Report says that troops are advancing from Allahabad, and any assistance might save our garrison. We, of course, are prepared to hold out to the last. It is needless to mention the names of those who have been killed, or died. We trust in God, and if our exertions here assist your safety, it will be a consolation to know that our friends appreciate our devotion. Any news of relief will cheer us.

"Yours, &c.,

"J. MOORE, CAPTAIN,

" 32d Regiment.

And now commenced to our brethren and sisters a period of unspeakable woe; the antechamber of ruin; the penultimate syllable of their dismal story. After the destruction of the thatched barrack, dearth of house-room forced two hundred of our women and children to spend twelve days of twice twelve hours without ceiling overhead or flooring underfoot. At

¹ Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo.

night they lay on the bare ground, exposed to every noxious influence and exhalation that was abroad in the air; and in the morning they rose, those among them who rose at all, to endure, bareheaded often, and always roofless, the blazing fury of the tropical beams. The men off guard attempted to contrive for them a partial protection, by stretching canvas screens across a framework of muskets and poles; but these canopies were soon fired by the rebel shells, and the poor creatures were reduced to cower beneath the shelter of our earthwork, feebly chasing the shadow thrown by the sun as he rose and set. It is impossible for a home-staying Englishman to realize the true character of the great troubles in 1857, unless he constantly bears in mind that all which he reads was devised, and done, and endured beneath the vertical rays of an Eastern summer, and in a temperature varying from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirtyeight degrees in the shade.

To have slept four in a cabin on board an outward-bound steamer; to have passed a night in a palanquin, or a day at a posting-house where there was no tea, and only milk enough for the little ones, had hitherto appeared to the Cawnpore ladies the last conceivable extremity of destitution and discomfort. Now, the Red Sea in July would have been to them an Elysium, and a luncheon on Peninsular and Oriental ale and cheese a priceless banquet. By a sudden turn of fortune they had been placed beneath the heel of those beings whom they had ever

regarded with that unconscious aversion and contempt of race which is never so intense as in a female breast. Those who were to them most dear and trusted, were absent from their side, save when a not unkindly bullet released the husband from his post, and restored him to the wife, if but to die. Accustomed to those frequent ablutions which, in England at least a duty, are in India a necessity, they had not a single spongeful of water for washing from the commencement to the close of the siege. They who, from childhood upwards, in the comprehensive and pretty phrase which ladies love, "had had everything nice about them," were now herded together in fetid misery, where delicacy and modesty were hourly shocked, though never for a moment impaired. Unshod, unkempt, ragged and squalid, haggard and emaciated, parched with drought and faint with hunger, they sat waiting to hear that they were widows. Each morning deepened the hollow in the youngest cheek, and added a new furrow to the fairest brow. Want, exposure, and depression speedily decimated that hapless company. In those regions, a hideous train of diseases stand always within call: fever and apoplexy, and the fell scourge of cholera and dysentery, plague more ghastly still. It was of fever that Miss Brightman died, worn out with nursing a boy who had been shot through his first red coat. Sir George Parker, the cantonment magistrate, complained of sickness and headache, accompanied by a generation of drawnings and arrange. panied by a sensation of drowsiness and oppression, which gradually deepened into insensibility, and thence into death. Such, too, was the fate of Colonel Williams of the Fifty-sixth Native Infantry, and of the Rev. Joseph Rooney, the Catholic priest, in spite of the devoted care of the Irish soldiery. The horrors which all shared and witnessed overset the balance of more than one highly-wrought organization. A missionary of the Propagation Society, as each day drew in, would bring his aged mother into the verandah for a breath of the evening. At length a musketball, shot, we may hope, at a venture, struck down the poor old lady with a painful wound. Her sufferings affected the reason of her son, and he died a raving maniac.

But, besides the Nana, another foe, ruthless and pertinacious as he, had broken ground in front of our bulwarks. If our people had eaten as freely as they had fought, their provisions would have been consumed within the ten days: and human abstinence and endurance could not eke out the slender stock beyond the limit of some three weeks. Already the tins of preserved meats were empty, and the meal had fallen low in the casks; many barrels had been tapped by the enemy's shot, and the rest were ominously light. The store of luxuries contributed from the regimental mess-rooms had been shared by all ranks alike. A noble equality and fraternity reigned through the little republic.

Theories differed as to the lawfulness of a private store in time of siege: but the defenders of Cawnpore were right in their practice; for, to take no higher ground, in the last extremity of war his own life is not more important to an individual than the life of his neighbour. During the first few days the private soldiers fared sparingly, but, for them, poor fellows, delicately enough. "Here might be seen one," says Captain Thomson, "trudging away from the main-guard laden with a bottle of champagne, a tin of preserved herrings, and a pot of jam for his mess allowance. There would be another with salmon, rum, and sweetmeats for his inheritance." But very soon the dainties came to an end, and the allowance was scantier than ever. It was a favourite saying among the generation of military men, who fn Europe kept unwilling holiday between the day of Waterloo and the day of Alma, that an Englishman fights best when he is full, and an Irishman when he is drunk. And yet nowhere in the chronicles of our army does there exist the record of doughtier deeds than were done in the June of '57 by Englishmen whose daily sustenance was a short gill of flour, and a short handful of split peas; by Irishmen who had no stimulant save their own bravery and a rare sip of putrid water.

Numerous attempts were made by friends without to mend the fare of the garrison, which were for the most part defeated by the vigilance of the sepoys. A baker of the town, who had been footman in an Anglo-Indian family, was detected smuggling a basket of bread into the intrenchment. The culprit perhaps fondly imagined that Azimullah would have had mercy

upon him in consideration of their common antecedents; but, if he entertained such an expectation, he was doomed to disappointment. Much credit is due to Zuhuri, an official in the Department of Abkari, a mysterious branch of the Revenue, the periodical occurrence of which in the Indian budget has vexed the souls of a succession of English financiers. This person put himself into communication with Major Larkins of the Artillery, and sent into the fortification, as opportunity served, most acceptable parcels of bread and eggs, with occasional bottles of milk and liquid butter. At length, on the night of the fourteenth of June, fifteen of his emissaries, among whom were two women, were caught as they endeavoured to glide through the cordon of sentries under cover of the flurry and consternation of our sortie. They were all blown from guns, but not before the captors had elicited from them the name of their employer. It was high time for Zuhuri to look to his safety. Already his family had been imprisoned and maltreated on an unfounded charge of Christianity, and the rebel camp was a dangerous stage on which to play the part of good Obadiah. He accordingly left by stealth for Allahabad, bearing with him a letter of commendation from Major Larkins, attested by a gold ring set with five diamonds, which belonged to the wife of that officer.

Our people did what they could to help themselves. A fat bull, sacred to Brahma, finding nothing to eat in the streets, inasmuch as the corn-dealers had closed their booths for fear of the sepoys, came grazing along the plain until he arrived within range of our profane rifles. To shoot down this pampered monster, the fakir of the animal world, was no considerable feat for marksmen who could hit a black buck running at a distance of a hundred and fifty paces. The difficulty consisted in the retrieving of the game, which lay full three hundred vards from our rampart, on a plain swept by the fire of the insurgents. Inside our place, however, courage was more plentiful than beef; and eight or ten volunteers professed themselves ready to follow Captain Moore, who was first at any feast which partook of the nature of a fray. The party provided themselves with a stout rope, which they fastened round the legs and horns of the beast, and dragged home their prize amidst a storm of cheers and bullets, alive but not unscathed.

In the banquet which ensued the defenders of the outposts had no part. On the other hand, they sometimes enjoyed luxuries of their own. A pariah dog, seduced by blandishments never before lavished upon one of his despised race, was tempted within the walls and thence into the camp-kettle of Barrack Number Two. Towards that building, as towards the lion's den in the fable, pointed the footsteps of every kind of quadruped, and from it none. An aged horse, whose younger days had been spent in the ranks of the Irregular Cavalry, was killed, roasted, and eaten up in two meals by the combined pickets.

The head was converted into soup, and sent into the intrenchment for the use of some favoured ladies; no explanations being offered or demanded concerning the nature of the stock. Captain Halliday, of the Fifty-ninth Native Infantry, who had come across on a morning visit, begged a portion for his poor wife, who was lying in the hospital, sick unto death of the small-pox. On his way back, walking, it may be, too slowly for security through dread of spilling one precious drop, he fell never to rise again. In the midst of every action and every movement, during the hours of labour and the minutes of refreshment, unlooked for and unavoidable the mortal stroke descended.

For by day and night the fire never ceased; the round-shot crashed and spun through the windows, raked the earthwork, and skipped about the open ground in every corner of our position. The bullets cut the air, and pattered on the wall like hail. The great shells rolled hissing along the floors and down the trenches, and, bursting, spread around them a circle of wrack, and mutilation, and promiscuous destruction. In their blind and merciless career those iron messengers spared neither old nor young, nor combatants nor sufferers, but flew ever onwards, inflicting superfluous wounds and unavailing destruction. A single bomb killed and maimed seven married women, who were seated in the ditch; killed Jacobi, a watchmaker, namesake of the intrepid coachwright; killed too the cashiered officer whose drunken freak had done something to accelerate the outbreak. Lieutenant Jervis of the Engineers was walking to his battery through a shower of lead, with a gait of calm grandeur, as if he were pacing the Eden Garden beneath the eye-glasses of Calcutta beauty. In vain his comrades raised their wonted shout of "Run, Jervis! run!" He never returned to head-quarters. He never reached his post. A grape-shot passed through the body of Mr. Heberden, as he was handing some water to a lady. This gentleman, the most undaunted and unaffected of the brave and simple men of science employed upon the East Indian Railroad, lay on his face for a whole week without a murmur or a sigh, but not, we may well believe, without a tacit prayer for the relief which came at last.

"The frequency of our casualties," writes Captain Thomson, "may be understood by the history of one hour. Lieutenant Prole had come to the main-guard to see Armstrong, the Adjutant of the Fifty-third Native Infantry, who was unwell. While engaged in conversation with the invalid, Prole was struck by a musket-ball in the thigh, and fell to the ground. I put his arm upon my shoulder, and holding him round the waist, endeavoured to hobble across the open to the barrack, in order that he might obtain the attention of the surgeons there. While thus employed a ball hit me under the right shoulderblade, and we fell to the ground together, and were picked up by some privates, who dragged us both back to the main-guard. While I was lying on the ground, wofully sick from the wound,

Gilbert Bax, of the Forty-eighth Native Infantry, came to condole with me, when a bullet pierced his shoulder-blade, causing a wound from which he died before the termination of the siege."

The youngest were the least to be pitied. In such a plight, ignorance of happier days was indeed bliss:-ignorance that there was a fair world without, where people laughed merrily, and slept soundly, and lived in the anticipations of enjoyment, not in the terrors of death. To the small children the present was very weary; but, reasoning in their way, they concluded that that present could not last much longer. It must come to an end like the tiresome journey up the great river, when the barge stuck fast in the mud, and mamma cried, and papa called the boatman by that Hindustani name which they themselves were always whipped for using. The restraint of our protracted incarceration was to them intolerably irksome. There was neither milk, nor pudding, nor jam, nor mangoes, nor any one to sing to them, or listen to their romances, and their wishes, and their grievances. The gentleman who once was most kind to them would now come home from shooting all black, and grimy, and with a rough beard, and would stand at the table and eat quickly, and then run out again without taking any notice of them: and some day or other he would be carried in on a shutter, looking so pale and weak: or some day, perhaps, he never came back at all. When they asked a lady to scold the servants for getting them such a nasty breakfast, she only kissed them, and

sobbed. They sorely missed the fond and patient bearer, that willing playmate and much-enduring slave, whom Mrs. Sherwood's charming tale ¹ has rendered a household word in English schoolrooms. Left to their own discretions, the poor little creatures, unconscious of danger, would toddle out of the crowded barrack, and betake themselves to some primitive game which demanded no very elaborate provision of toys. What was it to them that every half-minute a big black ball came hopping along amidst puffs of dust, or that little things which they could not see flew about humming louder than cockchafers or bumble bees? With unexampled barbarity the sepoy sharpshooters forbore to respect these innocent groups.

The peril, which some incurred through inexperience, was sought by others under the pressure of despondency. One unhappy woman, unable to support the burden of her existence, ran out from the shelter of the walls leading in each hand a child, and was dragged back, despite of herself, by a private soldier, who freely risked his life to preserve that which she was bent on losing. Not a few native domestics refused to desert their employers. Over-worked and underthanked, with short commons, and, if captured by the mutineers, a shorter shrift, they stayed on, not for the sake of their pittance of wages, but actuated solely by the ties of duty, gratitude, and attachment. Most of them were soon dismissed from service, for no fault, and with no

¹ Little Henry and his Bearer.

warning. Three were killed by the explosion of a shell. Another was shot through the head as he was hurrying to the outposts intent upon serving his master's dinner before it had time to cool. An ayah, while dandling an infant, lost both her legs by the blow of a cannon-ball. That was in truth a dismal nursery.

Want of water was a constant and growing evil. At the best, a single well would have furnished a pitiably insufficient supply for a thousand mouths during an Indian June: and that well was from the first the favourite target of the hostile artillerymen. Guns were trained on to the exact spot; so that the appearance of a man with a pitcher by day, and by night the creaking of the tackle, was the signal for a shower of grape. The framework of beam and brick which protected the drawers was soon shot away. The machinery went next, and the buckets were thenceforward hauled up hand over hand from a depth of more than sixty feet. The Hindu water-carriers were slain early in the siege, and their place was supplied by English soldiers, who nominally were paid at the rate of half a sovereign for every pail: though the brave fellows knew that, when a few days had gone by, it would matter little in whose hands the silver might happen to lie. That water was purchased with blood and not with money. John Mackillop, of the Civil Service, veiling devotion under a jocose pretence of self-depreciation, told his friends that, though no fighting-man, he was willing to make himself useful where he could, and accordingly

claimed to be appointed Captain of the Well. His tenure of the office was prolonged beyond his own expectation. It was not till a week had passed that he was laid dying on a bed in the hospital with a grape-shot in the groin. His last words expressed a desire that the lady to whom he had promised a drink should not be disappointed. For some days a few gallons were procured at a frightful hazard from a tank situated on the south-east of the intrenchment. Those who were conscious how dear a price was paid for every draught, thirsted in silence; but the babies kept up a perpetual moan more terrible to some stout souls than a ten minutes' hobble across the plain, a heavy skinful of water round the loins, and an ounce of lead in the ankle. Captain Thomson saw the children of his brother officers "sucking the pieces of old water-bags, putting scraps of canvas and leather straps into the mouth to try and get a single drop of moisture upon their parched lips." The distress of our countrymen was enhanced by the plague of dust to which Cawnpore is subject on account of the character of the soil. A traveller who visited the station ten or twelve years before the Mutiny, complains that he got no gratification out of a grand review from which he had promised himself much pleasure, because the show was throughout enveloped in clouds which totally concealed it from his eyes.

There was yet another well, which yielded nothing then: which will yield nothing till the sea, too, gives up her dead. It lay two hundred yards from the rampart, beneath the walls of the unfinished barracks. Thither at an hour varied nightly, for fear lest the rebel shot should swell the funeral, with stealthy step and scant attendance the slain of the previous day were borne. When morning broke the battle raged around that sepulchre. Overhead the cannon roared, and men charged to and fro. But those below rested none the less peacefully; their last cartridge bitten; their last achievement performed; their last pang of hunger and affliction undergone and already forgotten. There were deposited, within the space of three weeks, two hundred and fifty English people, a fourth by tale of the whole garrison. As in a season of trouble and lawlessness men bury away their jewels and their gold against the return of tranquillity and order: so the survivors committed to the faithful mould their dear treasures, trusting that time and the fortune of war would enable our country to honour her lost ones with a more solemn rite, and worthier tomb. Brief was the service whispered on the brink of that sad well in the sultry summer night. It was much, when they came to the grave, while the corpse was being made ready to be laid into the earth, if the priest then said: "In the midst of life we are in death. Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?"

"Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death."

And again, while the earth was being cast upon the body by some standing by, the priest might with the assent of all declare that it was of His great mercy that it had pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of the dear

brother there departed.

Throughout the siege public worship, at stated hours, and of prescribed length and form, neither did nor could take place: but the spirit and the essential power of religion were not wanting. The station chaplain, Mr. Moncrieff, made it his concern that no one should die or suffer without the consolations of Christianity. And whenever he could be spared from the hospital, this shepherd of a pest-stricken flock, he would go the round of the batteries, and read a few Prayers and Psalms to the fighting-folk. With heads bent, and hands folded over the muzzles of their rifles; soothed, some by genuine piety, some by the associations of gladsome Christmas mornings and drowsy Sunday afternoons spent in the aisle of their village church; they listened calmly to the familiar words, those melancholy and resolute men. Each congregation was more thin than the last. There were always present some two or three to whom never again would grace be given to join with accord in the common supplication. The people of Cawnpore might say in the language used in a like strait by a brave and God-fearing soldier, the Greatheart of English history :-1

¹ Cromwell. The passage occurs in a letter written from Cork in the midst of his Irish campaign.

"Indeed we are at this time a very crazy company; yet we live in His sight, and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace."

On the 24th of June Sir Hugh Wheeler received a message from Nana Sahib, stating that those among the defenders who were willing to lay down their arms should receive a safe passage to Allahabad. The offer was accepted, but treachery followed. The garrison had left the entrenchment and were about to embark in boats when the sepoys, who were lined up on the banks of the river, turned their guns upon them. All the men of the party, with four exceptions, were shot down; the women and children were carried off prisoners to the camp of Nana Sahib, where, after a fortnight of misery and ill-treatment, they were barbarously massacred.

A REMARKABLE RIVER JOURNEY

Owing to the rising of the sepoys, Mr. Edwards, the magistrate and collector of the Budaun district of Rohilkhand, was forced to abandon his post and seek shelter at Fatehpur. On arriving at the latter place, he found the garrison in open rebellion and the European residents about to start in boats for Cawnpore. Mr. Edwards was pressed to join them, but preferred to accept an asylum offered him by Hurdeo Buksh, a zamindar of considerable influence on the Oude side of the Ganges. It was well he did so, for the massacre of the English people

¹ Landholder and collector of revenue.

at Fatehpur and Cawnpore followed shortly afterwards.

Mr. Edwards spent many weary weeks in hiding in the zamindar's dominions, his sole companions being Mr. Probyn, collector of Far-rukhabad, and his wife and children. Large sums were offered by the rebels for the heads of the two collectors; but Hurdeo Buksh refused to give them up. He had pledged his honour as a Rajput for their safety, and would not go back on his word. At last news reached the refugees that General Havelock had advanced with a large army, utterly defeated the Nana's troops at Pandu Nuddi, and established himself outside Cawnpore. Mr. Edwards found means of communicating with the general, who advised him to remain where he was, at any rate until our troops had retaken Fatehpur. But by the time this advice reached the little party, it was impossible to act on it. Hurdeo Buksh had declared his inability to protect them any longer owing to the unrest of his own people, and they had no choice but to attempt to reach Cawnpore by sailing down the Ganges.

The zamindar made all arrangements for them, provided them with a boat, and, the better to ensure their safety, sent his brother-in-law in charge of their escort. The party consisted of Mr. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Probyn, and Mr. Jones, an Englishman who had escaped from Fatehpur at the time of the massacre. Two other survivors of that tragedy, Major Robertson and Mr. Churcher, declined at the last moment to

accompany them.

Below is an account of the voyage taken from Mr. Edwards' diary.

On Sunday, August 30th, I awoke very early, and roused up the others. The morning was dull and rainy, just fit for our expedition. Hurdeo Buksh himself conducted us to the boat, which we found moored on the Ramganga, opposite Dharampur, and all ready for us.

Our party consisted of eleven matchlockmen and eight rowers, under the command of Hurdeo Buksh's brother-in-law, Thakur 1 Pirthi Pal.

We remained for more than two hours at the boat, waiting for Major Robertson and Mr. Churcher; this at the imminent peril of our own lives, for our safety mainly depended on expedition and secrecy. If intelligence of our projected attempt reached the Nawab 2 and Subahdars 2 in Fatehpur nothing would be easier than for them to detach some sepoys down the Ganges, to the point where the Ramganga falls into it, and intercept us there. They could reach that point in less than two hours from the time of starting; whereas, owing to the winding course of the Ramganga, it would take us nearly from morn till evening before we could hope to reach the Ganges.

Hurdeo Buksh had taken the precaution, the night before, to seize all the boats at the ferries on both rivers, within the limits of his domain, thus cutting off all communication with Farrukhabad. But any lengthened interruption of the passages across the Ganges would attract notice and excite suspicion; and it was in his opinion

¹ Rajput title = lord.

² Provincial governors. ² Ruler.

very essential that we should embark and start without loss of time. We were in a most painful position. We could not bear the idea of leaving our poor countrymen behind, and yet if we delayed any longer we might lose our own lives without benefiting them. At last, just as our patience was exhausted, a messenger arrived from Major Robertson to say that neither he nor Mr. Churcher would risk the attempt. They were doubtless dissuaded by the Brahman servant of Mr. Churcher, who had used his best arguments

to deter us from the journey.

There was nothing now to detain us, so about eleven o'clock we started. Hurdeo Buksh rode with us for some miles along the banks of the stream and then left us; enjoining us to be careful to remain under the covered part of the boat, and on no account to show ourselves, as that would lead to our discovery, and in such an event to our destruction. To secure the fidelity of the boatmen he had, he informed us, seized their families, who would only be released on the news reaching him of our safe arrival at Cawnpore. The matchlockmen were his own immediate retainers, and fully trustworthy. I, however, doubted them much more than the boatmen. for whose fidelity we had a substantial guarantee; for I believed they would take to the river, in which they swim like fish, on the very first approach of danger.

The boat was nominally conveying the female portion of Pirthi Pal's family on a visit to their relations at Tirrowah Pulliah, a lonely place on the Oude side of the Ganges, which belonged to a talukdar 1 named Dhunna Singh. This man was a great friend of Hurdeo Buksh, and possessed considerable influence on both sides of the river, as far as Cawnpore. If he considered the road safe, he was to accompany us to that place; if he did not, he was to give us shelter until something was determined upon for our disposal.

For the first twenty miles of our course down the Ramganga we ran little risk, as Hurdeo Buksh's influence sufficed to protect us. For the last thirty, until the river joins the Ganges, the danger was great. Messengers, however, met us at different points along the bank to warn us whether we might safely proceed or not. At one point we were in considerable danger of being wrecked. The boatmen tried a new channel and came upon a rapid, with an abrupt fall of, I should think, nearly four feet. The stream was running with great rapidity; but from its shallowness, the boat stuck in the middle, and for ten minutes could not be freed. We dared not show ourselves outside, and it was most trying to sit still, crowded as we were in the close covered space allotted to us, while the boat hung on an inclined plane, the water roaring and surging round us. At last they managed to get her clear, and we floated down without further interruption till within two or three miles of the mouth of the Ramganga.

The river had so materially changed its channel

¹ Upper Indian term corresponding to the zamindar of Bengal.

this year that for several reaches we found ourselves directly opposite the village of Kassim Kur, on the right bank of the Ganges, which we had supposed lay some four miles farther up the stream. This village bore the worst character; its inhabitants had taken an active part in the massacre of the Fatehpur fugitives and the plunder of their boat; that fearful tragedy having occurred in its immediate neighbourhood.

We watched the village with breathless anxiety. From the great height of the bank on which it was situated, the people must have seen us as we came winding down the stream and rounded the reaches; and we feared that the unusual sight of a boat would lead parties of them to come off to intercept us. But Kassim Kur was like a village of the dead; not a human being could we discern moving about. Deeply thankful, we passed unnoticed, and soon lost sight of the

hateful spot in the distance.

The Ganges was still in flood, and we floated down very rapidly, keeping, as far as it was possible, the middle of the stream. At one point where the stream narrowed considerably there was a ferry close to a large village, with several boats close to the bank, and a number of people collected and about to cross. Except the boats at these and other ferries, there was nothing floating on the Ganges. Instead of the fleets which for the last fifty years had been passing up and down without intermission, not a single boat had been seen on its waters since that one which had escaped from Fatehpur, and of whose

fate we were in the utmost ignorance. The unusual sight of a boat rowed rapidly down stream, with a number of armed men on the roof and deck, attracted immediate attention, and we hardly dared to hope that we could safely pass this ferry. As we approached, our guards got their cartridge boxes handy and their powder horns by them, all ready if required.

As we expected, we were challenged and told to stop and pull in shore. The Thakur replied that he was taking his family down to Tirrowah Pulliah, and could not stop. A voice called out: "You have Feringhis concealed in that boat; come ashore at once." "Feringhis on board!" was the ready answer of Pirthi Pal. "I wish we had. We should soon dispose of them and get their plunder." "Stop and come ashore," was repeated; but by this time, owing to the rapidity of the stream, we had floated past.

We now passed on without challenge until nightfall, when the boat was stopped; we anchored at a most solitary, desolate place covered with long grass and left half-dry by the receding waters of the river. This place, we heard, was only a mile and a half from Tirrowah Pulliah, Dhunna Singh's stronghold. Our crew and guards immediately went on shore, and

commenced cooking.

It was, of course, essential for us to communicate with Dhunna Singh, as he was to accompany us on, and it would be hopeless for us to attempt to proceed without him. Only one of our party, a boatman, knew the way to his fort, which lay

directly across the waste, alongside of which we were anchored; with, as he told us, a deep creek intervening. He declared that he would not go alone at this time of night, and some of the guard and boatmen were in vain ordered to accompany him; not one would leave his cooking. At last the Thakur seized one of the boatmen, gave him a sound thrashing, and frightened him

into accompanying the party.

They followed a small path, and were soon lost in the long grass. Probyn and I got out of the boat and walked up and down the bank, anxiously discussing the probability of the messengers failing us or, in the event of their reaching the place, of Dhunna Singh's not answering our summons. It was the wildest and most dismal scene I have ever witnessed; even the boatmen and guard seemed depressed, and sat cooking in silence; not a sound was heard but the croaking of innumerable frogs in the pools and the movements of crabs in the swamp. Nearly two hours passed away without any sign of our messengers; not a soul came near us. At last Probyn determined that we had better go on at all hazards, as the night was slipping away, and the most dangerous part of the river was before us. Desolate as the place was, it would not do to remain there for the night; for the herdsmen grazing their cattle would no doubt discover us as soon as it was light, and most likely give information to the villagers, who would come down and destroy us. My opinion was strongly against starting without Dhunna Singh. It had

been part of Hurdeo Buksh's arrangement that he should accompany us, and if once we deviated from it, in so important a point, the crew might not consider themselves responsible for our safety, and might desert us. Probyn agreed to remain for another half-hour; one of terrible anxiety and suspense it was.

I was pacing up and down, almost in despair, when I heard the sound of voices approaching, and Dhunna Singh came up, with our messengers and a few followers. He was an old man with a white head, but very wiry and athletic, and from his frank and self-possessed manner I saw at once that he was the right man for this kind of work. He said we must go on at once, and lamented that so much time had already been lost; as it was desirable to be beyond a part of the river near Sheorajpur by the morning. The only thing suspicious about Dhunna Singh was his desiring to accompany us in a small boat to be towed astern, instead of on board ours. I told him we expected him to come into our boat; and this he did, after some hesitation.

We started about ten o'clock, and floated rapidly down the river, keeping as much as we could in the centre of the stream. We were challenged repeatedly from either bank and ordered to stop and come ashore; but Dhunna Singh instructed two of his men to reply, in answer to any challenge, that the boat belonged to Dhunna Singh of Tirrowah Pulliah, who was taking his family down to bathe at a celebrated bathing ghat near Cawnpore. If this explanation failed to satisfy, the men, in repeating it, were to say that Dhunna Singh was on board; and if even this did not suffice, he would himself

come forward and answer the challenge.

On several occasions he had to do this; for the explanation of the men not being believed, a second and more peremptory summons was given to stop and pull ashore. But Dhunna Singh's own powerful and peculiarly harsh voice never failed to satisfy inquirers; who, on hearing his explanation, either remained silent or said, "Go on, go on!" At one village much embarrassment was caused by the party challenging being intimate with Dhunna Singh, expressing great satisfaction at his arrival, and begging him to come ashore and take them on board. Dhunna Singh showed great readiness and presence of mind in this difficulty. He answered their hail with apparent cordiality, and telling the rowers to stop pulling, began asking questions about different people and places. In this way he held the party in conversation till we had floated well past the village, when he called out that he could not stop just then, as he wanted his family to be at the ghat 1 in time to bathe before the morning; but that on his return in two or three days, he would make a point of stopping in the village. The men then gave way as fast as possible, and, as the river was running like a sluice, we passed down so rapidly that any attempt to have pursued us by a boat from the village would have been quite vain.

¹ A landing-place on the bank of a river.

About one in the morning we approached Mendi Ghat, the chief ferry between Oude and the Fatehpur side of the river, and a great place of resort for mutineers or rebels. Dhunna Singh expressed great anxiety to pass this place in safety; assuring us that the risk of detection was very great. Most providentially, as we approached within a mile of it, a large bank of clouds came over the moon and it became partially dark. The rowers were told to ship their oars, and the whole party to keep profound silence. In this way we glided down the stream very rapidly, and passed Mendi Ghat unnoticed and unchallenged. About an hour after this we grounded twice: the first time the boat was got off without much trouble; but on the second occasion she struck several times very heavily, and then nearly capsized. She soon righted a little, but remained for more than an hour stuck fast on the sandbank. I thought it was all up with us; that we could not float her, and that we should be deserted by those on board and left to the mercy of the villagers, who could not fail to notice us as soon as it was light.

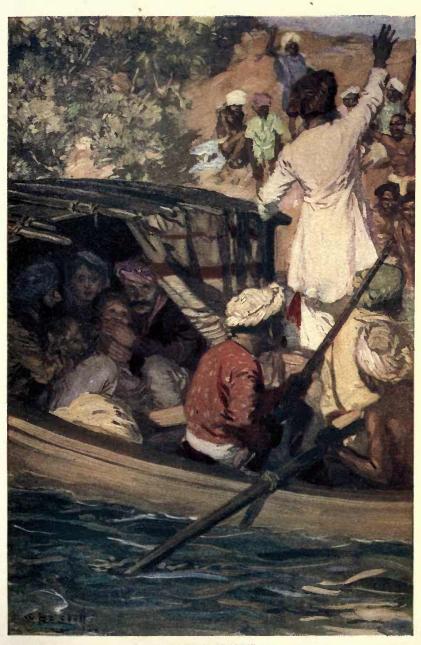
Nearly the whole of the guard, as well as the rowers, at our earnest entreaty, got into the water; and, by thus lightening the boat, succeeded, after heavy labour, in getting her afloat. The delay caused by this mishap was very serious; for day broke just as we were nearing a place on the right bank, where a body of the enemy with guns were said to be posted, and which we had calculated upon passing during the night.

As we approached this point, Dhunna Singh, as well as ourselves, felt most anxious. Great, therefore, was our relief when, upon rounding a reach of the river, we found it silent and deserted. Had the enemy been there, we must have fallen into their hands; for escape would have been impossible. Dhunna Singh now told us that, if we could only succeed in reaching Bithur, some ten miles farther down, which he supposed was occupied by our troops, we should be safe; but until we arrived there, as it was now daylight, the risk of being stopped was great.

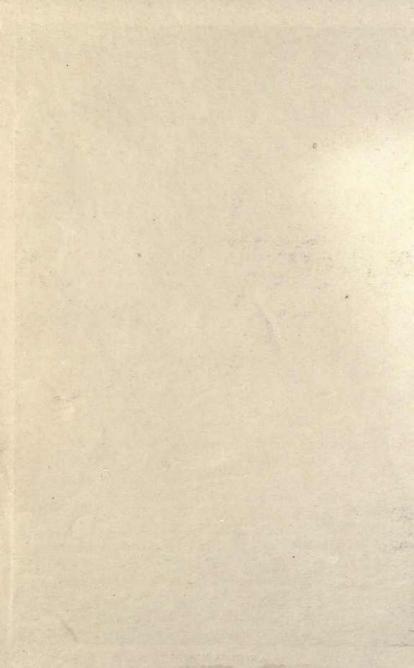
On we went without interruption for some miles, when, rounding a point suddenly, we came on a considerable body of people, some bathing and some sitting on the bank. On Dhunna Singh replying in the usual manner to their challenge, what was our delight and surprise to hear the party, who were completely deceived about us, earnestly warn Dhunna Singh not to proceed much farther down the river, as he would in that case inevitably fall into the hands of the English, who were in force in Bithur, and would

kill all in the boat.

Dhunna Singh, with his usual presence of mind, affected great alarm at this intelligence, and winking at me as I lay inside the covering, inquired of those ashore where our troops were posted, and how far we could proceed with safety. He was told the exact spot, and then, saying he would avoid that point, and cross to the Oude side of the stream, told the rowers to give way. We shot rapidly away, and thus escaped a most



A CRITIACL MOMENT



imminent danger. So near were we to the party on shore that Probyn and I each caught up one of the children and kept our hands to their mouths, lest they might speak or cry out; which would have betrayed us at once.

We met with no incident for the next few miles, and about eleven o'clock we reached Bithur. We were now beginning to congratulate ourselves that at last we were in safety, and Dhunna Singh, as we approached the place, removed the curtain hanging in front of where we lay, and called out to us: "You are now in your own territory; come out and look about, for there is no more need of hiding." Jones was just on the point of availing himself of this permission, when, by some involuntary impulse, I caught his leg and begged of him not to show himself for a little. The words had hardly left my lips when the curtain was hastily replaced, and we were hailed by a man on the bank. Dhunna Singh inquired who he was; he replied that he was a sepoy, and had come across from Fatehpur Chaurassi with some of the Nana's people, to bring away some property which the Nana had been forced to leave behind when our troops captured the place.

Dhunna Singh completely deceived this man by his ready replies to all his questions, and so prevented his suspecting the real character of the boat, or giving the alarm. Dhunna Singh expressed great satisfaction on hearing that Bithur was evacuated by our troops, and re-

occupied by some of the Nana's.

Soon after passing this sepoy, and while floating past some high buildings, several shots were fired in rapid succession; and we saw several hundred armed men congregated in and around the buildings. We, however, heard no whiz of bullets, and supposed that the firing was in honour of the great Mohammedan festival of the Muharram, which was then being celebrated. It was truly miraculous how we escaped being observed by this large body of men, all armed, and in the service of our deadliest enemies. Ours was the only boat which had appeared on the river for nearly two months, and the unusual sight could not have failed to draw their attention to us; yet no one molested us, or tried to stop us.

An hour of most intense anxiety passed in getting clear of this dreadful place, Bithur. When we had left it about two miles behind, Dhunna Singh, who, like myself, had not closed an eye all night, came in and lay down under the cover of the boat, assuring us that we were now all right. Soon after we had the great joy of

seeing Cawnpore in the distance.

Owing to the frequent turns of the river, and a high contrary wind which had sprung up, we were a weary long time in approaching the station.

Just as our hopes of safety appeared on the verge of accomplishment, they were nearly defeated; for the wind caught our boat, and in spite of the efforts of the rowers, drove us half across to the Oude side of the river. We then,

¹ Mourning festival in celebration of the death of Husain, grandson of Mahomet.

for the first time, became aware that this bank was occupied by a body of the enemy watching the Cawnpore force. Their tents were distinctly visible; and, as we approached, we heard their drums and bugles sounding the alarm. I fancy they took us for a reconnoitring party, and we quite expected them to fire at us. Fortunately they did not, and the wind falling, we were able, after much labour, to get back again to our own side.

Soon after we came upon a picket of Sikhs posted near the old magazine. This was the most joyful sight our eyes had seen for many a weary day and night. The party, not imagining that by any possibility the boat could contain friends, came down to oppose us, and were cap-ping their muskets to fire, when Wazir Singh hailed them in their own dialect, informing them who we were. The native officer in command, and all the men, then came forward to congratulate us on our escape; at which they seemed as heartily rejoiced as if they had been our own countrymen. They told us to drop down the stream until we came to the camp where our troops were entrenched, which we should know by a steamer being moored below. We left them, and in about half an hour reached the landing. After some trouble, owing to the violence of the wind and strength of the current, we succeeded in making our boat fast to another alongside the steamer. Then, with grateful hearts, we stepped on shore, feeling that at last we were saved, and among our own countrymen.

We landed about 2 p.m. of the 31st August, just twenty-seven hours after we started; during which time we had run the gauntlet for more than 150 miles of river way, through the midst of the enemy's country. A picket of Her Majesty's 84th Regiment was on duty at the ghat. The men congregated round us, and even our own flesh and blood could not have more repeatedly or warmly congratulated us on our safety than they did; they were very tender of poor Mrs. Probyn, and insisted on carrying the children and our little baggage to wherever we wished to go. On learning that the magistrate's tent was a few yards off at the top of the bank, I immediately went there, and found Sherer of our service. On announcing myself (being in native dress, he could not recognise me) he was as much surprised as if he had seen an apparition; for I had long been reported among the killed at Fatehpur. I can never forget his hearty welcome.

I was just able to tell him that the Probyns and their children were down at the boat and beg of him to go and bring them, when everything seemed to swim around me, and I fell on the ground from excitement and exhaustion. Sherer soon after returned with the Probyns, and by that time I had recovered myself. When we had all collected in the tent, our first question was as to the fate of the party who had left Fatehpur, and of whom we hoped that some had escaped. Then for the first time we heard the truth, that they had really all been murdered; that not one had survived. We also heard of the awful

massacre of Cawnpore, of which only vague rumours had hitherto reached us, too terrible to admit of credence. We could scarcely believe that we four persons and the two children were the sole survivors of that large body of our country-people, men, women and children.

Sherer got rooms prepared for us in a house fitted up as an hotel, close to his tents, and just beyond the entrenchment occupied by our troops.

When we found ourselves in a house again, for the first time for three months, we felt quite awe-struck; and, with hearts overflowing with thankfulness, we knelt down together to bless our God who had so wonderfully "delivered us from the hand of the enemy, and from those who lay in wait for us by the way."

THE SIEGE OF DELHI

While the rebellion in Oude was spreading and gaining strength, steps had been taken by the authorities for the punishment of the mutineers in the neighbourhood of Meerut and Delhi, the earliest seats of insurrection. At first the number of English troops available was too small to allow of extensive operations; but soon reinforcements began to arrive from England, and it was decided that the initial step in a punitive campaign should be the recovery of Delhi, the ancient capital of India, and the headquarters of the mutineers.

The number of fighting men in Delhi was 75,000, consisting chiefly of Hindus, who, under

English officers, had helped to conquer the Sikhs. They were abundantly supplied with rifles, ammunition, and light and heavy guns, and had so fortified their position as to render it almost impregnable. A British force, numbering rather less than 6,000 men, sat down before the city, on the famous Ridge, in the month of June. 1857. It was not strong enough in artillery to make much impression on the enemy's defences, and for the next two months did little more than hold its ground. Then a movable column under John Nicholson arrived, and things at once took a livelier turn. Nicholson engaged Mohammed Bakht Khan, the commander-in-chief of the rebels, at Nujufghur, a village fifteen miles south-west of Delhi. The sepoys, knowing no mercy would be shown them if defeated, fought with more than their usual valour; but the result of the battle was never in any doubt. With their new-found war-cry, "Cawnpore!" our soldiers flung themselves on the enemy, captured their guns, and drove them, with great slaughter, back into Delhi. After that the sepoys confined themselves to the city, and did not again venture to meet our troops in the open.

Early in September the arrival of a siege train made it possible to commence operations against Delhi, and heavy batteries were erected within breaching distance. Six days later the engineers reported two practicable breaches in the walls, one in the curtain to the right of the Cashmere Bastion, the other to the left of the Water Bastion. General Wilson, who had succeeded Sir Henry Barnard as commander-in-chief, then ordered the assault for three o'clock on the

morning of the 14th.

The force paraded at half-past three on the morning of the 14th September; the three columns destined to operate against the city together with the rifles, and the reserve, moved out of the camp to the neighbourhood of Ludlow Castle.¹ There the whole of the troops halted, and were told off to their respective destinations; their presence being dexterously concealed from the sight of the enemy until the moment for action had fully arrived.

At length, when everything was ready, the signal for commencement of operations was given. The Royal Rifles inaugurated the proceedings of the day by a loud and hearty English cheer, simultaneously with which they advanced to the forefront, crossing a bridge and extending themselves as skirmisher in a line of divisions, two divisions going to the right and two to the left. Thus extended, they covered in magnificent style the heads of each of the advancing columns.

The siege guns up to this moment had been maintaining a deafening and destructive fire, which the enemy were unable to answer with even a single piece of ordnance. The Mori, Cashmere, and Water bastions had long been still as death; whereas our batteries had been growing louder and louder, more and more angry than before. Unexpectedly a lull occurred: the raging storm of British artillery was suddenly hushed in silence. In another moment the

¹ A country house in advance of the Ridge, north of the city.

heads of the columns under Brigadiers Nicholson and Jones were distinguishable, peering out, as it were, from their snug hiding-places in the

neighbourhood of the Khudsia Bagh.1

No sooner were these columns seen by those within the city than a determined effort was made from the walls to drive back the advancing force. But a British purpose, once formed, is not so easily turned. Musketry fire may, and doubtless will, make its impression; and a musket in the hand, whether of this man or of that, who knows how to use it, and has been long practised in the art, proves equally destructive. So we found to our sorrow on the morning of the storm. Numbers had already fallen by the enemy's musketry, and numbers were continuing to fall, the nearer each of the columns approached to the respective breaches which had been given them to carry. But with dauntless courage they still kept advancing.

Presently the ditch was gained. Our first real impediment occurred there. It had something to do with the scaling ladders, and their adjustment so as to enable the stormers to ascend the scarp. This delay, whether avoidable or unavoidable, I cannot say, involved us in serious losses; but no amount of discouragement, and nothing in the shape of impediment, could cool

the ardour of the troops.

No sooner was the descent into the ditch effected, than the breaches were respectively carried, with a firm display of valour on the part

¹ Garden.

of all present; every man vying with his neighbour in a spirit of noble emulation. Carried away entirely with the excitement of the occasion, the Rifles, whose duty it was to cover, and who discharged that duty to the admiration of every beholder, could not withstand the temptation which now met them.

Forgetting that, being light infantry, they were as such essentially skirmishers, they were among the very foremost to mount the walls of the city. Theirs were the first caps waved in token of victory; and theirs among the first human voices proudly raised to proclaim what we had

gained and the enemy had lost.

And here a little incident deserves notice; and the more so as it affects the reputation of a very young and inexperienced, but very valuable officer, since dead—Ensign Lisle Phillips, formerly of the 11th Regiment of Native Infantry. In co-operation with some rifles placed under his command, he most gallantly carried the Water Bastion, and turned the guns which he found therein, with all possible speed and dexterity, against the retreating rebels.

While these events engaged the two columns under Brigadiers Nicholson and Jones, the third column, under Colonel George Campbell, of H.M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, was far from being idle. The work assigned to it was critical in the last degree; and it did what it had to do admirably. Enjoying the advantage of cover from the Rifles, the Engineers advanced, at the double, towards the Cashmere Gate. Darkness

had now given place to dawn, and the sun was just illumining the sky. No longer, therefore, could night throw her friendly concealment around any of the party, whether of the Engineers who had to destroy the Cashmere Gate or of the gallant column who had to enter the city through it.

No matter for that. The valiant Homewhose praises, whether we regard him as an officer or a man, can never be exaggerated in the telling-led the way. He was quickly followed by Sergeants John Smith and Carmichael, and Havildar 1 Madhu, all heavily laden with the powder bags. The heroic Salkeld, with Corporal Burgess and some others, came close behind. Dangers surrounded the whole of them on every side; but no harm befel the party until they had fairly reached the broken drawbridge, which lay between them and the gate. It was awkward crossing, in consequence of the destruction committed by the enemy at that spot; but even the crossing was made without a single casualty having to be recorded.

The enemy were all this while keeping up a very galling musketry fire from within, and in the act of depositing the powder at the gateway, Sergeant Carmichael fell dead, and Madhu was wounded. Soon, however, the necessary preparations were completed, and the train made ready to receive the match, when just as Salkeld was attempting the explosion, he also was wounded. Greater success attended Cor-

¹ Sergeant of infantry.

poral Burgess's effort. He fired the train; but

his daring eventually lost him his life.

The gate opened with a tremendous crash; and with quick and undaunted step the 52nd Light Infantry led the way, supported and followed nobly by the 2nd Europeans, the Kumaun Battalion, and Coke's Rifles; all of whom entered the city simultaneously with the other two columns.

Nothing can surpass the numerous acts of personal gallantry displayed on this occasion. Almost every man seemed a host in himself. But conspicuously and pre-eminently brave was poor Tandy, who was killed on the spot; and beside him, two of humbler rank than he, but who proved themselves to belong, as of right undisputed, to the nobility of valour. Bugler Hawthorn, of H.M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, fearlessly exposed himself to a hailstorm of musketry fire, and like the good Samaritan in the Gospel, bound up the wounds of Salkeld, who had fallen among the thieves of the Mutiny, and had him removed, under his own eye, not to the comforts of an inn, but at any rate to some place of corresponding sympathy and safety.

Nor is there a whit to choose, in the matter

of intrepidity when placed in a position of imminent danger, between Bugler Hawthorn and Sergeant Smith of the Engineers; who, anticipating the failure of Corporal Burgess in firing the train, stepped manfully forward, with almost the certainty of death before him, to do that which he had seen others attempt to do with the terrible consequences already recorded. Nevertheless, Sergeant Smith lives, and, with Bugler Hawthorn, has been strongly recommended by General Wilson for the Victoria Cross. Both richly deserve this honour, and long may they

live to enjoy it.

The three assaulting columns, with the reserve, had now gained a firm footing within the confines of the city, which lie on its northern face. There, I am told, they re-formed, in obedience to the orders of Brigadier-General Nicholson, who led and directed the entire operations of the assault against the ramparts of mutinous Delhi. Once established within the place, the columns of Nicholson and Jones took a direction round the walls, towards the right of the Cashmere Gate.

Both columns encountered very severe opposition in their progress, and likewise sustained many losses, over which they subsequently mourned in bitterness of spirit; but they met with no check approaching to a repulse. Their advance might not have been as rapid or as long as some anticipated; but if their movements were slow, they seem to have been equally sure.

Barrier after barrier, thrown up by the enemy, yielded before their indomitable resolution. They first seized a tower and a battery, situated along the line of space intervening between the Cashmere and Mori gates. Presently they gained the Mori Bastion itself, with the Kabul Gate also. They then made several determined attempts to wrest from the enemy's possession the Burn Bastion, and the Lahore Gate. But no

amount of courage, or of strategy, will avail against overwhelming numbers, especially when backed by the desperation of men who fight with halters round their necks.

If any man could have succeeded in these attempts, that man was, doubtless, Brigadier-General Nicholson. But the enemy had so concentrated themselves in this neighbourhood, that though the design was worthy of the immortal Nicholson and his brave men, the weakness of his forces obliged him to fall back upon, and be content with, the maintenance of his former

position at the Cashmere Gate.

Would to God that I could stop at this part of the history, with nothing of importance greater to record than that every preparation was speedily made to turn the captured batteries, of the enemy's own construction, with deadly effect, against themselves! But the victory of the day was converted into a just occasion of lamentation and mourning. There had fallen, mortally wounded, in the strife, the greatest of men amongst us; with whom neither Reid, nor Chamberlain, nor Wilson, would, for one single instant, compare. This was the universal opinion, almost as universally expressed. The cause of that loss will be long remembered, and as deeply regretted. It was in the vain attempt to carry the Lahore Gate that Nicholson, the pride of the whole army of India, was smitten, while actively engaged in encouraging his men to make yet one effort more to drive the enemy from his stronghold there.

The third column, under Colonel George Campbell, of H.M.'s 52nd Light Infantry, after re-forming at the main guard of the Cashmere Gate, first provided a small party to expel some of the enemy remaining within the Water Bastion. This seems to have been done very effectually, and at the point of the bayonet. Next they proceeded to clear the compound of the Cutcherry, which was adjoining, with the houses in the immediate neighbourhood, besides the station church of St. James, and the Delhi Gazette compound. Thus the column kept steadily advancing, nothing as yet being able

to arrest its progress onwards.

The line of advance which had been laid down for this column in the plan of assault was closely followed. This led them through the Bazaar,2 in the neighbourhood of the Cashmere Gate. A gun which was placed in position there so as to sweep the street, was gallantly taken by a party who followed Lieutenant Bradshaw, a very young soldier, whose valour on this occasion cost him his life. The column now took the direction of the Begum's 3 Bagh, through which it secured a tolerably unmolested passage, but, on reaching the gate of that Bagh, or garden, which opens directly on the Chandni Chauk,4 it was found to be closed. Presently it was opened by a friendly native chaprasi. Through it the column passed, under fire from the tops of the houses, to the

¹ Police office, magistracy.

³ Wife of the king.

⁴ Chief street (Silver Street) of Delhi.

² Market

⁵ Messenger.

Jama Masjid, the great place of Mohammedan worship; the side arches of which were found to be bricked up, and the gate also closed.

A difficulty now arose: there were neither powder bags nor guns to force it open. The enemy were also lining the houses, and maintaining a very heavy musketry fire. In spite of these untoward circumstances the column held its own, momentarily expecting aid to arrive. But our failure at the Lahore Gate prevented this, and without help for it the column was obliged to fall back on the Begum's gardens and

join the reserve.

The day had more than dawned, it had advanced a little, and therefore none of our operations, so far at least as light was concerned, could possibly be hidden from the enemy's watchful eye. The signal for Major Reid to commence proceedings was the loud crash which was expected to ensue on the explosion at the Cashmere Gate. The major, in breathless silence, was awaiting this sound. Suddenly the reports of musketry shot struck on his ears. They seemed to come from the direction of his right. It was the Jama Contingent, which had engaged the enemy; their act was premature, but there was now no help for it. Major Reid hurried with a sufficient force to the rescue, selecting the pucka road towards Kishen Ganj 2 as his way of advance.

Immediately a skirmishing party, consisting

Main.

² A village or suburb west of the town, between the Kabul and Lahore Gates.

of the 60th Rifles, was thrown out, under Captain D. D. Muter, on the right of that road; a "feeling party" having preceded the entire column. The enemy had manned a breastwork which they had across the road, and another running parallel with the road. Both of these had been strengthened during the night. The enemy watched our advance, neither saying nor doing anything until we were within fifty yards; they then saluted us most warmly with a well-directed volley. Being charged by the Rifles and Gurkhas, they evacuated their strong breastwork, and stood awhile in apparent perplexity as to whether they should retire on the second breastwork or attack the Jama Contingent.

Up to this time not a gun could be brought to bear against them, for want of gunners, otherwise the enemy might have been mown down like wheat beneath the reaper's sickle. Not only were we losing opportunity after opportunity, but the enemy were reinforcing their position at Kishen Ganj. And, most disastrous of all, just as Reid was about to make a feint on the rebel front and a real attack on their flank and rear, he was severely wounded in the head, and obliged to resign his command to Captain Richard Lawrence, who had been previously in the secret of Major Reid's plan of attack. Nevertheless, Kishen Ganj was the scene of

Nevertheless, Kishen Ganj was the scene of many an individual act of daring. The valour of Lieutenant Shebbeare, of the 60th Bengal Native Infantry, was very conspicuous throughout the operations of the day; and not less so was the conduct of Sergeant Dunleary, of the 1st Fusiliers, whose gallantry unfortunately cost him his life. Yet all that was to no purpose. Our troops, more particularly the Contingent, became completely disorganised. There was no rallying them. The Cashmere levies lost their four guns; themselves flying in utter dismay. And eventually the column fell back on its original position; not, perhaps, despite its want of success, without having done some substantial service, in diverting the attention of the enemy from the main point of attack. But the losses incurred were very severe.

And now for a word respecting the service of the Cavalry Brigade, which was neither small nor unimportant. According to instructions previously received, the Brigade, consisting of an advanced party of 200 men of H.M.'s 9th Lancers, and a reserve composed of detachments from the Guides Corps, the 1st, 2nd, and 5th Punjab Cavalry, and Hodson's Horse, making in all 610 sabres, exclusive of guns from the 1st and 2nd troops of the 1st Brigade of Horse Artillery, took up a position near the site of No. 1 Siege Battery.

The day had not then dawned, but there this force continued stationary, until further orders transported them to another place, which was directly opposite the walls of the city. Once on the move, they kept advancing till they reached the Mori Bastion, and at length arrived at the Kabul Gate, which was within easy range of the enemy's artillery from the Lahore Gate,

and of their musketry fire from the houses and gardens of Kishen Ganj.

The concentration of this double fire was making an impression on the Brigade, and our guns, under the able direction of Major Tombs, had to play sharply on the enemy on our right flank. The practice of our artillery was very effective upon this occasion, and the enemy themselves acknowledged this by retiring to less warm quarters, and suffering us to spike two of their guns. We, too, it seems, were seeking a less exposed position, which the foe no sooner discovered than they took fresh heart, and made a sally from the gardens which they occupied, and seemed as if they had an inclination to bear down upon us in the direction of the Cashmere Gate.

This movement we could ill afford to suffer them to make, and cost what it would to prevent, we had no choice but to incur the expenditure. At this critical moment a small party of Infantry Guides came up in support, and without a thought of the comparative superiority of the enemy over themselves in point of numbers, made direct for the gardens where the enemy were lodged, and took possession of a house there; in this they were completely surrounded, and but for the timely succour of Colonel Farquhar with his Baluchis, the distinguished bravery of the Guides would never have saved them. Presently the fight grew less fierce, and Colonel Grant's brigade were enabled to avail themselves of a less exposed situation.

Meanwhile every witness is unanimous in the bestowal of unqualified praise on the conduct of the officers and men of H.M.'s 9th Lancers. For nearly three hours they were little better than a target for the enemy; and as long as it was necessary for the welfare of the public service that they should continue so, they never seemed to desire better fortune for themselves. Their comrades were falling thick and fast around them, and their horses, from wounds, were frequently yielding beneath them. Nevertheless, if marks they must be for the enemy, their conduct plainly proved that marks they would be; not only without murmur or complaint, but with stout hearts and willing minds.

Scarcely less exemplary was the conduct of the Native Cavalry; nor could it well be expected to be otherwise, when the Native Cavalry could boast of such officers to lead them as Hodson, Sandford, Probyn, Watson, and Younghusband.

Next day I instituted inquiries respecting our progress within the walls, and found we were just where we were before, holding the line from the Delhi College to the Kabul Gate: the magazine, which was close to the college, was still in the possession of the enemy. The heavy guns and mortars had been brought in some time during the 14th, or early on the morning of the 15th, and a battery erected within the college compound, with the design of breaching the magazine; the walls of which, towards evening, exhibited symptoms of destruction.

Mortars also were placed in position, so as to

shell the palace. But all that day we added nothing to our possessions; the enemy were still occupants of Kishen Ganj. Our camp remained almost as defenceless as on the day of the storm, for not a single infantry soldier could be spared from the city to protect it. But the hands of its original defenders, consisting chiefly of the convalescent patients of hospitals, were strengthened by the return of some of the cavalry and light field-pieces of the Home Artillery.

On the 16th more progress attended the operations of the British within the gates of Delhi. The magazine, with 232 guns, was stormed and taken by the 61st Foot, the 4th Punjab Rifles, and the Baluchi Battalion; our loss in this matter

being trifling.

I had forgotten to mention that a single gun of the enemy's had given Colonel John Jones, of the Royal Rifles, to whom the command of the advance posts had been entrusted by General Wilson, not a little trouble during the previous day. He had lost some men in an attempt to take this gun, within twenty-four hours after storming the ramparts of the city. On the 16th, however, he managed to place small mortars on the top of the house occupied by his own regiment, by means of which he threw shell at this troublesome piece of ordnance. The measure partially succeeded, and the gun had to retire. The Rifles were thus enabled to advance for a time to the top of the street in which is situated the house of the Skinner family—descendants of Colonel James Skinner,

the great Commandant of Irregular Cavalry in days bygone. Subsequently, however, it was deemed advisable to fall back for that night on the old quarters of the corps.

Moreover, the enemy themselves deserted the suburb of Kishen Ganj. This was an important event, which, coupled with the capture of the magazine, was very encouraging to officers and men. Kishen Ganj was no sooner evacuated by the mutineers than we invested it with a detachment of troops from Hindu Rao's house, when we discovered that five guns had been left behind by the rebels.

Further advances were made during the 17th of September by the troops placed under the able and judicious command of Colonel Jones, to whom the greatest obligations are due for his management of operations within walls since the 15th.

The mischievous gun to which I have alluded met with a repulse so complete that we assumed a position considerably in advance of that which we held before. The Delhi bank-house, looking on the Chandni Chauk, a perfect ruin standing in a large garden full of trees, and therefore, full of cover for men with small arms, fell into our hands, and we held it from that day. One or two other houses were also taken, but on account of being commanded by certain hostile guns from the opposite side of the street, our tenure of them had to be relinquished for a time.

¹ On the Ridge north-west of the city.

The night which preceded Saturday, September 19th, was accompanied by a heavy fall of rain. A furious storm agitated the elements: there was strife among them, as well as contention, sharp and implacable, between the sons of men. The effect of the change in the weather, the direct consequence of the stormy wind and tempest, was hailed with great thankfulness and joy. The temperature was lowered by many degrees, and the signs of approaching cold weather, toward which we were all looking with such anxious anticipation, now became unmistakable. Every day brought with it more and more

Every day brought with it more and more opening prospects. Nevertheless, the mutineers still claimed with us shares in imperial Delhi; a subject about which we were continuing to dispute with them somewhat unceremoniously. Providence seemingly was inclining towards us in the decision between the contending parties.

We took possession of two houses known as Major Abbott's and Khan Mohammed's, on the right side of the road, just below the palace. These we held in spite of the enemy, and they gave us complete command of the guns at the palace gate. Colonel Jones now threw up breastworks across the road, and his operations were very nearly brought to a successful and glorious determination. Two guns and four mortars were still keeping up a continuous fire against the palace, and our Minie rifles were busily employed by marksmen whose experience and skill in the use of them kept increasing day by day.

The riflemen were to be seen very cosily perched

on the tops of houses, which their own valour had wrested from the mutineers, and from their exalted position every now and then you heard a report one moment, and the next you saw the effect of the shot on the person of some rebel.

But the operations were not exclusively, though mainly, confined to the men of Colonel Jones's advanced posts. The troops to the right of this force, and in the direction of the Kabul Gate, sallied forth from there and surprised and captured the Burn Bastion. This was a very important acquisition. We now only wanted, on this side of the town, the Lahore Gate, and on the opposite side, the palace and Selim Gahr, and all would be ours. The enemy were evidently fast retreating, and the possession of the Lahore Gate and its neighbouring bastions enabled them to cover their retreat.

The 20th of September was the last of the Sundays in camp. I had promised the Artillery a service in the College of Delhi, and was as good as my word. Before, however, I could discharge this duty, I learnt that the Lahore Gate had fallen into the hands of the army. At the same time, a camp skirting the Delhi Gate,² as it is called by way of distinction, had been discovered by our cavalry to be abandoned. Lieut. Hodson was not long in securing possession of it; ridding himself first of some of the enemy's

<sup>An enclosure north of the palace.
The south gate of the city.</sup>

deserted hospital patients. The flight of the occupants of this camp had evidently been very precipitate, for they had not even given themselves time to relieve it of a great deal which we

call, in language of war, booty.

The next thing we heard of was the possession of the Mohammedan temple dedicated in honour of the false prophet, the place of worship of those who believe and trust in him for salvation. The Jama Masjid, which resisted an assault on the memorable 14th of September, and from which we had to retire, now fell an easy prey before our victorious arms. Colonel Jones, with his party, had taken the last of the houses which occupied a site directly facing the Imperial Palace.

This capture was followed, first, by that of the enemy's guns guarding the road leading to the royal dwelling-place; and very soon after, reconnoitring through a small opening of the gate of the palace, and sending for reinforcements, the Engineers, by the help of their powder bags, made an opening. A rush immediately succeeded, but there was no opposition offered. The palace was well nigh deserted: the few men found within were indiscriminately slain; and from the Darbar throne of the renowned, treacherous and blood-stained house of Timur, Colonel Jones, his good services fully entitling him to assume that honourable position, was the first to propose and drink Her Most Gracious Majesty's health; after which, rounds of cheers in rapid succession, both loud and long, rent the air.

At sunrise on the 21st of September a royal salute proclaimed that Delhi was once more a dependency of the British Crown. The head-quarters of General Wilson were established in the Diwan Khas¹ of the Palace. During the day Captain Hodson went out, accompanied by a native who knew the royal family, and took the person of his Imperial Majesty, Bahadur Shah, somewhere near the Khutub, and brought

him in a prisoner to the palace.

The slight hopes of recovery which the doctors gave, after a very careful examination of the wound of Brigadier-General Nicholson, completely failed us. On the morning of the 23rd of September this great and valiant man expired, in the 35th year of his age, to the inexpressible regret of the whole force. I remember well the day of his death, and the impression which it made. In him we all felt we had lost a tower of strength. None that ever saw him, although but once in life, could question that he was made for command. By the constitution of nature, as well as from the adventitious circumstance of his having assumed, with no common devotion, the profession of arms, Nicholson was essentially a soldier, and a soldier not unworthy of comparison with the greatest military captains of bygone days. Some say he was also a diplomatist of the first class. Very likely; but without determining this point, manifestly he was the man, above and beyond every other man in the ranks of the army north of Cawnpore;

¹ Private apartments.

certainly, his superior could not be found in the army. However much those senior to him might envy his greatness—for envy is a weakness common to us all—or complain of his exaltation over them by what may have seemed the exercise of a despotic authority, it was impossible for any one to say with truth that Nicholson's was not genuine greatness. With him greatness did not consist in a name merely gained—as many names are—by doing little or next to nothing. No; the sterling qualities of a soldier were the qualities of Nicholson: the more his difficulties multiplied, the brighter his gifts and his graces shone.

Soon after sunrise on the morning of the 24th of September, the painful duty of consigning the mortal remains of this great soldier to the tomb devolved upon me. It was a solemn service, and perhaps the simplicity which characterized the arrangements of the funeral added considerably to the solemnity of the occasion; particularly when you realized and contrasted with this simplicity the acknowledged greatness

of the deceased.

The funeral cortege was comparatively small; very few beside personal friends composed the mournful train. Most prominent, and most distinguished of all those who best loved and best valued Nicholson, was Chamberlain. He had soothed the dying moments of the departed hero, and having ministered to his comforts while living, now that he was dead and concealed from his sight, he stood as long as he well could beside the coffin as chief mourner. The corpse

was brought from the General's own tent, on a gun-carriage; whether covered with a pall or otherwise I cannot say. But no roar of cannon announced the departure of the procession from camp; no volleys of musketry disturbed the silence which prevailed at his grave; no martial music was heard. Thus, without pomp or show, we buried him. He was the second of those commanders who, since the capture of Delhi, was laid beneath the sods of Ludlow Castle graveyard. And over his remains, subsequently to this date, sincere friendship has erected a durable memorial, consisting of a large slab of marble, taken from the King's Garden attached to the imperial palace. Few and simple are the words inscribed thereon, but all-sufficient, nevertheless, to perpetuate the indissoluble connection of Nicholson with Delhi.

HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE

MAJOR WILLIAM HODSON, known as Hodson of Hodson's Horse, the son of the Rev. George Hodson, Canon of Lichfield, was born in 1821. and began his military career in the Guernsey Militia. He arrived in India in 1845 and took part in the campaign against the Sikhs, being present at the battles of Mudki, Ferozeshah, and Sobraon. Through the influence of Sir Henry Lawrence he was appointed to the command of the Corps of Guides, a mixed force of Sikhs, Gurkhas, Pathans, Afridis, etc., for service in surveying and road-making in the Punjab. In this capacity he won a reputation

as a gallant and resourceful soldier, and was

frequently mentioned in dispatches.

But it was the Mutiny that gave Hodson his first real chance of distinction. He joined the Bengal European Fusiliers, and with them marched to join the force besieging Delhi. From Karnal he was sent by General Anson with dispatches to Meerut, a distance of 152 miles there and back, and accomplished the journey in seventy-two hours. This feat gave such satisfaction that he was placed at the head of the Intelligence Department, and was commissioned by the Commander-in-chief to raise and command a body of 2000 irregular horse.

On the 14th of August, 1857, Hodson was told off, with three hundred of his men and five officers, to capture Rohtak, a town forty-five miles from Delhi, which was in the hands of the rebels and a menace to the English camp. On the way he had to pass through Bohur, where a large body of horse and foot, with two guns, were reported to have assembled. But the sepoys, as soon as they heard of his approach, deserted their ground, and Hodson continued

his march to Rohtak.

The uniform of Hodson's Horse was a dust-coloured (khaki) tunic, with a scarlet sash over the shoulder, and a scarlet turban. These ornaments gained for them the name of Flamingoes. The following is an extract from his letters written home:

Camp, Dusseeah, near Rohtak, 19th August.

This is the first rest since Bohur; we have had very hard work, great heat, and long exposure;

but, thank God! are all well and safe, and have done some business. I marched from Bohur on the evening of the 17th. On reaching Rohtak, we found the Mussulman portion of the people, and a crowd of Irregulars, drawn up on the walls, while a considerable party were on a mound outside. I had ridden forward with Captain Ward and a few orderlies to see how the land lay, when the rascals fired, and ran towards us. I sent word for my cavalry to come up, and rode slowly back myself, in order to tempt them out, which had partly the desired effect, and as soon as my leading troop came up, we dashed at them and drove them helter-skelter into the town. killing all we overtook. We then encamped in what was the Kutcherry compound, and had a grateful rest and a quiet night.

The representatives of the better disposed part of the population came out to me, and amply provided us with supplies for both man and The rest were to have made their amende in the morning; but a disaffected Rajput went off early, and brought up three hundred Irregular horsemen of the mutineers— 1st, 13th, 14th, and other rebels-and having collected about one thousand armed rascals on foot, came out to attack my little party of barely three hundred sabres and six officers. The sowars 1 dashed at a gallop up the road, and came boldly enough up to our camp. I had a few minutes before fortunately received notice of their intentions, and as I had kept the horses ready saddled, we

¹ Troopers.

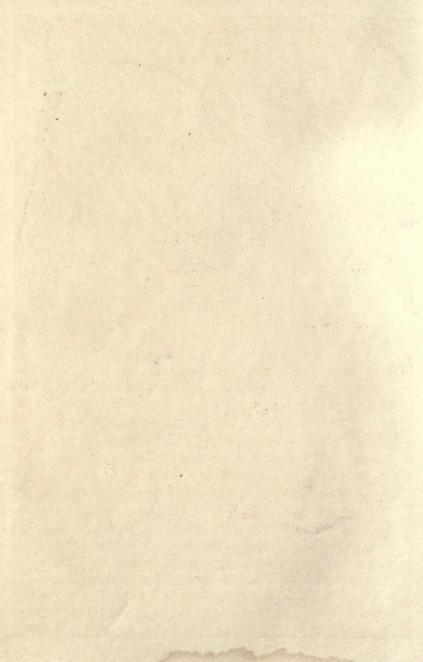
were out and at them in a few seconds. To drive them scattering back to the town was the work of only as many more, and I then, seeing their numbers, and the quantity of matchlocks brought against us from gardens and embrasures, determined to draw them out into the open country.

The ruse was eminently successful. I had sent off our little baggage unperceived, half an hour before, so that I was, as I intended, perfectly free and unfettered by impediments of any sort. Quietly and gradually I drew off troop after troop into the open plain about a mile to the rear, covering the movement with skirmishers. My men, new as well as old, behaved coolly and admirably throughout, though the fire was very annoying, and a retreat is always discouraging, even when you have an object in view. My officers, fortunately first-rate ones, behaved like veterans, and everything went on to my complete satisfaction.

Exactly what I had anticipated happened. The enemy thought we were bolting, and came on in crowds, firing and yelling, and the sowars brandishing their swords as if we were already in their hands, when suddenly I gave the order, "Threes about, and at them!" The men obeyed with a cheer; the effect was electrical; never was such a scatter. I launched five parties at them, each under an officer, and in they went, cutting and firing into the very thick of them. The ground was very wet and a ditch favoured them, but we cut down upwards of fifty in as many



HODSON AT ROHTAK



seconds. The remainder flew back to the town as if, not the Guides and Hodson's Horse, but death and the devil were at their heels. Their very numbers encumbered them, and the rout was most complete. Unfortunately, I had no ammunition left, and therefore could not without imprudence remain so close to a town filled with matchlock men; so we marched quietly round to the north of the town, and encamped near the first friendly village we came to, which we reached in the early afternoon.

Our success was so far complete, and I am most thankful to say with very trifling loss, only two men rather severely wounded, eight in all touched, and a few horses hit. Macdowell did admirably, as, indeed, did all. My new men, utterly untrained as they are, many unable to ride or even load their carbines properly, yet behaved beyond my most sanguine expectations for a first field, and this success, without loss,

will encourage them greatly.

This morning I was joined by a party of Jhind Horse, whom my good friend the Raja sent as soon as he heard I was coming Rohtak-wards, so I have now four hundred horsemen, more or less. Fresh ammunition having also come in, I am quite independent; but I hear that the General has at my recommendation sent out some troops in this direction. If so, order will be permanently restored in this district. In three days we have frightened away and demoralized a force of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, some two thousand strong, beat those who stood or

returned to fight us, in spite of numbers, and got fed and furnished forth by the rascally town itself. Moreover, we have thoroughly cowed the whole neighbourhood, and given them a taste of what more they will get unless they keep quiet in future. We have killed eighty-five, and wounded numbers, since we left Delhi, which is one good result even if there were no other. One of them was a brute of the 14th Irregular Cavalry, who committed such butchery at Jhansi. No letters have reached me since I left camp, and I am not sure that this will reach there safely. It is terribly egotistical detail, and I am thoroughly ashamed of saying so much of myself, but you insisted on having a full, true, and particular account, so do not think me vainglorious.

When the English entered Delhi after the grand assault, the Mogul, with six thousand armed followers, marched out to the tomb of the Emperor Humayun at a distance of six miles. The tomb was, in fact, a fortress, and into it the Mogul betook himself with his two sons, his nephew, and three thousand of his armed followers. To his great delight, Hodson obtained permission from General Wilson to "bring the King in." He accordingly went to the tomb with fifty troopers of his cavalry, and, on his promising to spare their lives, the King and his favourite wife, the Begum Zinat Mahal, surrendered, and were escorted to Delhi and lodged in safety.

Next day Hodson, with an English officer,

named Macdowell, and one hundred troopers (Sikhs and Mohammedans) set off again to the same place to capture the princes—bloodthirsty tyrants who had committed horrible atrocities on English women and children. In reply to a demand for unconditional surrender they came out, and having been placed in a cart, were sent off under the escort of ten troopers. Hodson, then, with Macdowell and four men, entered the tomb, and commanded the three thousand warriors to lay down their arms, which they immediately did. When all the weapons had been collected and piled into a cart, Hodson and his ninety men rode off with them, to overtake the princes. They found them and their small escort surrounded by at least three thousand armed men on the point of making a rescue. Pushing to the cart, Hodson snatched a carbine from the hands of one of his men, and, with his own hand, shot the prisoners dead. Had he not done so, no doubt they would have been rescued and carried out of danger, to work further mischief. Hodson did the deed himself, because, had he commanded his men to do it, the Sikhs would probably have hesitated and the Mohammedans refused, and delay and indecision would have been fatal. The bodies were taken in the cart to Delhi, and so exposed that all could see them, and no mistake arise afterwards as to their death.

During the greater part of the month of October, Hodson was occupied in pacifying the district round Delhi, in scouring the country for provisions for the army and cutting off the retreat of the enemy. He then applied for and obtained a few weeks' leave, in order to visit

his wife, who had come down from Simla to Ambala. On his return to Delhi he was ordered to join a movable column under Colonel Thomas Seaton, and proceed to the Doab, where some large parties of the rebel army were encamped. Hodson spent most of his time in the saddle, and on one occasion, when carrying dispatches between Colonel Seaton and the Commander-inchief, rode ninety-four miles between morning and night. The ride, which was a very adventurous one, is graphically described in one of the letters of Lieut. Macdowell, Hodson's second in command.

Camp, Bewar, Jan. 1st, 1858.

You know we took Minpuri on the 27th. We halted that day and the two following. On the night of the 29th, Hodson came into my tent about nine o'clock and told me a report had come in that the Commander-in-chief had arrived with his forces at Gursahaigani, about thirtyeight miles from Minpuri, and that he had volunteered to ride over to him with dispatches, asking me at the same time if I would accompany him. Of course I consented at once, and was very much gratified by his selecting me as his companion. At six o'clock the next morning we started, with seventy-five sowars of our own regiment. I do not wish to enhance the danger of the undertaking, so will merely tell you that since Brigadier Grant's column moved down this road towards Lucknow, it had been closed against all Europeans; that we were not certain the Commander-in-chief's camp was at Gursahaiganj (our doubt was justified, as you will see); and that, to say the least of it, there was a chance of our falling in with roving bands of the

enemy.

We reached Bewar all safe, fourteen miles from our camp. Here we halted and ate sandwiches; then, leaving fifty men to stay till our return, we pushed on to Chhibramau, fourteen miles further on. Here, after another halt, we left our remaining twenty-five men, and pushed on unaccompanied for Gursahaigani, where we hoped to find the Commander-in-Chief. arriving there (a fourteen-mile stage) we found the Commander-in-chief was at Mermuka-Serai, fifteen miles farther on. This was very annoying, but there was no help for it, so we struck out for the place as fast as we could, the more so as we heard that the enemy, seven thousand strong, with four guns, was within two miles of us. We arrived at Mermuka-Serai at four a.m.1 and found the camp there all right. We were received most cordially by all, and not a little surprised were they to hear where we had come from. Hodson was most warmly received by Sir Colin Campbell, and was closeted with him till dinner-time. Meanwhile I sought out some old friends, and amused myself with looking at the novel sight of English sailors employed with heavy guns. I also went to see the Highlanders, and magnificent fellows they are, with their bonnets and kilts,

Apparently this should read "4 p.m." Hodson, in a letter to his brother, says the double journey was performed between "morn and dewy eve," and his version is con-

firmed by Col. Seaton.

looking as if they could eat up all the Pandies in India.

A summons to the Commander-in-chief's table called me away, and off I went to dinner, when I found Hodson seated by Sir Colin, and carrying on a most animated conversation with him. We had a very pleasant dinner, and at eight p.m. started on our long ride (fifty-four miles) back. We arrived at Gursahaiganj all safe and pushed on at once for the next stage, Chhibramau. When we had got half way, we were stopped by a native, who had been waiting in expectation of our return. God bless him! I say, and I am sure you will say so too when you have read all. He told us that a party of the enemy had attacked our twenty-five sowars at Chhibramau, cut up some and beaten back the rest, and that there was a great probability some of them (the enemy) were lurking about the road to our front. This was pleasant news, was it not? Twenty miles from the Commander-in-chief's camp, thirty from our own; time, midnight; scene, an open road; dramatis personæ, two officers armed with swords and revolvers, and a howling enemy supposed to be close at hand. We deliberated what we should do, and Hodson decided we should ride on at all risks.

"At the worst," he said, "we can gallop back; but we'll try and push through."

The native came with us, and we started. I have seen a few adventures in my time, but must confess this was the most trying one I ever engaged in. It was a piercingly cold night, with a bright moon and a wintry sky, and a cold wind every now and then sweeping by and chilling us to the very marrow. Taking our horses off the hard road on to the side where it was soft, so that the noise of their footfalls could be less distinctly heard, we went on our way, anxiously listening for every sound, and straining our sight to see if, behind the dark trees dotted along the road, we could discern the forms of the enemy waiting in ambush to seize us. It was indeed an anxious time. We proceeded till close to Chhibramau.

"They are there," said our guide in a whisper, pointing to a garden in a clump of trees to our

right front.

Distinctly we heard a faint hum in the distance, whether it was the enemy, or whether our imagination conjured up the sound I know not. We slowly and silently passed through the village, in the main street of which we saw the dead body of one of our men lying stark and stiff and ghastly in the moonlight; and on emerging on the other side, dismissed our faithful guide with directions to come to our camp. Then, putting spurs to our horses, we galloped for dear life to Bewar, breathing more freely at every stride that bore us away from danger. We reached Bewar at about two a.m. and found a party of our men sent out to look for us. Our troopers had ridden in to say they had been attacked and driven back, and that we had gone on alone, and all concluded we must fall into the hands of the enemy. We flung ourselves down on charpoys 1 and slept till

¹ Truckle beds.

daylight, when our column marched in, and we received the hearty congratulations of all on our escape. What do you think of it? The man whose information gave us such timely warning, and thereby prevented our galloping on, by which we should certainly have excited the attention of the enemy, has been very handsomely rewarded

and given employment.

It appears from the reports afterwards received that the party that cut up our men were fugitives from Etawah, where a column of ours, under General Walpole, had arrived. They consisted of about one thousand five hundred men, with seven guns, and were proceeding to Fatehpur. We rode in at one end of Chhibramau in the morning-they rode in at the other. They saw us, but we did not see them, as we were on unfavourable ground. Thinking we were the advance guard of our column, they retired hastily to a village some two koss 1 off. Meanwhile Hodson and I, unconscious of their vicinity, rode on. They sent out scouts, and ascertained that only twenty-five of our sowars were in the village, upon which they resumed their march, sending a party to cut up our men, and, I suppose, to wait for our return. All Hodson said when we were at Bewar, and safe, was "By George! Mac, I'd give a good deal for a cup of tea," and immediately went to sleep. He is the coolest hand I have ever yet met. We rode ninety-four miles. Hodson rode seventy-two on one horse, the little dun, and I rode Alma seventy-two miles also.

¹ About three miles.

Major Hodson was killed in an attack on the Begum's palace at Lucknow. While searching for sepoys in the courtyard and the surrounding buildings he was mortally wounded by a bullet, shot from a dark room. He died March 12th, 1858, in his thirty-seventh year. Sir Colin Campbell followed him to the grave, as he said, "To express my regret and esteem for the most brilliant soldier under my command, and one whom I was proud to call my friend." From the Commander-in-chief downwards, all mourned for him as their greatest ornament, and the popular will at home enrolled him among the heroes of the nation. He died very poor, and his widow was provided by Queen Victoria with a residence in Hampton Court Palace.

A reason once given for Hodson's not having received the Victoria Cross, was that for a long period he won it every day, by a series of dashing cavalry charges, in which he displayed reckless

courage, with a total ignorance of fear.

"THE KHAKI RESSALAH"

The massacre of Europeans at Meerut took place on the 10th of May, 1857. A month earlier, the magistrate and collector of the district, Mr. R. H. Wallace Dunlop, had left his post for the hills beyond Simla, where he was recruiting his health after a severe illness. There was no regular delivery of letters in these solitudes, and news of the catastrophe did not reach Mr. Dunlop until the 31st of May. He at once conceived it his duty to return to Meerut, which, owing to the murder of his deputy, had been left

without any representative of the civil authority. His services, volunteered through the Commissioner, Mr. Greathed, were accepted, and the next day he set off by forced marches for the

plains.

On arriving at Meerut, Mr. Dunlop found the surviving European inhabitants entrenched in the field magazine enclosure, a space about two hundred yards square, surrounded by a brick wall eight feet high. This enclosure, known to the natives as the "Dum-Dumma," was gallantly defended and held against all attacks by the enemy during the next six months. But the activity of the Europeans in Meerut did not stop there. Although only some thirty-five miles from Delhi, the headquarters of the mutineers, they made frequent incursions into the neighbouring country, collecting much-needed supplies, punishing the rebels, and destroying their power for mischief. Foremost in this work was the "Khaki Ressalah," a troop of volunteer horse got together by Mr. Dunlop to assist the regular army. In one of their expeditions they defeated and killed a rebel leader named Sah Mull, who had been responsible for the murder of some English fugitives from Delhi and was a source of terror to the friendly villages in the neighbourhood of Meerut.

FINDING it absolutely essential that our enterprising enemy, Sah Mull, should be crushed, and a lesson inflicted on the rebel Gujars and Mussulmans of Pergunnah² Burout, whose proximity

² A district.

¹ Earthy. The troop was so called from the colour of their tunics, which resembled the sandy soil of the country.

to Delhi rendered their management difficult, I had outlined a plan for attacking the southern villages by a rapid advance from Meerut of the Khaki Ressalah, and such help as the General would give us. Considerable danger attended the attempt, as forces would certainly be sent after us from Delhi: but I trusted to the rapidity of our movements, the increasing distance from Delhi as we advanced on Sah Mull's stronghold, and the prestige inseparable from audacity for success. Our worthy commandant of Volunteers objected to the plan as rash, and proposed inverting it, making the Begum Sombre's place of Sirdhana our first stage. The Commissioner's support carried my plan, and, aided by a favouring fortune, we gained the greatest success ever won by our Volunteers.

In the latter end of July, two mountain guns (manned by two sergeants and eight golandazes 1), fifty mounted Volunteers, forty H.M. 60th Rifles, two sergeants and twenty armed musicians, with twenty-seven najibs, 2 marched from Meerut and encamped at Dulhowra, opposite Buleyni, on the banks of the Hindan river, about fifteen miles above the scene of Colonel Sir Archdale Wilson's battles of the Hindan. As our handful of men lay at Dulhowra, heavy firing commenced in the direction of Deolah, only seven miles distant. The distinct and rapid roll of heavy jezails 3 and matchlocks, intermixed with the sullen booming of the guns of Delhi, little more

¹ Artillerymen. ² Irregular infantry. ³ Large, heavy rifle, fired on a rest.

than twenty miles south-east of us, formed a fitting lullaby for those who were next morning to ford the Hindan and enter a territory from which we fully expected some of us never would return.

Nawal Sing, of Deolah, who accompanied us, was sent across to ascertain the cause of the firing. He brought back word that Sah Mull and his men lay at the Mussulman village of Bussowd, and intended next day to punish Deolah. We had just arrived in time to save it, as the Rajputs, native like, were expending their ammunition in trying to frighten away Sah Mull with noise only. During the night an express from Meerut brought us news of Havelock's advance from Allahabad, and the astonished residents of Dulhowra were awakened by the ringing cheers that followed the announcement.

The réveille aroused us after a brief rest to ford the river, and as grey dawn broke we were nearing Deolah, whence the cavalry went on at a gallop to surround Bussowd. Sah Mull had lost heart, thinking that the number with him, though as ten to one of our party, were not able to cope with the dreaded Feringhis. A number of the rebels followed their chief: and as the advanced guard of our column swept round the place, matchlockmen and swordsmen, old and young, were streaming out of the doomed village. The women and children had been sent away prior to our arrival, a sure sign that their lords were prepared for the worst. Traces of Sah Mull's commissariat were found, and large

stores of grain were collected for the Delhi rebels in Bussowd.

A severe example was essential, as the slightest mawkish pusillanimity in such a case would have spread the flame of revolt throughout the district. All men, therefore, able to carry arms were shot down or put to the sword, and their residences burnt.

Sah Mull now learnt that the sword alone could atone for his crimes; that he had aroused a vengeance which could, when required, equal the sternest retribution he could inflict, women and children alone being exempted from destruction. His messengers that night traversed every. village of the Chaurassi Des,1 calling all who could bear arms to assist him, and declaring that Sah Mull would meet the pale-faced invaders of his territory on the morrow, and annihilate the entire party or die in the attempt. Urgent requisitions for help were sent to the King of Delhi, and the next day a couple of mutineer regiments, 150 sowars and four nine-pounder guns left Delhi for Deolah; but vedettes and spies kept us well informed of the enemy's movements. Of our two native sowars on picket at Ratoul, on the Delhi road, one only returned, declaring that his companion had been carried off by the enemy's cavalry patrol. He, however, being a Mussulman, had probably deserted to the enemy. We marched at twelve at night for Burout; and when the advanced guard of the Delhi troops reached Deolah, finding no trace of our visit but

the smoking ruins of Bussowd, they retraced their steps towards Ghazi-udin Nagar.

No revenue had been collected from the Burout Pergunnah since the commencement of the outbreak; and as our civil establishments had been driven out of Burout, the collection of supplies at that place became difficult. I therefore determined, as the line of troops moved away along the banks of the eastern Jumna Canal, to adopt another course parallel with that of the force, and, taking the tahsildar, Kurnin Ali, and two sowars with me, visit all the villages near the left bank of the canal.

Two of my Hindustani najibs, seeing me leave the troop, followed on small ponies, which they had obtained amongst the spoils of Bussowd, carrying their muskets and bayonets over their shoulders. The first two or three villages I entered were totally deserted; no signs in them of life save a few pariah dogs, who raised a dismal howling at the unwonted loneliness of their position. Heads were sometimes raised here and there amongst the dense cultivation, and the owners rapidly concealed themselves if called to. Various symptoms showed how rapidly the neglect of this part of the district had led to the belief that the British rule had terminated for ever.

I then came to the Gajur village of Bichpuri: this had taken an active part in all Sah Mull's misdoings, and deserved destruction; but as the force had a long march before it, we had not

¹ Collector of a district.

made arrangements to attack it. I, however, went to the village, thinking I might arrest the lambardar 1 and secure the "jama." 2 Numbers of armed men were leaving it as I arrived; and I told a najib to catch one of the fugitives if he could, and make him show me the lambardar's house. The footman he went up to cut him down, wounding him in two places, but paid the penalty with his life directly after at our hands.

Having no Europeans with me, I was obliged to give up the intention of arresting the lambardar. The shots fired during this episode were heard by the detachment on the canal bank, and a small party came out to reconnoitre and assist me if necessary, returning when they found the matter already settled by an unusually short and sharp magisterial proceeding. The Commandant sent an old ressaldar ³ aide-de-camp who was with him, to increase my escort and probably assist me with advice on points of military strategy.

I passed through Ghutia, Sadullapur, Allawulpur, and Andrispur, taking one or more lambardars with me from each village as security for the Government revenue. These villages appeared glad to see the tahsildar; and were, I believe, well affected towards us. I took the opportunity of purchasing twelve sheep for "rasad," so had a considerable train to take care of when we arrived at the friendly village of Burka. Here we found all the inhabitants swarming out of their houses, and the gates closed. On recog-

Head zamindar.
 Native captain of irregular cavalry.
 Revenue.
 Supplies.

nising the tahsildar, they came out and whispered a warning to him, that he should fly as fast as possible after the troops, as the whole of the Chaurassi Des was being raised by Sah Mull for an attack on us.

While I was laughing and chatting with these men, and ridiculing Sah Mull, a tremendous noise of shouting, bellowing and other incomprehensible sounds commenced in the neighbouring village of Huldwanie. The Burka men quickly disappeared inside their entrenched village, and closed the gates. The unfortunate lambardars with me looked panic-struck; and as Sah Mull in person, with two thousand of his relations and followers, streamed out of Huldwanie, and rapidly neared our little party, the tahsildar begged of me to exhibit that discretion which is the better part of valour.

Flight from villagers, in whatever numbers, was a shock to dignity; but as there was no help for it, I called on the tahsildar and ressaldar to remember their positions, and retire quietly. A volley of matchlock balls interrupted my speech, and a confused mob of armed men approached us. The ressaldar called out to me that I could do no good by stopping, and tried the experiment of the force of example in a rapid retreat, as his verbal eloquence was not persuasive. Taking a last fond look at the twelve sheep and fifteen lambardars I had with such difficulty collected, I followed my retreating companions, accompanied by sundry flowers of rhetoric, in which the Hindustani language is

rich, which were gracefully accorded to me by Sah Mull's men.

I had got out of gunshot of this rabble when I perceived a horseman fast coming up to us, his matchlock in one hand and a drawn sword in the other. I had only that morning recovered for Government three troop horses of the 3rd Light Cavalry. I was trying one of them, a young iron-grey, and the trial nearly cost me my life. The brute possessed an insane terror of firearms, either from never having heard them in such proximity before, or from having had unpleasant experience of the effects of gunshot wounds. When I perceived that my of gunshot wounds. When I perceived that my over-impetuous friend, the sowar, had placed a sufficient distance between himself and his party to give me hopes of disposing of him without interference, and I had checked and wheeled my horse round for the purpose, the animal proceeded to the charge, alternately tripping along sideways, or waltzing round on its hind legs, springing clear off the ground at every discharge of my revolver. I had implicit confidence, from long practice, in my own pistol shooting and fencing; but I can defy any one not trained to acrobatic performances to have done trained to acrobatic performances to have done anything more than hold on with that ever-tobe-anathematised grey.

My progress must have had a ludicrous appearance, resembling the performances of Astley's 1 professionals in their combats with

¹ A once-famous circus proprietor in Westminster Bridge Road.

some renowned Pagan. I was able by good luck to remove the thumb of my opponent's sword hand, and mortally wound his horse. But in drawing my slight double-edged sword (my horse having at the moment adopted an angle of ninety degrees, as the most suitable slope for his back), I managed to draw blood from my own throat. The footmen and others under Sah Mull. in the meanwhile, having come up and materially added to the effect of the circus-like fight by a desultory discharge of matchlocks, I made the best of my way after my companions, abandoning to my opponent and his friends my pith helmet, which had come off in the mêlée, as a slight remuneration for the thumb and charger of which I had deprived him. I afterwards ascertained that the horseman with whom I had this skirmish was one Bugda, nephew to Sah Mull, and a general in the service of the titular King of Delhi.

Our next grand object was to find out where the detachment might be; and supposing that it must by that time have reached Burout, the tahsildar made straight for that place. On reaching it I found the two mountain guns left with only four men of the 60th Rifles, who informed me that the column had been attacked by a party of rebels from Mullutpur, who were on their way to the general rendezvous under Sah Mull. Some of them had entered the city of Burout, opposite which the riflemen were drawn up. A few matchlock shots flashed now and then from the flat house-tops, and the Khakis were

nowhere to be seen, they having dashed off in pursuit of some of the Mullutpur men who had not entered the town. I learnt that as the column was entering the place on their way to the Tahsil, where we proposed encamping, they were met by a discharge of small-arms. One old white-bearded Sikh, who had long lived in Mullutpur, and therefore led the rebels, made himself conspicuous by his repeated attempts to accomplish a successful shot with his matchlock. This man I recognised and hanged, some months afterwards, when on a visit to Burout.

I had reported matters to the Major, and the Khaki Ressalah were just arriving, when shouting and firing near our guns told us that my Huldwanie acquaintances had arrived. They had occupied a grove of trees, and a garden inclosure close to us. The Rifles were, therefore, pushed on, and the Volunteers brought up at a gallop and placed on their flanks. The enemy kept up a smart fire at first, which the handful of riflemen, in skirmishing order, returned; but as soon as the latter commenced closing with them, and they found both flanks being turned by the two little parties of horsemen, they broke and fled in all directions. As we swept through the fields, now dotted all over with fugitives, the Khakis themselves being completely scattered in the excitement of pursuit, the usual cutting and pointing commenced in all directions. My horse having recovered from the effects of the revolver going off just over his head, I took care to keep to the sword only; which, as the enemy's matchlocks were discharged, was quite sufficient.

They can parry a cut well, but never attempt to parry the thrust. A regular Hindustani sowar has no chance against a good English fencer. I saw two of our party lose their horses from desperate sword-cut wounds, inflicted by a swordsman, who sprang up in a sugar-cane field; but this was from bad management on their part. Instead of putting spurs to their horses and riding straight at him with the thrust, they turned short round, avoiding the cuts themselves, but got their horses so injured that they had to be destroyed. A dafadar 1 of my najib footmen, a very gallant fellow, sprang at the man and pinioned his arms in his own; he, however, seized one of the najib's arms with his teeth, and compelled him to relinquish his hold, then struck him down with a blow on the head, receiving a similar sword-cut at the same moment himself. Both men were down on the ground when one of the Rifles went up, and as the dafadar unfortunately was not in uniform, he fired his rifle into him and drove the bayonet through his opponent.

I happened to be on the left bank, but those on the right had the good fortune to come up with Sah Mull himself and several of his relatives. The former was killed by a young Volunteer, assisted by an irregular horseman; and from one of our men, who was shot off a camel, my helmet was recovered; not before it was wanted, as the sun was dangerously powerful. Sah Mull's

head being stuck on a pole, inspired our native friends in Burout with mingled satisfaction and dread.

I now set to work to provide supplies for the troops, and was sitting on the site chosen for our camp with the tahsildar, when the rapid and repeated discharge of our little mountain train guns, mixed with musketry-firing, made us jump on our horses and hurry a second time to the spot, where we found the rebels had returned to the attack, but were easily driven off with grape. It is probable that few of those who made this, the third attack of the day, knew of Sah Mull's death; and the sight of his head on a pole behind our guns probably aided materially in routing them and preventing any further attack.

The baniyas ¹ of Burout gladly brought us supplies on seeing Sah Mull defeated, and we encamped that evening in and around a bungalow belonging to a deputy-superintendent of the Eastern Jumna Canal, which Sah Mull had preserved as a hall of justice for himself. There were upwards of 150 natives killed at Bussowd, and probably about the same number at Burout.

A MEDICAL OFFICER'S EXPERIENCES

In the midst of the preparations for the siege of Delhi, Cawnpore and Lucknow had not been forgotten. On the 25th of June, General Sir Henry Havelock, an officer who had distinguished himself in the war with Persia, was

despatched with a moveable column to the relief of the garrisons in both cities. He arrived at Allahabad early in July, and here learned for the first time of the Cawnpore massacre. The news nearly drove the soldiers frantic. Despite the smallness of their numbers, they wished for nothing but to come to grips with the rebels and exact retribution for the terrible fate of

their countrymen and women.

Pushing on to Fatehpur, forty-five miles below Cawnpore on the Ganges, Havelock met and defeated a portion of Nana Sahib's army on the 12th of July. Further victories followed at Pandu Nuddi and Maharajpur, and then the English entered Cawnpore, which had been hastily evacuated by the enemy. An awful sight met their eyes. The women and children in Nana Sahib's camp had been brutally murdered just before their entry, and the pavements were swimming in blood, on which floated fragments of female attire, bonnets, collars, combs and tresses of hair. After a search, the bodies of the victims were discovered at the bottom of a well, into which they had been promiscuously thrown, the wounded with the dead. The effect on our soldiers may be imagined. One and all registered a vow not to rest satisfied until those who had done this thing should have met with the punishment which was their due.

Having garrisoned Cawnpore with all the troops he could spare, General Havelock marched on the 19th September to the relief of Lucknow, where the English were besieged in the Residency. His army consisted of 3,179 men, of whom 2,779 were Europeans, 341 Sikhs and 59 Native irregular cavalry.

After one or two skirmishes with the enemy, the troops arrived, on the afternoon of the 23rd, at the Alum Bagh, a garden palace belonging to one of the princes of Oude, about four miles south of Lucknow. Here they were met by a strong body of the rebel army, who at once opened fire on them. The English returned the fire from a heavy battery of four 24-pounders, at the same time charging the enemy's cavalry and throwing them into disorder. Thus pressed, the sepoys retreated inside the palace, where guns had been hastily mounted. But the field artillery and the bayonets of the Highlanders and fusiliers soon forced them to abandon this position and fall back on Lucknow. Our troops then took possession of the Alum Bagh, outside which they encamped for the night.

Next morning the relieving force moved on towards Lucknow, fighting fiercely all the way. The sepoys were too wise to risk a pitched battle, but from behind loop-holed walls, from mosques and other covered places, shot down the hated Feringhis as they advanced. All the regiment suffered severely, the 90th Foot, which formed the rearguard, being particularly unfortunate. Below is given the experience of a medical officer

attached to that corps.

LATE that evening orders came out that the wounded were to be left at Alum Bagh, while the army marched on to Lucknow. We started about eight next morning, and at a quarter of a mile from our camp were fairly in action. The shot passed over us in a perpetual hum or scream. Luckily they were mostly high, but

even as it was, no human beings could advance in it and live; so the column lay down until the artillery had silenced them, when we got amongst some gardens with the walls loop-holed. We were here shot down like so many sheep, till one man broke through the wall. On every side of me men were falling. We had now overcome the first opposition, and in a little time we stormed the bridge over the canal and found ourselves at the entrance to Lucknow. We skirted the suburbs for five miles, shooting great numbers of the insurgents, and losing many of our own men. By this time it was ten o'clock. and we had arrived at about a mile from the Residency.

Now commenced the hardest part. The enemy had possession of a bridge which we had to cross. On this bridge was a battery of three guns, and there were, at different points, three other batteries, all bearing upon us. The houses, gardens and buildings about us were full of the enemy, who kept up a continuous fire. I was with the wounded of the 90th, about 300 yards from the bridge battery, when they fired a round of grape at us from one gun, and killed eight of my dooly¹-bearers, besides many of the wounded soldiers in the palanquins. All around me people were falling and the shot tearing huge branches off trees and throwing mud up in our faces.

About one in the afternoon the 90th, now become the rearguard, got into comparative 1 A swinging litter.

safety in a large building. There we passed the night, and a night of great horror it was; for the wounded of nearly all regiments were here. Remember our whole force was but 3,000, and we had at the very lowest calculation 40,000 men opposed to us. These were fighting behind loop-holed walls, with great numbers of guns; whilst we were in the streets of a very large town, and were being shot down by unseen enemies. I consider our achievement that day was the rashest and the most wonderful in history.

At daybreak the enemy got our range in the building, and kept pouring their shot and shell into us, killing numbers. One poor fellow, an assistant surgeon of the artillery, was anxious for me to assist him in an operation. I was on my way with him to do it, the shots were whistling all about us, and I said, "Well, Bartrum, I wish I could see my way out of this!" "Oh," he replied, "there is no danger whatever." Next minute he was shot dead beside me.

The enemy were pressing close, and kept up a storm of shot, shell, and musketry on us. We were cut off from the main body of the army by about a mile, and they could not help us, as they themselves were fighting hard. At last the colonel came to me, and told me that his arrangements were perfected; he would give me a guard of 150 men, and with them I was to get the wounded into the entrenched camp as best I could. I got the wounded ready in a string, and after a long breath I left the building. For 200 yards the enemy did us no harm; then

we had to cross a deepish river, which took me nearly up to my chest. The fire was hot enough here! Some of the wounded were drowned, some killed, but most got across, and on we went to a street where we were promised comparative safety. Our escort preceded us, fighting all the way. But they really had no chance; they were shot down right and left.

When I reached the entrance of the street I found a number of them dead, and most of the others had rushed on for their lives. Shots from the walls killed some of the palanguin bearers; the remainder flung down the wounded, and no menace or entreaty could prevail on them to lift them up again. I tried to get a few wounded together, but by this time the sepoys had gathered round us on every housetop, and had nothing to do but bring us down at their leisure. All hope seemed gone, but as a last resource I ran with four others into a small one-storeyed house, three rooms on a floor, all doors and windows. Other fugitives now joined us-soldiers from the escort who had escaped, and two badly-wounded officers. The sepoys commenced yelling fearfully. They were not more than fifty yards off, round the corner and sheltered from our fire. We expected nothing less than instant death; for it seemed impossible that ten men could resist the thousands who were firing a fearful hail of shot through the windows. Three of our number inside were struck down wounded, and this diminished our fire. The sepoys all this time were massacring

our wounded men, forty of whom they killed

by firing at the palanquins.

The rebels soon gave up the attempt to storm us, but crept up to the windows and fired in upon us, and so that we had to lie down upon the ground for a time and let them fire over us. There was no door to the house, so we made a barricade of sand bags by digging the floor with bayonets, and using the dead sepoys' clothes to hold the sand. We also piled up the dead to obstruct men rushing upon us. My duties as the only unwounded officer were to direct and encourage the men, as a surgeon to dress the wounded, and as a man to use a rifle belonging to a wounded man when he fell. After a while we saw that the enemy were tired of rushing on us, as we had killed twenty of them and wounded many more. We then told off one man to fire from each window and three from the door.

My post was at a window; I had my revolver, but only five shots left in it. I had no second, and worst of all, no fresh charges. After a time a sepoy crept up very cautiously to fire through the window, quite unconscious that a Feringhi had him covered with a revolver. When he got about three yards from me I shot him dead, and another who was coming up was shot by one of the men. For nearly an hour now they were very quiet, only firing at a distance. All at once we heard in the street a dull rumbling noise, which froze me to the heart. I jumped up, and said, "Now, men; now or never! Let

us rush out into the open air, and not be killed like rats in a hole. They are bringing a gun on us!" The men were ready; but we soon saw that it was not a gun, but something on wheels with a planking in front too thick for our shot to enter. They brought it to the very window at which I was stationed. I could touch it,

but my shots were useless.

To shorten my story, after about half-an-hour they set the house in flames, and we were enabled to escape by bursting through into the second room, which opened into a large square, where we found a street with large doorways at intervals. Into this we got, carrying our wounded, three of whom were mortally injured whilst we were carrying them; we sound men did not get a scratch. It was a complete surprise to the enemy, who expected us by the door and not by the way we came; so the pleasure of shooting us as we ran from the burning house was denied them.

We had thought, up to this time, that the general would never leave us without succour, but now it occurred to us that the sepoys had quite hemmed in our army. Imagine our horror when we found that the street we were in was loop-holed everywhere, and the sepoys came creeping up to the loopholes, firing in suddenly and off again. We put a man at every loophole as far as they could go, even the wounded were put to watch, and this checked the bold, brave sepoy, to whom the British soldier is an object of dread. We soon had a worse

alarm, for the sepoys got on the roof, bored holes through it, and fired down upon us. Nothing more wonderful in the way of narrow

escapes was ever seen.

About fifty yards off was a mosque, with no one in it, as I found on creeping on all fours into it; but before we could get the wounded out we were discovered and ran back to the shed. However, we had in the interval secured a chatty of excellent water belonging to the sepoys. What a prize that was! The wounded were dying of thirst, and we, who had been biting cartridges all day, were just as bad; it gave us one good draught all round, and after it we felt twice the men we felt before.

The shed being a long one, we had a great deal to defend, but the sepoys soon found that if they could fire through the roof, so could we, with the advantage of knowing exactly where they were by the noise of their feet; so they kept off the roof. Including wounded, there were nine men fit for sentry, and seven men fit to fight. Six of the latter were unhurt, including myself. It was agreed that if the sepoys forced the street, we should rush out and die outside.

By this time all our wounded were in their possession, and they were put to death with horrible tortures, actually before our faces. Some were burnt alive in their palanquins, and their shrieks chilled one's blood. The terrors of that awful night cannot be described: raging thirst; fierce anger against those who, as we

1 Earthenware pot.

thought, had left us to perish; uncertainty as to when the sepoys would next attack us; all these were added to the exhaustion produced

by want of food, heat, and anxiety.

I now proposed to our men to fight our way back to the rearguard, or forward to the en-trenched camp, but as there were only two who would go, I refused to desert the wounded men. Day broke soon after, and we had all fallen into perfect apathy; our nerves, so highly strung for twenty-four hours, seemed now to have gone quite the other way. Suddenly a few shots were fired outside, then we heard the sharp crack of our own Enfield rifles. Ryan, who was standing sentry, shouted, "Oh, boys! them's our own chaps." Still we were uncertain, till presently we heard a regular rattling volley, such as no sepoy could give. Oh, how our hearts jumped into our mouths then! Up we got, and I said, "Now, cheer together!" Our people outside heard us and sent a cheer back. We replied like madmen, and shouted to keep off our side. We also fired through all the loopholes at the sepoys, to keep them from firing at our men advancing. In five minutes we were all rescued and in the midst of our own people.

"LUCKNOW KAVANAGH"

THE relieving force entered the Residency at Lucknow on the 25th September. Their appearance was the signal for general rejoicings; cheers rent the air; anxious defenders crowded round exhausted, travel-stained deliverers, shaking them by the hand and pressing refreshments on them; fierce, bearded Highlanders, who, during the past few days, had lived in an atmosphere of fire and bloodshed, seized the children from their mothers' arms and hugged and caressed them. They had fought twelve battles in order to enjoy this moment, and their delight at finding the little ones safe was not to be restrained.

But when the first burst of enthusiasm was over, the realities of their position soon claimed the attention of the reinforced garrison. It had been intended that all should leave at once for Cawnpore, but that was now deemed impossible. Only with the greatest difficulty, and at the cost of many lives, had Havelock's army been able to fight its way into Lucknow. The enemy, recovered from their first surprise, were in possession of the town, and had again assumed the offensive. To attempt to force a way through, encumbered with women and children, could only result in disaster. Inquiry elicited the fact that the provisions of the garrison, which Havelock had believed to be nearly exhausted, were in reality sufficient to maintain the whole force for two months. In the circumstances, it was decided to sit tight and wait for the arrival of more troops from England.

Sir James Outram, General Havelock's superior officer, and the newly appointed Chief Commissioner for Oude, had accompanied the relieving force from Cawnpore. Unwilling to usurp the credit of operations conceived and partly carried through by Havelock, he had generously refused to take his place at the head of the army until Lucknow was reached; but he now, as a matter

of course, assumed command. His first concern was to provide for the safety of the detachment which had been left at the Alum Bagh, and with this object he endeavoured to open communications by the Cawnpore road. The attempt was unsuccessful, as a large mosque, strongly occupied by the enemy, stood in the way; but luckily the detachment at the Alum Bagh proved able to look after themselves.

Attention was now turned to the defences of the Residency and the surrounding buildings, against which the attacks of the enemy were chiefly directed. New defence works were thrown out and the old ones improved, volunteers were appointed to assist the Engineers, and both Europeans and natives were enrolled as miners, to construct defensive or listening galleries for the protection of the advanced posts. Even so, the situation of the garrison was precarious in the extreme. Armed men swarmed into Lucknow from every part of Oude, until there were over a hundred thousand quartered in the city; while a strong contingent of Mutineers from Gwalior was daily expected. Repeated attacks were made on the garrison, and the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry never ceased from day to day.

On learning that the relieving column under Havelock had found it impossible to retire from Lucknow, Sir Colin Campbell, the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in India, determined to go himself to their assistance. The Crimean and Persian wars had now come to an end, and the troops thus released were available for service in India. Sir Colin concentrated his forces at Cawnpore, from which city he marched, on the 9th November, for Lucknow. News of

the approaching relief reached the beleaguered garrison on the same day, and Mr. T. H. Kavanagh, a civilian who had taken a prominent part in the defence, at once volunteered to make his way to the Commander-in-Chief's camp and guide the troops to Lucknow. It was a very dangerous enterprise, as he had to pass right through the heart of the city, and every outlet was strictly guarded by the enemy's posts and pickets. Kavanagh, however, accomplished his mission in safety. For his services he was rewarded with the Victoria Cross and a grant of £2,000; on the suppression of the Mutiny he was appointed Assistant Commissioner in Oude. Among English people, both at home and in India, he was afterwards known as "Lucknow Kavanagh."

Although my place in the garrison was very humble, the measures necessary for its defence, and for our succour, gave me as much concern as anybody in it. I was constantly reviewing in my mind the circumstances of our position in Lucknow, and imagining the probable state elsewhere. Mine is a temper that is little disturbed by the ordinary affairs of life, and my best energies were evoked by the amazing events of the time. It was a period when the power and glory of England were maintained by individual exertion more than by a combination of strength, and it will hereafter be proudly pointed to as affording the most remarkable evidence of the zeal and devotion of Britons when separately tried.

On the morning of the 9th of November, 1857,

I was apprised of the arrival of a spy, who had effected an entry during the night, with a despatch conveying intelligence of a force coming from Cawnpore. I had some days previously witnessed the drawing of plans by my young friend, Mr. James May, which were prepared by direction of Sir James Outram, to assist the Commander-in-Chief in his advance upon the Residency. It then occurred to me that some one of intelligence, with the requisite local knowledge, ought to attempt to reach His Excellency's force beyond, or at, the Alum Bagh, because the plans would be of little use without

some one to explain them.

I learnt from the spy that His Excellency's force was not large, and conjectured that the caution which that would oblige, combined with imperfect information, might delay the relief which the movements of the Gwalior troops rendered urgent. If they succeeded in surrounding the little entrenchment at Cawnpore, or, if his communication over the river Ganges were imperilled before he could be rescued, what was the Commander-in-Chief to do? Our supplies were nearly exhausted; our sick and wounded were perishing for the want of absolute necessaries; and every day added to our calamities and endangered our position. One failure anywhere would have destroyed us, we were so greatly outnumbered. It was not improbable that a leader might suddenly be found, with the required spirit and influence to conduct the rebels and mutineers to victory; for the valour of the

defenders was not so great a security as the cowardice of the besiegers.

Sir James Outram's plans and specifications had been devised with much care, but they were for a certain route. Circumstances might render that route impracticable, or, if a better one were unexpectedly left open by the folly of the enemy, Sir Colin might not be able to use it for want of accurate information as to the nature of the ground, and the position of the enemy with reference to it.

Swayed by these reflections, I imparted to the spy, Kunuji Lal (who before the outbreak had been a Nazir, or Bailiff, in one of our courts in Oude) my desire to venture in disguise to the Alum Bagh, where he was to return in the night with a despatch for Sir Colin Campbell. I had not seen him before, but his shrewd intelligence and previous good service as a spy, at once secured my confidence. He made no attempt to frighten me by exaggerating the dangers of the road, but at first positively declined to incur the additional risk to which the company of a second person, and he a European, would expose him. A couple of hours afterwards I persuaded Kunuji Lal to run that danger, by holding out to him the prospect of an unusually good reward, and explaining to him the great public service he would thereby render to the British garrison. He then strongly urged that we should leave the defences by different roads, and meet outside the city; but he gave it up on learning that I knew too little of the intricacies of the city to venture alone, and on hearing a specimen of my Hindustani, which, though good, might not have

stood the test of a long examination.

Having settled matters with Kunuji Lal, I deliberated in my mind, and at two o'clock in the afternoon volunteered my services through Colonel Robert Napier. The Colonel at once pronounced the attempt impracticable, his features relaxing into a smile as he said so, for he evidently considered the proposal absurd. He was, however, so much pleased with this further evidence of the zeal of his protégé, that he went in to the Chief Commissioner to mention it, followed by me. Sir James Outram listened as I disclosed my reasons for wishing to go out, figuratively placed them in one hand, and my life in the other, and asked whether the advantages were weighty enough to overbalance his scruple to adventure a single life. He was not less astonished than Colonel Napier, but, in the true spirit of chivalry, he at once appreciated the motives of my proposition, and reasoned with me upon the probability of success. He frankly confessed that he thought it of the utmost importance that a European officer, acquainted with the localities and buildings intervening between the Dilkushah and the Residency, should be provided to guide the relieving force, should its commander determine on advancing by that route; but that the impossibility of a European escaping through the city undetected, had deterred him from ordering any officer to go, or even seeking volunteers for such a duty. He observed that my services as

a guide would be very valuable, and that he with difficulty resisted the temptation to accept my disinterested offer, of which he thought he ought not to avail himself. I was, however, so earnest in my entreaties to be allowed to go that he yielded, provided he was satisfied with the disguise, and I was of the same mind when the hour for departure arrived. After Sir James had explained to me his plans and the course which he advised Sir Colin Campbell to follow, he pressed me not to hesitate to abandon the adventure, if I wished to do so on further consideration.

I was satisfied that the matter had so far progressed well. I had secured an active guide, had made up my mind to die, and obtained the sanction of the General to go. The most difficult task that remained was to part from those who were dearest to me in the world. I lay down on the bed with my back towards my wife, who was giving her children the poor dinner to which they were now reduced, and endeavouring to silence their repeated requests for more. dared not face her; for her keen eye and fond heart would have immediately detected that I was in deep thought and agitated. She called me to partake of a coarse cake, but, as I could no more have eaten it than have eaten herself, I pleaded fatigue and sleepiness, and begged to be let alone. Of all the trials I ever endured, this was the worst! The most kind and affectionate of women had been my companion for thirteen years, through which she had patiently and courageously endured much trouble and discomfort for my sake.

The efforts I made to suppress all outward signs of distress swelled my heart, and so pressed on my brain that I had suddenly to leave the room,

pretending I was wanted at the mines.

I walked to an unoccupied building adjoining the Tehri Kothi (which was outside the original defences) and, concealed in one of the cellars, vainly struggled to convince myself that it must be done, till the convulsion of my heart were relieved by tears. O my God, what a trial! I could have faced death in its most appalling form without a tremor, but this separation from my family, who would be left utterly destitute by my death, weakened my resolution, and I sorrowfully resolved to stay.

Instead of returning home, I went into the apartment near the Great Gate of the Residency, where Major North and Lieutenant Sewell were busy preparing Enfield ammunition. There the coming relief was the topic at once introduced. Strange to say, in a quarter of an hour I left them, resolved to do my duty, without their perceiving that, while joyously conversing with them, I was in reality deliberating upon the fate of my family,

and deciding between life and death!

I endeavoured, without exciting suspicion, to discover whether a permanent dye was procurable in the entrenchment, and luckily for my little beauty, there was none. I obtained a complete Oriental suit by borrowing each article from separate natives; and tying them in a bundle, took them home. I remained quite composed till six o'clock in the evening, when, as was customary

with me, I kissed the family, and left, pretending that I was on duty at the mines, and that I might be detained till late in the morning. I carried my bundle to a small room in the slaughter-yard and was there dressed by a young man whom I enjoined to keep my secret for the present. I was amused at my own ugliness as I surveyed each feature in the glass to see that the colouring was well spread. I did not think the shade of black was quite natural, and I felt somewhat uneasy about it, till we talked over the chances of detection, and came to the conclusion that the darkness of the night was favourable to me. Kunuji Lal now joined us, and seemed to chuckle at the ridiculous appearance of the metamorphosed Sahib, as we walked over together to the quarters of Sir James Outram.

Natives are not permitted to go into the house of a European with shoes on, nor to take a seat uninvited. In order to draw particular attention to myself I did both, and the eyes of the officers who sat at the General's table were at once turned angrily and enquiringly upon me. Questions and answers were exchanged without the disguise being detected, although my plain features were known to every one of the outraged officers. They called in the General, and even he took some time to recognise me.

I regarded this first step in the adventure as presaging success, and was glad to lay hold on any little thing to keep up my confidence. I was daubed once more by the General himself, and, considering where I was going to, there was a hilarity

in the whole proceeding, which was most beneficial to my nerves. My turban was readjusted; my habiliments subjected to a close inspection; and my waistband adorned with a loaded double-barrelled pistol, which was intended for myself should there be no possibility of escaping death at the hands of the mutineers, who would have killed me in their own particular way.

At half-past eight our gaiety ceased, for that was the time appointed to leave. The kind-hearted and chivalrous Sir James, and my good friend, Colonel Napier, pressed my hand, with a few encouraging words; the rest, with many earnest prayers for my success, shook hands; and I started with Kunuji Lal in the company of Captain Hardinge, who came down to the picquet on the river Gumti to pass me out. As I parted from him he tightly squeezed my hand, as if much affected, observing that he would give his life to be able to perform what I was doing.

The night was dark, the sky without a cloud, and there was nothing to guide us but the bright, mysterious stars, and a few lights flickering across the river. On our right the lines of the enemy extended past the palaces to the bridge of boats, and on the left they crowded towards the elegant iron bridge, and the old stone bridge beyond, over which we were to recross the river that flowed calmly and silently before us, dividing the two armies. I descended naked to the stream, with the clothes on my head rolled into a bundle. The first plunge into the cold water chilled my courage immensely, and if the guide had been

within reach I should, perhaps, have pulled him back, and given up the enterprise. But he waded quickly through the river, and reaching the opposite shore, went crouching up a trench to a grove of low trees on the edge of a pond, where we paused to dress. We were interrupted for a few minutes by a man coming down to wash, but he went away without observing us.

My confidence now returned, and with my sword resting on the shoulder, we advanced into the huts in our front, where we met a match-lockman. I thought it prudent to be the first to speak, and remarked as we approached that the night was cold; on his repeating that it was cold, I passed on, observing that it would be

colder by-and-by.

Proceeding six or seven hundred yards further, we reached the iron bridge over the Gumti, where we were stopped and called over by a native officer who sat in an upper storied house, and seemed to be in command of a cavalry picquet whose horses were saddled. My guide advanced to the light, and I stayed a little back in the shade. We said that we had come from Mundeon (our old cantonment, then in possession of the enemy) and that we were going into the city to our homes. We continued on along the left bank of the river to the stone bridge (about eight or nine hundred yards from the iron bridge), passing unnoticed through a number of sepoys and matchlockmen, some of whom were escorting persons of rank in palanquins, preceded by torches. There was more light than I cared for, and I would have

given much to have had perfect darkness throughout the city. Recrossing the Gumti by the stone bridge, we glided by a sentry (who was closely questioning a dirtily-dressed native) into the *Chauk*, or principal street of the city of Lucknow, which, to my great relief, was not illuminated so much as it used to be previous to the siege, nor was it so crowded. I shuffled and jostled against several armed men without being spoken to, and only met one guard of seven sepoys, who were amusing themselves in the street.

Kunuji Lal made several attempts to leave the Chauk, and wander through the dark and narrow turnings; but I resisted his wish to avoid the crowd, feeling sure that our safety lay in courting enquiry. When about to issue into the country, we were challenged by a watchman, who merely asked what we were. The part of the city traversed by us that night seemed to have been deserted by at least a third of its inhabitants, and I did not hear a single reference to the English the whole way!

I was in great spirits when we reached the green fields, into which I had not been for five months. Every plant was fragrant, and the smell of the fields refreshing. I greedily sniffed it all as I devoured a delicious fresh carrot, and gave vent to my feelings in a conversation with Kunuji Lal, who joined in admiring the luxuriance of Oude, and lamented with me that it was

misgovernment were ruining it.

The environs of the city were beautifully

now in the hands of wretches whose rapacity and

wooded, and planted with fruit and flower trees, through which we could scarce see our direction. But we went onwards in high spirits, and accomplished four or five miles without suspecting the trouble before us. We had taken the wrong road, and were now quite out of the way, in the Dilkusha Park, which was occupied by the enemy! As this was the route we were to return, I thought I ought not to lose the chance of examining the position; and leaving Kunuji Lal seated in the shade of a large tree, I walked round it. On rejoining the guide I found him in great alarm; the thought had occurred that I would distrust him because of the mistake, which, he urged, was occasioned by anxiety to take me away from the picquets of the enemy. I bade him not to be frightened, for I was not annoyed, as such accidents are not infrequent in the dark, even when there is no danger to be avoided.

It was now about midnight. Near a village we saw a cultivator watching his crop, and endeavoured to persuade him to show us the way for a short distance, but he urged old age and lameness. Another, whom I peremptorily told to come with us, ran off screaming, and alarmed the dogs of the village, which made us run quickly into the canal flowing under the Charr Bagh. I fell several times in our flight, owing to wet and slippery shoes, and sore feet. The shoes being hard and tight, had rubbed the skin off my toes, and cut into the heels. We crouched in the bed of the stream till the alarm subsided, when we entered another village for a guide. The whole

ground was so cut up by ravines and barred by garden walls that we made no progress through it; and there was reason to fear we might stumble on one of the many parties of troops in the neighbourhood, which, the old cultivator told us, had been that day withdrawn from the front. I entered a wretched hut, and groping in the dark for an occupant, pressed against a woman, who started, but heeded my earnest whisper to be quiet. The good-natured creature woke her mother and both put us on the right road, and blabbed all they knew of the proceedings of the enemy, who seemed to be bragging greatly after the retrograde movement.

About one o'clock we reached an advanced picquet of sepoys, who told us the way, after asking where we had come from and whither we were going. I thought it safer to go to the picquet than to try to pass unobserved. Kunuji Lal now begged that I would not press him to take me into the Alum Bagh. He described it as surrounded by rifle pits and mutineers, who were sure to arrest us if detected passing over to the English garrison; and he urged that as he had not been there, it would be hazarding too much to attempt to reach it. I was tired and in pain, and would therefore have preferred going in; but as he feared it, I desired him to go to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, which he said was on the Cawnpore road, near Banni, a village eighteen miles from Lucknow.

By three o'clock we reached a grove of mango trees, situated on a plain, in which a man was



KAVANAGH AND KUNUJI LAL IN THE SWAMP



singing at the top of his voice. I thought he was a villager, but he got alarmed on hearing us approach, and astonished us by calling out a guard of sepoys, all of whom asked questions. It was an anxious moment. Kunuji Lal lost heart for the first time, and threw away the despatch entrusted to him for Sir Colin Campbell. I drew their attention to his fright, and begged that they would not terrify poor travellers, unaccustomed to be questioned by so many valorous soldiers; they ceased their chatter, and we replied to the enquiries of the officer that we were going to Amrula (a village two miles this side of the Commander-in-Chief's camp) to inform a friend of the death of his brother by a shot from the British entrenchment at Lucknow. They were greatly relieved on discovering that they had been falsely alarmed, for their terrible foe was only a few miles distant.

We took the direction indicated by them, and after walking for half an hour disappeared in a jhil, or swamp, which are large and numerous in Oude. We waded onwards up to our waists, and sometimes to our necks, in water, checked at every step. Before we found that we were in a jhil, we had gone too far to recede. It was a long and tiresome struggle, and we were doubtful whether we should ever get out of it. The mud and high reeds clung to us, sometimes holding back a shoe, a stocking, or the scabbard of my sword, and now and then drawing the scarf round my shoulders. My guide being a little man, had occasionally to be held by the neck to keep his

head above water. Indians rarely give expression to their feelings, and the good fellow bore the interruptions more patiently than I did. Indeed, he was once or twice disposed to laugh at the vehemence with which I abused every mutineer, every weed, every bit of mud, and every drop of water in the province. The colour was gone from my hands, and I feared there would be little left upon my face, which would then have been the death of me. After two hours of intense labour and anxiety, we landed, and despite the remonstrances of Kunuji Lal, I rested for a quarter of an hour.

Being again doubtful of the road, we entered a village and went on to the Chabutra, or village office, where several men were sleeping outside on cots. Kunuji Lal woke one, but he refused to go with us, and spoke contemptuously of the enemy, on hearing we were sent by Raja Man Singh to ascertain the strength and whereabouts

of the English dogs.

"Have you not heard that from the fellows who ran from them? Go away! and do not disturb our rest."

We departed from the angry man in haste, dreading that further perseverance might involve

us in trouble by waking the other sleepers.

The moon shone brightly, and the firmament sparkled with stars as we pressed forward over an extensive plain. We came on two more guards, about three hundred yards apart, seated with their heels to fires. I did not care to face them and passed between the two flames unnoticed,

for the careless men had no sentries thrown out. A little later we met several villagers with their families and chattels mounted on buffaloes, and we learnt from them that they were flying for their lives from the English, who, they said, were murdering and plundering all around them. The frightened creatures were in such a hurry that they would not stop to tell us more, for we would have asked a thousand questions in our great joy.

By drawing lines on the sand we settled the probable whereabouts of the troops, and then started off in the wrong direction and were only stopped going over to the enemy again by missing the bustling noise of the camp, for which we listened. It was about four o'clock in the morning when we stopped at the corner of a grove, where I lay down, fatigued, to sleep for an hour. Kunuji Lal entreated that I would not do so, but I thought he overrated the danger and desired him to go into the grove to see if there was any one there who could guide us. He had not gone far when I was startled by the challenge, in a native accent: "Who comes there?"

Kunuji Lal started too on hearing the challenge, for we had not the remotest idea that there was a guard within a few paces of us. I listened attentively to catch the words that fell from the sentry and the replies of my companion, who advoitly tried to discover to which army the picquet belonged, without compromising his own safety. The entire guard turned out, and

so many voices soon disclosed to him that we had reached the British lines. He informed them that he was accompanied by an English officer, which increased their suspicion, and it was not till I shook the Sikh commander heartily by the hand that Kunuji Lal was believed. I could scarcely realise the fact that I was safe, for my mind having been at full stretch, and tuned, as it were, to a particular chord the whole night, it could not readily resume its usual tone.

The native officer gave me an escort of two sowars, after many expressions of wonder at my temerity, and I started for the advance guard. Midway a horseman who rode at full speed, turned to stop us; and I had the pleasure to make myself known to Lieutenant Goldie of the 9th Lancers, who took me to his tent, gave me dry stockings and trousers, and a glass of brandy, which my shivering body greatly needed. Cold and fatigue vanished under its generous warmth, but it did not compose my thoughts, which were still striking on the night strings. The officer who commanded the infantry of the advance guard put me on a fine Burmah pony, and walked by my side to within a quarter of a mile of the camp, where I dismounted.

It was five o'clock and the sun rose majestically in a beautiful clear sky. It shone that morning on as strange a looking creature as ever met the eye of a naval officer, and it was not singular that Lieutenant Vaughan should stare at him through his glass as he asked the way to the tent of the Commander-in-Chief. But on hearing whence I

came, he unhesitatingly stepped before me, as I often afterwards saw him step before the enemy, and in a couple of minutes the tent was reached. As I approached the door, an elderly gentleman with a stern face came out, and going up to him I asked for Sir Colin Campbell.

"I am Sir Colin Campbell!" was the sharp

reply, "And who are you?"

I pulled off my turban and opening the folds, took out a short note of introduction from Sir James Outram.

"This, sir, will explain who I am, and whence I come."

It was impetuously read, his piercing eyes being raised to my face almost at every line.

"Is it true?" he asked.

"I hope, sir, you do not doubt the authenticity of the note?"

"No, I do not! But it is surprising!

How did you do it?"

I was tired and anxious to be left alone to my thoughts, and I begged of Sir Colin to excuse my telling the story then, and to put me to bed.

I was put into the bed of Sir David Baird; the tent was carefully darkened, and, away from all but the eye of the Almighty, I knelt and returned most heart-felt thanks for my escape from the dreadful perils of the night. I was greatly indebted to my intelligent guide, who let me speak as seldom as possible, and throughout evinced amazing wit and courage. I should not have succeeded without the assistance of this faithful man; and I grieve to say that his

good services upon this and upon several other occasions have been inadequately rewarded.

Before I left Sir James Outram, it had been

Before I left Sir James Outram, it had been agreed that my arrival should be announced by hoisting the flag of the semaphore in the Alum Bagh. When retiring to the bed of the aide-decamp, I prayed Sir Colin Campbell to have that done as soon as possible, lest my wife should hear of my absence before she heard of my safety. The fear that she and my children might be left destitute by my death had distressed me throughout the night, and it was a relief to know now that if I were killed in the hazardous duty of guiding the troops to the relief of the garrison, I had done enough to secure a provision for them.

Sir Colin Campbell good-naturedly took much trouble to keep out the light from my tent, but I could not have slept even if sufficiently composed to do so. Between ten and eleven o'clock I breakfasted with him and his staff, who listened to my story while I greedily devoured a large share of everything on a plentiful table, now and then parenthetically observing that there was nothing comparable to bread and butter; that eggs and bacon was a dish fit for a king; Scotch marmalade food for gods; and coffee, with milk and sugar, a most refreshing beverage. Picture to yourself, reader, a sweep who made an attempt to wipe himself clean, and you will have an idea of the hideous creature who sat before Sir Colin and his laughing staff of young scamps, swallowing all the delicacies before him.

His Excellency kept me shut up with himself, repeatedly enjoining me to say nothing on the subject of the relief to the officers of the camp, who, he observed, would endeavour to extract all I knew, and then form their notions of what was right and wrong, and spread injurious stories of his own projects. The power of secrecy did not escape the acuteness of Sir Colin Campbell, who enforced it on all admitted to his confidence; and, when it was his wish to do so, he succeeded more than most men in artfully misleading people as to his designs. He did me the honour of freely discussing with me the scheme forwarded to him by Sir James Outram for his consideration; and I was particularly struck by his quick perception of everything, and the promptitude with which he mastered the strong and assailable points of the city.

I am no great authority, but I may venture to state that the whole bias of his mind is essentially martial. He is shrewd in his perception of character, unmercifully rejects all silliness and imbecility, quickly recognises the meritorious, but slowly rewards them. He is active and ardent, and perhaps too vehement under excitement, when he says rather disorderly things for small faults, and only makes amends by quickly forgetting them. When he chooses, he can enchant by his agreeable frankness and familiarity, and the most interesting anecdotal conversation, when his sharp and severe features relax into unaffected sweetness, and his piercing eyes sparkle with humour. In the field of

action he is seen to perfection, for his ruling passion is aroused. He is there ubiquitous, and his quick eye seems to see everything, and his intrepid heart to be unmoved by the dangers into which his impetuosity leads him.

The following afternoon the Commander-in-Chief reviewed the troops, and being anxious to see the gallant little force, I accompanied him on a young untrained horse that flew about the plain as if I were a stinging fly on his back. I made several desperate efforts to stay with the cavalcade of staff officers, and catch the harangues which His Excellency screamed out to each regiment as he stopped before it. But the provoking beast started and wriggled at the sight of every one of the fine fellows, who were rending the air with hurrahs at the close of those martial orations, which made little of the enemy, and much of themselves; and, at last growing impatient of the whole thing, he snorted at a couple of mamlets in the distance and scampered home, quite careless of the vicious exertions I made to prevent him. That was, indeed, a fit horse for a Commander-in-Chief, who did not care whither he went and was as intractable as the animal itself!

There were over four thousand troops on the ground, and as I surveyed the whole line, I felt that the difficult and dangerous task before them would be accomplished, and reflected with pride that I was to guide them. The following morning the first movement was made to the Alum Bagh. The 93rd Highlanders had the

post of honour at the head of the column, and were marching joyously to the charming Scotch tune of "Castles in the Air," when two shots from guns on our right disabled six of them. Sir Colin was instantly out with cavalry and horse artillery, and advanced upon the enemy, who limbered up and attempted to escape, as Lieutenant Gough fell upon them with the Sikh horse, and after a sharp conflict, captured the guns. Sir Colin crossed a morass to the dilapidated fort of Jelelabad (where the enemy were supposed to have their powder factory) and whilst he examined the place through his glass, a musketry fire, from an incredible distance, fell harmlessly hundreds of yards from us. The column meanwhile went on, and we rejoined it as it neared the Alum Bagh, without further hindrance.

Before the arrival of Colonel Little, of the 9th Lancers (who had been sent in on the morning of the 10th November with the message announcing my safety), Sir James Outram had signalled "Has Kavanagh arrived?" and had been answered "Unintelligible," which occasioned intense anxiety in the garrison, till the welcome news was telegraphed about twelve o'clock. My wife was then informed of my adventure, and felt as every good woman feels when her husband does his duty.

On the morning of the 14th of November, the second move for the relief of the garrison was made from the Alum Bagh to the Dilkusha Park, through highly cultivated fields and numer-

ous groves of trees, which would have afforded excellent shelter to the sharpshooters of the enemy, had they ventured to do more than eye our compact little force from the roofs of distant houses in the suburbs of the city. At the palace in the Park a few mutineers and matchlockmen showed themselves, and kept up a desultory fire. Our Artillery opened upon them, and the glorious 23rd regiment started in pursuit, and followed till they reached the slope leading to the Martinière College, where they were stopped by a well-directed fire from three or four guns. Sir Colin only stayed till I described the features of the ground, when he descended upon the enemy occupying the intervening space, despite a heavy fire from the Martinière as our skirmishers issued from the bushy cover on to the plateau. The mutineers retreated across the canal, and made a strong demonstration of assailing us over the bridge. They were checked by the rifles of the Highlanders, and the fire of a battery of heavy guns, and soon after were disconcerted by an unpremeditated rush over the canal by the 53rd regiment, and the Punjab Infantry, under the gallant Green.

Sir Colin had previously reconnoitred the left end of the canal, where there was a large masonry bridge; and, as I could not tell whether it was entire, I rode under the shelter of a ravine within a hundred yards of the bridge, and brought back word that it seemed to be so. Sir Colin, who had examined it through his glass from the other side, remarked that it looked

to him to be broken; whereupon I observed that not having seen the roadway, I could not be sure. "Why not assure yourself of it?" inconsiderately spoke General Mansfield, for the enemy were posted behind it. "I can do that too," I replied, and rode over to the bridge, in the face of a close fire, and returned with my horse severely wounded. Two arches of the bridge were broken, and, on the left the canal was dammed up, so as to make it unfordable under Bankes's Bungalow, the direction the enemy expected us to take.

The Commander-in-Chief saw that the troops were properly disposed before it was dark, and they passed the night tentless, with their arms by their sides. Captain Alison and myself lit a bonfire upon the highest point of the College, to announce the arrival of Sir Colin, and to signal to Sir James Outram to sally out the following morning and occupy some of the intervening buildings, so as to facilitate the relief.

It was a cold, dark night. Our wretched foe did nothing to disturb the repose we greatly needed, and they doubtless spent the whole time in vowing to each other that we should not do it! Sir Colin lay on the cold floor, dreaming of the coming battle, and the voice of the "people of England," which was to point to him as the man who did it! I humbly lay by his side, and dreamt too.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

In the following narrative Mr. Kavanagh describes the relief of Lucknow by the forces under the command of Sir Colin Campbell.

Sir Colin Campbell is a short sleeper, and he rises half dressed; his toilet is the shortest possible, and he is usually the first in the saddle, and the last out of it. At early dawn he visited the several posts, and inspected the approach to the Residency proposed by Sir James Outram. From thepinnacle of the Martinière College heafterwards surveyed the city spread broadly before us with its glittering domes, white temples, long tortuous streets and embowered palaces; and he did not descend till minutely informed of the situation of the several positions intervening. His eagle eye embraced the remarkable features of Lucknow. and he asked pertinent questions respecting them. I was against the route proposed by Sir James Outram, because it had been followed before by Havelock, and was, therefore, sure to be lined by loop-holed defences. I suggested a passage more to the right, between the river and the canal, as not likely to be prepared for resistance and as affording a good approach for a surprise.

During the day, the enemy came out in large numbers to threaten our position at the Martinière, by my proposed road. The infantry marched slowly through the woods and ripening crops in small detached parties, and halted wherever they

liked in separate groups. The cavalry slowly joined the disorderly procession, few and far between, while light and heavy guns laboured through the sands. There seemed to be no directing head and no preconcerted plan of attack. The cavalry scampered and capered over the plain, flourishing their swords at a great distance from our force, a part of which was quickly and quietly forming up in the dry bed of the canal. Their artillery blazed away, under cover of the woods, with some precision and much obstinacy, till the British infantry and cavalry mounted the high bank of the canal, when the rebel force, after a ludicrous show of resistance, turned about, and went fast homewards in the same irregular order.

Sir Colin Campbell followed some distance to see and understand more of the ground through which I proposed to conduct him. He returned, satisfied that it was practicable, and his dispositions for our advance the following morning were promptly made. His Excellency massed the artillery on the left flank, and maintained a heavy cannonade all night, to impress the enemy with the belief that he would pursue the old

The advance was made so silently and skilfully that the enemy could not attempt to occupy the ground over which we quickly passed. Nearly the whole distance was through narrow tortuous lanes, or low thick plantations enclosed by mud walls, which afforded such admirable shelter, that Sir Colin was amazed at the good

route.

fortune that let him pass unmolested. Indeed the natural obstacles were so great that some cheeks blanched at the contemplation of them. Near the Secundra Bagh I captured a man escaping through a lane, and learnt from him that the garden was strongly occupied, and that the enemy were completely surprised by this unexpected movement on their rear. I explained to the Chief his position, and respectfully advised the immediate advance of artillery to secure the gateway. A few mutineers were seen in the lanes on our left, who disappeared the moment the skirmishers of the 53rd and 93rd regiments showed themselves.

A terrific fire of musketry poured from the high walls as some of the 53rd Foot, with Sir Colin, reached the angle of the garden facing the river. The first man who attempted to pass under it was severely wounded in the hip, and lay with bullets ploughing the earth around him. I leaped from my horse and dragged him by the arms into a hut close by, the poor fellow thank-

fully squeezing my hands.

With his customary decision Sir Colin directed the 53rd Foot to line a shallow trench, by which retreat to the bridge of boats over the river was cut off. A gentleman by his side, mistaking the order to mean an assault, sprang forward on his small slender horse, and, with drawn sword, remained calling to the men to follow him, exposed to a close destructive fire. It was the handsome youth whose white passive features had just attracted my notice, as he joined the staff;

the fiery and impetuous young man was the same who looked so sedate and so unexciteable only a minute before. The suddenness of this startling exhibition of spirit excited the lookers on, and the 53rd Foot (who needed very little calling) were passionately rising for the assault, when Sir Colin checked them in a loud voice.

"Come back! come back, Lord Seymour; you have no business there! I did not order it. I witnessed your gallantry with great pleasure. Consider yourself, my lord, as attached to my staff for the present. I admire your noble spirit, and must take care of you."

The young gentleman returned abashed, and looking as if it was nothing to have escaped

the hundred bullets directed at him.

Meanwhile, the artillery passed at a gallop, and in superb style, mounted a high embankment, which gave them the command of the gate, and deprived the rebels of the only means left of escaping the terrible doom impending. The fire from the walls increased in fierceness as the Highlanders pressed forward, with some of the 53rd Foot, to clear the huts in the neighbourhood. Sir Colin rode under the muskets of the enemy, directing every move. More and more the fusilade increased, and our intrepid fellows fell fast to the ground. The excited artillery persevered in a rapid and well-directed fire against the nearest tower. The noise grew deafening. Two companies of the Highlanders, with fixed bayonets, mounted to the plateau before the garden, and rushed upon the enemy, concealed in an

extensive range of houses, who molested our

flank. A dead wall stopped them.

"In at the roof! Tear off the tiles and go in through the roof, Highlanders!" roared the old Chief.

In an instant bonnets and kilts disappeared through smashed tiles, torn mats, and broken bamboos, and the enemy were pursued to the barracks, where Captain Stewart fell upon a

couple of guns and captured them.

The noisy contest reverberated through the whole neighbourhood, and the earth trembled under the wheels of the cannon, as they belched forth shot and shell. Sir Colin Campbell and his gallant staff moved in the midst of it, protected by a miracle. The brave, tawny Sikhs reached the front; the breach in the Secundra Bagh was declared practicable; a hole barely large enough for a single man was visible.

"This day, this dreadful day, let each contend: No rest, no respite, till the shades descend; Till darkness, or till death shall cover all: Let the war bleed, and let the mighty fall! Till bathed in sweat be every manly breast, With the huge shield each brawny arm deprest, Each aching nerve refuse the lance to throw, And each spent courser at the chariot blow." 1

The hot and vehement spirit of the Chief rose, and uncovering his grey hairs, he waved the Sikhs and Highlanders on to the assault. That was a gallant race! A Sikh was first—and dropped dead! The agitated plumes of a Highland bonnet rose—the wearer stood for an instant in

¹ Pope's Iliad, Book II.

the breach, and fell forward. Another, and another! Two more struggled in the opening to die first. Noble fellows! what cared they for death? Cooper amd Burroughs are in, and, followed by their men, they push through the tower in pursuit of the mutineers, the mass of whom stand aloof, screened by the shrubs and plants of the garden. The gate is violently forced by the Sikhs, and the enemy dragged dead and dying, and heaped out of the way. The assailants press in, and the commotion grows fierce and wild to distraction.

Highlanders and Sikhs, besmeared with blood, trampled over the dead, through the plants and houses. Screams and groans ascended above the uproar. Here mutineers manfully received our soldiers on the point of the bayonet—there threw down their muskets, and fiercely defended themselves with swords. Some threw away their arms and pleaded for mercy to men infuriated by slaughter, others ran to the inner rooms for shelter, and despairingly clutched at the weapons of the fierce soldiers who pressed in after them. Bullets flew in every direction from friend and foe.

The 53rd regiment, encouraged by the gallant Lieutenant Ffrench, violently smashed through the iron bars of a window, and, with loud screams of victory, added to the tumult, the confusion, and the slaughter. Hoarse calls for help came from this side—loud and frequent orders to go in and bayonet from the other-curses, in the most awful words, mingled with imploring

voices. A few ran wild through the combatants to end their misery by death. Hundreds were deliberately bayoneted, and pitched, writhing in the agonies of death, into a reservoir. The appalling sounds of cutting, hacking, and stabbing were heard all round the garden, with the dreadful screams of the combatants. "Cawnpore, boys! Remember our women and children! Mercy? No mercy for you!" Miserable creatures! a day of retribution had come.

The mass of dark men moved here, there, backwards, and forwards, trampling down the plants that sent forth their fragrance to nostrils choked with blood-many ran in and out of the rooms, pursued by their fearless and merciless foe. The scene was animated and horrible to the utmost degree, when the effect was increased by a conflagration, from which the mutineers struggled on to our weapons, and were thrown back upon the raging flames. Some wretches, as a last resource, sought concealment on the roofs and in the towers, where they were remorselessly followed and chucked dying to the yard below. The strife was obstinately maintained at one tower. Officers and men threw themselves against the door to burst it; another and another fell in fruitless efforts to enter. Guns were brought in, and the uproar was made more awful by their booming and by crashing walls, as the balls passed through the room of the desperate defenders.

At last the tumult ceased, and the victors walked triumphantly through the blood of the prostrate foe to count their bodies. Two thousand of the enemy covered the ground, lapped one in the other: they were either dead or dying.

Seven Europeans effected their escape from the massacres of Sitapur and Mahomdi, and threw themselves on the protection of the Chief of the Maithilas, who treacherously surrendered them to the Begum at Lucknow. Almost at the time that the atrocities of Cawnpore were being avenged in the Secundra Bagh, four of the English captives were dragged from their prison, bound arm in arm, and barbarously murdered outside the gate of the Kaisur Bagh Palace.

Sir Colin Campbell, mounted on his grey horse, was outside the Secundra Bagh, surrounded by his staff, when a Highland officer, excited, tattered, and bloodstained, issued through the gate, and

approached the group with a red banner.

"I have killed the last four of the enemy with my own hand, and here, sir, are their colours!" exclaimed the bleeding and agitated

Highlander.

"Hang the colours, sir! Where is your regiment? Go back to your regiment, sir! I thank you, Colonel Ewart, for your zeal and gallantry, but go back to the regiment!"

The romantic fervour of the Colonel succumbed to so much practical wisdom from the lips of his Chief; and as he turned to go, I handed him

¹ Sir. H. Jackson, Captain Patrick Orr, Lieutenant Burnes (a brother of Sir Alexander, who was murdered at Kabul), and Sergeant-Major Morton.

a bonnet, for he had dropped his own in the horrid fray within, where he was foremost among the many daring officers who fought that

day.

The artillery bombarded the next position of the enemy in the Shah Sujjiff mausoleum. Captain Peel, cool and calm, rolled forward his ponderous guns before a deadly fire. Major William Middleton, with his lighter guns, passed on the right at a gallop, and unlimbered close under the walls. His fine manly figure could be seen through the smoke, and his loud voice could be heard at intervals encouraging his gallant men. Horses and gunners rolled fast in the sand. The fire redoubled on the side of Peel, while Middleton threw shot and shell at the tower from which the enemy poured their fatal volleys. It was all in vain. The thick hard walls remained unbroken, and the nerve of the enemy unshaken. The infantry and guns withdrew, and the foe yelled and made a feint of following through the gateway.

Sir Colin grew anxious for the result, while I exulted that, by the mercy of Providence, I was by his side humbly to dissipate his apprehensions by making little, perhaps too little, of the opposition still in our way. He was equal to the emergency, and his spirit mounted above the difficulties that threatened the success of his operations. Highlanders and detachments of other regiments were brought to the front, and, under the shelter of some huts, the Commanderin-Chief passionately reminded them of the noble

duty to be done, and assured them of his confidence that their devoted courage would do it.

Peel, always cool, clever, and courageous, by extraordinary exertions dragged his guns up to the tower, as if he were "laying the Shannon alongside an enemy's frigate." Brigadier Adrian Hope, and his company of brave Highlanders, approached under a destructive fire from the ramparts. Some of the Chief's staff joined in the assault. The combatants fired fast and furiously-the killed and wounded increased-Major Alison, Military Secretary, received a bullet obliquely through his arm, and I led him to the rear, where the limb was at once amputatedofficers and men passed by disabled; our infantry returned the fire without success, and Peel thundered with no result. No one spoke his thoughts, but many feared another repulse. Darkness was fast approaching, and Sir Colin was growing anxious again, when the Highlanders mounted a breach discovered by Adrian Hope, and possessed themselves of this strong position, as the enemy swiftly disappeared through a doorway towards the river.

The tall and gaunt Sir Hope Grant was to be seen everywhere throughout the day, calmly directing the troops. No amount of locomotion fatigued him, and nothing disturbed his equanimity. Darkness brought no rest for this zealous soldier. Adrian Hope, flushed with victory; Greathed, with the glory of Delhi and his gallant

¹ Sir Colin Campbell's Despatch of the 18th November, 1857.

march to Sir Colin encircling his head; the handsome Russell, clever and zealous; and Little, of the immortal 9th Lancers, watched at the

head of their brigades.

The weary troops stood the whole night to their arms, exposed to severe cold, and almost starving. The burning thatched houses in the vicinity threw a soft glare across the plain. Sir Colin lay down late, outside the Secundra Bagh, disturbed by the buzz of large bodies of the enemy who threatened his left flank, and by occasional shots, and the trampling of feet in the garden, as a few of the mutineers attempted to escape through the darkness from their concealment. The glorious old soldier, wrapped in his cloak on the ground, had nobly done his duty through a day of intense trial, and my regard grew stronger as I lay by his side watching his stern, puckered features, moving as if in deep thought.

The indefatigable Naval Brigade threw shells and rockets into the enemy almost without intermission, and Sir Colin was early on the move again. He made himself acquainted with the localities both sides of the river, and pressed upon the enemy on his left so as to keep clear his communication with the Martinière. I was sent with Colonel Biddulph, and a detachment of European Infantry and Madras Sappers, under the command of the portly and gallant Colonel Hale, of the 82nd Foot, to take possession of the English houses along the route which had been proposed by Sir James Outram. It was done

with little opposition, but through an error of mine it was nearly the death of Colonel Hale: and at one of the Bungalows an order was afterwards issued to shoot me!

Colonel Hale was relieved by a detachment of the 23rd Fusiliers. I revisited the Bungalows, and minutely examined the posts of the enemy in that direction. I was not known by sight to any of the newcomers, and my singular dress made my position with the army doubtful. My persevering curiosity at last attracted the suspicion of a sergeant, who reported my proceedings to Major Bruce, with his opinion that I was a spy of the enemy! I stood in advance of the sentries, and was on the point of running a considerable distance farther, when I thought of returning for a glass. Major Bruce then learnt my name, and informed me that he had authorised the sergeant to shoot me if I attempted to approach the mutineers. The return for a glass had saved my life!

The enemy were evidently distressed at their reverses and the destructive fire from our heavy guns, and some began to desert to Faizabad. Sir Colin, pleased at the sight, watched from the towers of the Secundra Bagh the broken lines of citizens and soldiers flying in that direction, and easily augured the alarm produced by his progress thus far. The only positions now to be forced were the buildings known as the "Mess House," the "Observatory," and the "Moti Mahal." The enemy, seeing a Union Jack hoisted by the beleaguered garrison, mounted

another near the Kaisar Bagh Palace to mislead us; but I warned the Chief of the artful design, and soon after a shot from Captain Peel cut down the ensign. A force led by Colonel Robert Napier had sallied out of the garrison the day before, and in a very spirited manner forced the defenders from the building known as the "Steam Engine House," and the enclosures adjoining; and Sir James Outram threw shot and shell into those three positions to assist Sir Colin Campbell.

In the afternoon a storming party was formed under the orders of Captain Wolseley, of the 90th Foot, who was directed to obey my wishes. The enemy escaped from the Mess House and we rushed into it. From the roof I rapidly examined the strength of the enemy in the Observatory on the left, and the Moti Mahal on our right; and, observing that the former was weakly occupied, and the latter not difficult to capture, I requested Captain Wolseley to send twenty-five of his men to the Tara Kothi, who soon cleared it, and to follow me with fifty more. As we leaped from our cover the enemy poured grape and a heavy matchlock-fire from the walls of the Kaisar Bagh, through which we ran two hundred yards. The mutineers met us with a fusilade through the low loopholes of the Moti Mahal. I suggested that we should seize the loopholes, but, as I was not understood, I took the rifles of the men, and drove the enemy from three of them, when the artifice being thus explained, the men rushed to the

¹ Afterwards Lord Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief.

openings, and forced the mutineers from their defences. This gave us the command of the front yard, from which they retired precipitately.

Captain Wolseley gallantly maintained his advantage while I searched outside for a passage to the interior, without succeeding. I returned through the fire from the palace to fetch sappers to break in, and, seeing me run alone, the matchlock-men yelled from the walls and increased their volleys. I remounted my trooper near the Mess House, and was lifting him over the wall to reach Sir Colin, when he observed my haste.

".Where are you going to? What have you

done?"

"I ventured, sir, to order Captain Wolseley to occupy the Observatory, and I am happy to say that he has captured the Moti Mahal."

"Ah! glad to hear it!"

"But, sir," I continued, "we have not got into it!"

Sir Colin's hasty blood mounted hot to his cheeks, and he almost roared at me, "What do you mean, sir? You first say you have captured the place, and then that you have not got into it! What am I to think of the contradiction? You have told an untruth, sir! I have lost confidence, and will never believe you again!"

His Excellency went on in the angry style I had unwittingly provoked, till I ventured to inform him that I had come for sappers, by whom a passage could be forced in a few minutes. I quickly returned with them, passing a third time, unhurt, through the fire from the palace

which did not miss us all. A breach was soon made; Captain Wolseley, who delighted in dash and danger, fell upon the enemy as they tried to escape, and in half an hour he was seen on the top of the inner buildings waving the British banner.

He was a spirited and intelligent officer who needed very little assistance from me, and, the moment I saw him engaged, I withdrew alone to attempt reaching Sir James Outram. I was again under fire till I reached "Martin's House," where I met a soldier of the 64th Foot from the Residency. In company with him I encountered the fire of the enemy as we ran with all our might towards a group of officers standing under cover of the "Steam Engine House," who looked through their glasses as I rose to the high ground before them. Sir David Baird's cotton guilted tunic, Sir Colin's breeches and felt helmet, and my long jack boots, so altered my appearance that I reached the group, panting for breath. before being recognised.

"It is Kavanagh! three cheers for him! He

is the first to relieve us!"

Reader, if you have never heard the voice of comrades in praise, and felt the hard pressure of the hand that sends the blood leaping to the heart, in the midst of the loud clangour of war, you will not understand the joy that moistened my eyes when such leaders as Outram, Havelock, Napier, and their splendid staff, pressed forward to greet and congratulate my humble self. It was the proudest moment of my life!

"Are you willing, Sir James, to join the Commander-in-Chief at once? The road is clear. but there is that fire from the palace to be encountered."

"Never mind it!" replied Sir James Outram, who turned to the staff and desired them to follow.

Sir James is no runner, and he jogged slowly through the bullets of the enemy, who were greatly excited at the gallant sight. But some of us overdid the run, and scratched our noses in the gravel. Colonel Napier, Lieutenant Sitwell and the gallant son of Havelock were wounded, and the rest stayed under the corner of the Moti Mahal as Sir James and myself continued onwards. He made poor use of his strong legs notwithstanding that grape was now added to bullets, and that my inclination was far ahead of myself.

Sir James stood in the shade of a hut inside the "Mess House" enclosure, while I searched

for the Commander-in-Chief.

"Sir James Outram is waiting, sir, to see you."

"The devil he is! Where is he? Where has

he come from?"

"I have fetched him, Sir Colin, from the Residency, and he is standing yonder."

"Well done! lead the way."

The Chief followed, and I had the honour of introducing his great brother-in-arms to our deliverer.

"I am delighted to meet you, Sir James, and

I congratulate you on the successful defence of Lucknow."

Sir James complimented the Chief on his brilliant achievement, as he dismounted from his grey charger, and earnestly shook hands.

"Are you prepared, Sir James, to quit the Residency in two hours? Time is precious."

"It is impossible, Sir Colin," replied Sir James, looking surprised at the demand.

"Nothing is impossible, sir!" sharply retorted

the old Chief.

"If you will permit me to explain the reasons for considering it impracticable, you will, Sir Colin, be well satisfied that it cannot be done," deliberately answered Sir James, looking somewhat startled at his Chief's peremptory manner.

"Very well, Sir James, we'll discuss this as

early as possible."

He generously turned to speak of me in terms of praise, which I need not repeat. Havelock then approached, and was heartily received by Sir Colin Campbell, as the news passed through the relieving force that the Residency defenders were saved. The whole plain resounded with the roar of artillery, and the proud hurrahs of our brave deliverers, who crowded forward to witness the affecting meeting of the Chiefs.

This remarkable meeting has been suitably represented by Mr. T. Jones Barker, in a grand painting styled "The Relief of Lucknow," which was prepared from drawings made on the spot by Mr. E. Lundgren. The neighbourhood, involved in smoke, and the confusion of the combatants.

is so admirably delineated that while looking at the picture the imagination is involuntarily carried back to the time and the place where Outram and Havelock welcomed the victorious Sir Colin Campbell, in the midst of a splendid staff of officers composed of such leaders as Hope Grant, Mansfield, Peel, V.C., Napier, Inglis, Adrian Hope, Russell, Greathed, Little, and clever and spirited officers like Norman, Moorsom (abounding in zeal and intelligence), Alison, Stewart, Johnstone, Probyn, V.C., Watson, V.C., Metcalfe, Forster, Roberts, V.C., and the dashing Anson, also decorated with the Queen's most honourable Cross.

Look again, reader, at the glorious meeting of the Chiefs, and listen to the manly greetings of Havelock, Outram, and the Scotch leader. Observe the pale slender figure in the friendly grasp of the strong stern Highlander. His white hairs have grown grey, his handsome features have been clouded by cares, and illumined by rejoicings, the arm extended to the Chief has waved British troops to victory, and the feeble trembling body has spent its youth, its manhood, and its decline under the immortal colours of England. His honest heart has throbbed nearly half a century in the service of the State, and this is the last time it is to rejoice at its successes. Havelock is dying! It is his last act in the great drama begun by himself, and, seven days later, he was carried to the grave, with a soul as well prepared for his Maker as the longings of an earnest Christian could make it. His comrades dropped tears upon the earth that covered him, and nations have mourned the loss of a Good Man.

I effected the grand objects of my ambition, I saved many lives, and, by hastening the relief, gained precious time for Sir Colin Campbell, and his clever coadjutor General Outram, to execute the masterly retreat that rescued the suffering garrison; which obtained for those able officers well-deserved renown; and wrenched Cawnpore from the grasp of the Gwalior Army that was sorely pressing General Windham. In a despatch to the Government of India, the Commander-in Chief acknowledged my services as follows, "This escape, at a time when the entrenchment was closely invested by a large army, and when communication, even through the medium of natives, was almost impossible, is, in Sir Colin Campbell's opinion, one of the most daring feats ever attempted, and the result was most beneficial, for, in the immediate subsequent advance on Lucknow of the force under the Commanderin-Chief's directions, the thorough acquaintance with the localities possessed by Mr. Kavanagh, and his knowledge of the approaches to the British position, were of the greatest use; and His Excellency desires to record his obligations to this gentleman, who accompanied him throughout the operations, and was ever present to afford valuable information."

Sir Colin Campbell reached Cawnpore by forced marches, and arrived in time to preserve his communication, and to reassure the garrison, which was alarmed by failures. The families

tremblingly crossed the river by the bridge of boats, through the fire of the enemy, and pre-parations were made for their safe conduct to Allahabad. I slept in the entrenchment the first night, and in the morning was surprised to find that the regiments from the Crimea were composed of untried youths, who squandered their ammunition on the most insignificant objects. I thought I saw considerable misapprehension as to the proceedings of the enemy, who did not appear to use the advantages surrendered to them.

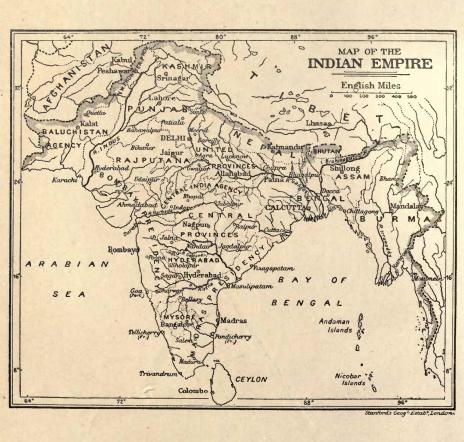
We reached Allahabad, and then Calcutta, where the Lucknow refugees and wounded soldiers were welcomed in a suitable manner by Earl Canning and the European population, who crowded to the landing-place to pour forth their generous feelings in hearty cheers as the veiled widows and orphans mounted the carpeted steps, followed by their more fortunate female companions, and the sick, blind, and maimed veterans who had heroically defended them through many a dark night of dangerous toil, and days of intense heat and severe fighting. The crowd gave one more cheer for "Lucknow Kavanagh," as I led my family to the conveyance which was to carry them home.

Lucknow was recaptured by Sir Colin Campbell in March, 1858, and with its fall the Mutiny in Oude may be said to have been extinguished. Bodies of rebels, rendered desperate by the knowledge that no mercy would be shown to them if they surrendered, continued for a little longer to annoy the countryside. But they were capable of neither discipline nor combination, and soon fell a prey to our troops. Another year saw the Mutiny finally suppressed in all

parts of India.

With the sepoy rebellion the monopoly and administrative privileges of the East India Company, which during the previous fifty years had been gradually curtailed by Parliament, came to an end altogether. Queen Victoria's ministers made themselves responsible for the government of the country. Those natives who had killed or ill-treated English people were punished, but those who had befriended them were handsomely rewarded. Sufficient English troops were drafted to India to make a repetition of the events of 1857 impossible, but no vindictiveness was shown towards the people in general. Posts in the Civil Service, which hitherto had been obtained by patronage, were thrown open to competitive examination, and many wise reforms of administration reconciled the natives to English rule, and initiated for India a time of peace and prosperity such as she had never before known in all her turbulent history.





ADVENTURES IN INDIA

AN ADVENTURE IN THE JUNGLE

You will imagine that during so many years of forest life I must have met with some adventures; but when I come calmly to reflect, I can think of few that seem worth the telling. Possibly, the charm of novelty having worn off, scenes and incidents which to others would appear remarkable, are to me only the commonplace occurrences of everyday life; yet I enjoy them almost as much as when I first became a mountaineer.

Bear hunting carries with it ideas of rather exciting work, but I can recall few incidents connected with it worthy of being rescued from oblivion. Not a struggle, not even a lucky shot, just in time to save some unfortunate, or, rather, fortunate attendant's life or limb. I can't help it! If you would like an account of a regular bout at fisticuffs with Bruin, I must take for the actor, not myself, but one of my men, a good and true hunter, as the tale will show.

Some years ago I happened to be sending a messenger into Mussuri, and whilst untying my letters, I gave "Dirgu," the hero of this story, a double gun, telling him to take a walk

м 161

in the jungle and try to kill a few pheasants, to send in with the dak runner. He took another man with him, and was sauntering along in the forest, when he heard something snore in a thick patch of ringall (not unlike the osier-bed in England). I must first, however, tell you, that having seen a barking-deer by the wayside, he had put a small bullet over one of the charges of shot. The deer bolted whilst he was doing so, and the bullet remained in the gun.

Hearing a noise in the ringalls, Dirgu concluded that it was caused by pheasants, and told his companion to wait quietly until he himself should have got above the copse, and then to pitch in some stones, so as to drive the birds towards him. This was done, but instead of the expected pheasants, a huge black bear emerged from the ringalls close to the spot where Dirgu had posted himself, and at once made a dash towards him. Dirgu, in his hurry and surprise, fired the barrel which was loaded only with shot, probably forgetting all about the bullet in the other. But, as he fired within a few paces, it was more than the bear liked, and he turned back into the ringalls.

Dirgu now called softly to the other man, and loading the discharged barrel with ball, they followed. They had not gone many yards when the bear came at them a second time. He was rolled over by the discharge of both barrels, but managed to get up again, and crawled into the thick jungle.

¹ Postman.

Making certain of finding the brute dead, they only loaded one barrel, then followed the track made by the blood to a mass of broken rocks, beneath which was a number of little nooks and corners. Whilst exploring these, the bear, which they had passed, suddenly rushed out and charged them from behind. Dirgu had just time to turn and fire the one barrel he had loaded; but the shot only stopped the enraged animal's progress for a moment.

They were standing in a kind of amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides, except on that by which they had entered, by large rocks. Upon one of these Dirgu sprang; but his companion, in attempting to follow him, missed his footing and fell. The bear was on him in an instant, first getting hold of his hand and biting it through. The brute then put his paw under the man's head as if to raise it up, probably to get at the face.

Dirgu had no time to think of reloading. He immediately sprang off the rock, and getting behind the bear, seized an ear with each hand, lifting the animal up just as he was in the act of getting the other man's head in his mouth. The struggle for a few seconds must have been fearful, and Dirgu must have been nerved by almost superhuman strength to hold such a powerful animal. But he did so long enough to enable the other man to crawl from under the bear and get up.

Unfortunately, the bear managed to turn round and face the gallant fellow, giving him a severe bite in each arm. During the struggle he had got his back against one of the rocks, and collecting his nearly exhausted strength, he now placed his foot against the bear's chest, and threw it over, immediately springing on to the rock where he had before taken refuge; the other man, in the meantime, placed himself out of danger. All this was the work of a few moments. The bear moved out of sight behind some of the rocks, and the poor fellows, beginning to feel the effects of the wounds they had received, made the best of their way to the village, which was nearer than our camp, and sent a messenger over to tell me what had happened.

I at once hastened to the village, to give what assistance I could, and to see what injuries they had received. Dirgu's arms were dreadfully swollen, and in each were four ugly, gaping wounds. The other man, thanks to Dirgu's unshrinking courage, had escaped comparatively well. Nevertheless his hand was bitten right through, and he had several deep cuts upon his

head, inflicted by the bear's claws.

Both men being in great pain, I had warm water fomentations applied throughout the night, which in some measure reduced the swelling and allayed the pain; afterwards the wounds were poulticed for several days. Dirgu's companion soon got well, but he, poor fellow, suffered much longer, and eventually discovered that he could not bend his right elbow. This, we thought, was owing to some of the sinews being injured, and that it would come all right

in time; but after the wounds had completely healed it still continued stiff and useless. I took him in to Massuri, to consult a surgeon there, and was grieved beyond expression to learn that the elbow had all the time been dislocated, and still more so when the doctor said it would not be advisable to attempt to reduce the dislocation, as, from the time which had elapsed, it was possible the arm might be broken. The limb still remains rigid, although without pain, and as Dirgu is a left-handed man, he can still use a rifle, and has had some revenge by since slaying a goodly number of the Bruin tribe.

I must not forget to mention that the morning after the fight I went to the spot and found the bear, a very large one, lying dead. I also picked up the gun, which Dirgu had left on the rock, being in too great pain to bring it away.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BUFFALO

Or the many wild animals in India, none is more variable in its habits or more dangerous when roused than the buffalo. About the size of a large ox, of immense bone and strength, the hide of the buffalo is almost free from hair and resembles india-rubber in colour and texture. As a rule he carries his head high, the horns thrown back, and the nose projecting on a level with the forehead, thus making it very difficult for the sportsman to get in a fatal shot. When fired at, the buffalo will often retreat with every

sign of cowardice until his assailant is close upon him; then he will suddenly turn about and charge. His fury, if wounded, knows no bounds. He gores his victim savagely, afterwards trampling and kneeling upon him until he is sure that life is extinct. Experienced sportsmen treat the buffalo with respect, but the novice is apt to underrate his antagonist, as the following story of a shooting trip to Lake Minneria, in Ceylon, will show. The writer, Sir S. W. Baker, the well-known traveller and hunter of big game, was a young man at the time; in later years, he proceeded with much more caution when on the trail of the buffalo.

At 4 p.m. and eighty miles from Kandy, we emerged from the jungle, and the view of Minneria Lake burst upon us, fully repaying us for our day's march. It was a lovely afternoon. The waters of the lake, which is twenty miles in circumference, were burnished by the setting sun. The surrounding plains were as green as an English meadow, and beautiful forest trees bordered the plains like giant warders of the adjoining jungle. Long promontories, densely wooded, stretched far into the waters of the lake, forming sheltered nooks and bays teeming with wild-fowl. The deer browsed in herds on the wide extent of plain or lay beneath the shade of the spreading branches. In some spots groves of trees grew to the very water's edge; in others the wide plains, free from a single stem or bush, stretched for miles along the edge of the lake; thickly wooded hills bordered the extreme end

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BUFFALO 167

of its waters, and distant blue mountains mingled their dim summits with the clouds.

It was a lovely scene, which we enjoyed in silence, while our ponies feasted upon the rich

grass.

The village of Minneria was three miles further on, and our coolies, servants, and baggage were all far behind us. We had, therefore, no rifles or guns at hand, except a couple of shot guns, which were carried by our horsekeepers; for these we had a few balls.

For about half an hour we waited impatiently for the arrival of our servants with the rifles. The afternoon was wearing away, and they did not appear. We could wait no longer, but determined to take a stroll and examine the

country.

The grass was most green, about the height of a field fit for the scythe in England, but not so thick. From this the snipe arose at every twenty or thirty paces, although the ground was perfectly dry. Crossing a meadow, and skirting the banks of the lake, from which the ducks and teal rose in large flocks, we entered a neck of jungle not above two hundred paces in width, From this we emerged upon an extensive plain bordered by fine forest, the waters of the lake stretching far away upon our left, like a sheet of gold. A few large rocks rose above the surface near the shore; these were covered with various kinds of wild-fowl. The principal tenants of the plain were wild buffaloes.

A herd of about a hundred were lying in a

swampy hollow about a quarter of a mile from us. Several single bulls were dotted about the green surface of the plain, and on the opposite shores of the lake were many dark patches undistinguishable in the distance; these were in reality herds of buffaloes. There was not a sound in the wide expanse before us, except the harsh cry of the water-fowl our presence had disturbed. The sun had sunk low upon the horizon, and the air was comparatively cool. The multitude of buffaloes enchanted us, and with our two light double-barrels, we advanced to the attack of the herd before us.

We had not left the obscurity of the forest many seconds before we were observed. The herd started up from their muddy bed, and gazed at us with astonishment. It was a fairly open plain of some thousand acres, bounded by the forest we had just quitted on the one side, and by the lake on the other; thus there was no cover for our advance, and all we could do was to push on.

As we approached the herd, they ranged up in a compact body, presenting a very regular line in front. From this line seven large bulls stepped forth, and from their vicious appearance seemed disposed to show fight. In the meantime we were running up, and were soon within thirty paces of them. At this distance the main body of the herd suddenly wheeled round and thundered across the plain in full retreat. One of the bulls, however, charged straight at us until within twenty paces of the guns, when he turned

to one side and received two balls in the shoulder. His bladebone was thus broken, and he fell upon his knees, but recovering himself in an instant, retreated on three legs to the water.

We now received assistance from a most unexpected quarter. One of the large bulls, his companions, charged after him with great fury, and overtaking the wounded beast, struck him full in the side, throwing him over with a great shock on the muddy border of the lake. Here the wounded animal lay unable to rise, and his conqueror commenced a slow retreat across the plain.

Leaving my brother to extinguish the wounded buffalo, I gave chase to the retreating bully. At an easy canter he would gain a hundred paces, and then turning, he would face me. Throwing his nose up, and turning his head on one side with a short grunt, he would advance quickly for a few paces, and then again retreat

as I continued to approach.

In this manner he led me a chase of about a mile along the banks of the lake, but he appeared determined not to bring the fight to an issue at close quarters. Cursing his cowardice, I fired a long shot at him, and reloading with my last spare ball I continued the chase, led on by ignorance and excitement.

The lake in one part stretched in a narrow creek into the plain, and the bull now directed his course into the angle formed by this turn. I thought I had him in a corner, and, redoubling my exertions, gained upon him considerably.

He retreated slowly to the very edge of the creek, and I had gained so fast upon him that I was not thirty paces distant when he plunged into the water and commenced swimming across the creek. This was not more than sixty yards in breadth, and I knew that I could now bring him to action.

Running round the borders of the creek as fast as I could, I arrived at the opposite side on his intended landing-place just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallows. I waded in knee-deep to meet him, and he stood sullenly eyeing me within fifteen paces. Poor stupid fellow! I could willingly, in my ignorance, have betted ten to one upon the shot, so certain was I of his death in another instant.

I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke of the barrel passed to one side; there he stood; he had not flinched, he literally had not moved a muscle. The only change that had taken place was in his eye. This, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beaming with fury; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed; but for this fact, I should not have believed him struck.

Annoyed at the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left-hand barrel at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake, but there he stood as though he bore a charmed

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BUFFALO 171

life; an increased flow of blood from the wound and additional lustre in his eye were the only signs of his being struck.

I was now reloaded, but had not a single ball remaining. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we

stared each other out of countenance.

With a short grunt he suddenly sprang forward, but as I did not move, he halted: he had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces. I began to think buffalo shooting somewhat dangerous, and I would have given something to have been a mile away, but ten times as much to have had my four-ounce rifle in my hand. Oh, how I longed for that rifle in this moment of suspense! Unloaded, without the means of defence, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting knife, a useless weapon against such a foe.

Knowing that my brother was not aware of my situation at the distance which separated us (about a mile), I raised my hand to my mouth and gave a long and loud whistle. This was a signal that I knew would be soon answered if

heard.

With a stealthy step, and another short grunt, the bull again advanced a couple of paces towards me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water, and stamping violently with his fore-feet.

This was very pleasant! I gave myself up

for lost, but putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared

hopelessly at my maddened antagonist.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in sixpenny pieces, and two anna pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying coolies. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was he that I had no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw it into the water, bringing my gun on full cock in the same instant. However, he again halted, being now within about seven paces of me, and we again gazed fixedly at each other, but with altered feelings on my part. I had faced him hopelessly with an empty gun for more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century. I now had a charge in my gun, which would certainly floor him if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle. So I awaited his onset with comparative carelessness, still keeping my eyes opposed to his

At this moment I heard a splashing in the water behind me, accompanied by the hard breathing of something evidently distressed. The next moment I heard my brother's voice. He could hardly speak for want of breath, having run the

CLOSE QUARTERS WITH A BUFFALO 173

whole way to my rescue, but I could understand that he had only one barrel loaded and no bullets left. I dared not turn my face from the buffalo, but I cautioned him to reserve his fire till the bull should be close into me, and then to aim at the head.

The words were hardly uttered, when, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, the animal rushed straight at me. It was the work of an instant. My brother fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on either side of me, and the muzzle of the gun all but touched his forehead when I pulled the trigger, and three shillings' worth of small change rattled into his hard head. Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly checked momentum of his charge. Away we ran as fast as our legs would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead but only stunned. There was a large fallen tree about half a mile from us, whose whitened branches, rising high above the ground, offered a tempting asylum. To this we directed our flying steps, and after a run of a hundred yards, we turned and looked behind us. He had regained his feet and was following us slowly. We now experienced the difference of feeling between hunting and being hunted, and fine sport we must have afforded him.

On he came, but fortunately so stunned by the collision with his Majesty's features upon the coin he had dared to oppose, that he could only reel forward at a slow canter. By degrees even this pace slackened and he fell. We were only too glad to be able to reduce our speed likewise, but we had no sooner stopped to breathe, than he was again up and after us. At length we gained the tree, and we beheld him with satisfaction stretched powerless upon the ground, but not dead, within two hundred yards of us.

We retreated under cover of the forest to the spot at which we had left the horses, and soon after arrived at the village, vowing vengeance on the following morning for the defeat we had

sustained.

AN OUTLAW OF THE HILLS

A TALE OF THE PUNJAB FRONTIER

On the conclusion of the first Sikh war in 1846, the revenue from some of the outlying districts of the Punjab was found to be much overdue. Particularly was this the case with Bannu, a small but troublesome hill province on the Afghanistan side of the river Indus, the natives of which had refused to pay taxes for

two and a half years.

The Resident at Lahore, on his attention being drawn to the matter, sanctioned the dispatch of a force to assist the tax-gatherers; but knowing the tendency of the Sikh soldiers to commit wanton damage, he stipulated that they should be accompanied by an English officer attached to his own staff, who would control the movements of the troops and be responsible for the collection of the arrears. To this the Lahore Government agreed, and Lieutenant H.

B. Edwardes was nominated as the Resident's

representative.

He established his headquarters at the town of Bannu on the 9th of December, 1847, and by February of the following year had collected nearly all that was due. The unconquered Vizari and Bannuchi tribes, who had regularly defied the forces of the Sikh Government, for the most part succumbed to peaceful persuasion and a just reading of the law. But one or two of the mountain chieftains still refused to pay, and Lieutenant Edwardes determined to make

a tour of the country under his charge.

One of the first places he visited was Kulachi, in the neighbourhood of the Sulaiman mountains. Finding that the chief man of this district, Guldad Khan, was incompetent to deal with the revenues, he appointed his cousin, Kâlu Khan, to be his deputy, and at once set to work to bring order out of chaos. His efforts were again very successful, but occasionally force had to be employed before the taxes were paid. The following extracts from Lieutenant Edwardes' diary tell of his experience in dealing with Shahzâd Khan, an outlaw of the hills who set the tax-gatherers at defiance

March 14th. — Sent out spies to ascertain whereabouts of Shahzâd Khan, the head of the Nâssur tribe of Powindas, who is lying hid under the Shirani hills.

The Powinda merchants not only had to pay customs to the Sikhs for the goods they introduced into the Punjab, but a tax called "trinnee," for liberty to pasture their camels during the winter and spring in the Derajât. The camels were only counted once in many years, and none of the merchants objected to the tax, except this Shahzâd Khan, Nâssur, who positively and obstinately refused to pay. He was a thorough Afghan in his hatred of all Hindus, and all forms of taxation. He boasted that he had defied Dost Mohammed, the Amir of Kabul, and the Nawab of Dera; and was it to be supposed he would knuckle down to the dogs of Sikhs?

On hearing this, when I arrived at Bannu in the winter, I wrote and asked him to come and talk it over with me; but he knew he was wrong, and would not come. I then ordered him to come, or else to be off out of the limits of the Sikh kingdom, whose laws he did not like. He refused to do either. Lastly, I wrote to Kâlu Khan, at Kulachi, to seize him, but he was afraid the Nâssurs would rise and sack Kulachi, so he begged to be excused. It was disagreeable to put these things in one's pocket, but I had been obliged to do so from Christmas to the present time. Now, however, I was quite determined to clear the account; for the man who hopes to rule a barbarous country must first make his orders law. Else the barbarians will very soon rule him.

Tuesday, March 15th. — The spies have returned; saw Shahzâd Khan, who is encamped at the foot of the hills, with about forty of his own people only, ready to take to the hill-side at a moment's warning. About nine kos¹ from

¹ A kos usually equals 1½ miles.

AN OUTLAW OF THE HILLS 177

here. That section of the Nassurs who consider him their chief have separated and spread themselves along the foot of the hills in parties, pretending to be Kharotis and not Nâssurs. Revolved it in my mind, and determined to have a try to seize him; but, knowing that one or two of his spies were sitting at my own door in the crowd of petitioners, I issued no orders; and when the crowd broke up at sunset, the spies probably ran home to Shahzad, and told him that the cavalry had not looked to their horses' shoes. nor the infantry to their cartridge boxes. Just before going to bed, I sent for a confidential man of Kâlu Khan's, named Mohammed Koreyshi, and told him quietly to warn his young master to be ready, with a few tried men, to start with me when only one watch and a half of the night should be left, so as to allow of our reaching the Nâssur's lair about break of dawn, when we could all see each other. I shall take Sirdar Mohammed Alim Khan, Barukzye, and his two hundred Durrani horsemen; the sixty Sikh regular cavalry, and twenty-five of the irregular Hindustani horse that are with me on orderly duty, so as to do it all rapidly with horse alone; but in case the alarm reach the other camps of the tribe, and a rising take place in our rear, I shall order two companies of infantry and ten camelswivels, with twenty horse, to start with us, and move leisurely after us in reserve. If we fail in catching "the old bird on the nest," we shall at least bag a lot of his camels to pay the arrears of "trinnee."

Wednesday, March 16th.—As proposed, I got up at midnight, and sending, one by one, for the Barukzye Sirdar's Vakil, the Ressaldar of the Sikh cavalry, the Adjutant of the Suruj-Mukhi detachment, and the Jamadar of the zamburkas, I ordered them to get ready, with dispatch and silence, two hundred Durrani, and sixty Sikh regular horsemen, to accompany me; and two hundred and fifty infantry, with thirty rounds of ammunition each, and twelve zamburkas to follow, under the Adjutant, as a reserve.

When all these were ready, I summoned Colonel Fatch Sing, of the Fatch Regiment, and made the camp over to his charge in my absence; then, joined by Kâlu Khan and about ten of his own followers from the city, we set forth; Sirdar Mohammed Alim and I in the centre: the Sikh Ressaldar on the right (left in front so as to be ready to wheel up in a moment); and the Durranis on the left, in such order as they were used to. Showers had been falling all night, and the Luni was so swollen, and rushing at such a rate, that the guides remonstrated against crossing. On we went, however, and gained the opposite bank, though not without danger, both from the tide and an immense quicksand, in which the whole party got involved. I was riding a big chestnut Arab, named, for his strength, after the hero, Zál; but at one time he stuck so that I thought we were gone, and know not how the weaker horses got through at all. On emerging safe on the other side, I sent back orders to the infantry reserve not to

follow us over this ford, but to go higher up the river and look for a better, which I afterwards learned they did, and got over very well, but very wet.

We pushed on through a very ugly night, and came in sight of the watch-fires of the Nassur camps about daybreak. The guides pointed out Shahzad's, far away in the rear of all, under the outer ridges, which lie like pebble-stones beneath the mountain called Solomon's Throne; and I called a halt under the shelter of a ravine, to look at it, breathe the horses, and let the stragglers close up. Great was then my surprise to discover, by the morning light, that the gallant band of nearly three hundred men had dwindled down to about seventy or eighty! The heroes had taken advantage of the night to lose their way; and I was afterwards told by the infantry reserve that one hundred Durranis turned back from the middle of the Luni river and declared that "the Sahib was not going on." I told the Sikh Ressaldar to muster his men: he reported twenty present out of sixty. Of the two hundred Durranis, there may have been forty; Kâlu Khan had about five men, and I had about twelve or fourteen others (some of Lumsden's Guide Corps, orderlies, etc.).

This was clearly quite inadequate to perform the feat for which we had come, viz. to seize Shahzâd Khan in the midst of his people, and carry him off prisoner. The stout rebel, who had fought with Dost Mohammed, the Nawab of Dera, and Diwan Lakhi Mal, was not very likely to be overpowered by eighty men; yet I felt that it would be more honourable and more wise, if I hoped for influence in this wild country, to be defeated in a bold attempt than not to make it after going twelve miles to do so; so getting the men together, with a heart not over light, I led them on at a gentle trot to the rebel camp.

The grey dawn was just removing the friendly veil that had hitherto concealed us, the watch-fires of the mountaineers were dying out, and we could see the savage Kabul dogs of the merchants spring up from beside the ashes before their howl of alarm and warning reached our ears.

The Durranis now galloped to the front, as if no power on earth should prevent them from being first in the fray; and though I succeeded in calling them in, and keeping them with the rest of the party, they still whirled their guns over their heads and shouted valorously that they would eat up the Nâssurs.

But the Nassurs seemed in no hurry to be eaten, and turned out, at the baying of the dogs and the shouts of the Durranis, like a nest of hornets, with juzails, swords, clubs and even stones.

I thought the best chance I had was to make my few fellows fight, whether they would or no, so led them round to the rear of the Nâssur camp, and got them between it and the hill, under a dropping fire of bullets, which did little or no harm; then beckoning with my hand to

¹ Long muskets.

the Nâssurs, I told Kâlu Khan to shout to them, in Pashtu, to surrender; a barefaced proposition, to which the Nassurs replied only with a handsome volley of both bullets and abuse. "Come on!" they cried, "come on, you Feringhi dog, and don't stand talking about surrender!" In truth, it was no time, for the fire was getting thick; so seeing nothing else left, I drew my own sword, stuck the spurs into Zál, and, calling on all behind me to follow, plunged into the camp.

The attacking party always has such an advantage that I am quite sure, if our men had followed up, few as they were, they might have either seized or killed Shahzad; but it shames me to relate that out of seventy or eighty not fifteen charged, and scarcely a dozen reached the middle

of the camp.

The dozen was composed of Mohammed Alim Khan (I think I see him now with his blue and gold shawl turban all knocked about his ears!), Kâlu Khan, and Lumsden's Dafadar 1 of Guides; each backed by a few faithful henchmen. The mêlée, therefore, was much thicker in our neighbourhood than was at all pleasant, and how we ever got out of it is unaccountable; but we did, after cutting our way from one end to the other of the Nassur camp. Somewhere about the middle of it a tall ruffian, who I was told afterwards was Shahzâd's brother, walked deliberately at me with his juzail, and sticking it into my stomach, so that the muzzle almost pushed me out of my saddle, fired! The priming flashed

¹ Sergeant of cavalry.

in the pan, and as he drew back the juzail 1 cut him full over the head; but I might as well have hit a cannon ball. The sword turned in my hand; and the Nâssur, without even resettling his turban, commenced repriming his juzail, an operation which I did not stay to see completed. Between 1845 and 1849 there was no lack of peril on the Punjab frontier, and I, like all the rest, had my share, but I have always looked back to the moment when that juzail missed fire as the one of all my life when I looked death closest in the face.

On getting out to the fresh air again I looked round and found myself with two men, one of whom was a highwayman I had pardoned a week or ten days before. The brave Durranis and Sikhs might be seen circling and curvetting round the circumference of the camp, handsomely followed up by the enemy, and I was thinking what course to pursue when my eye fell on the Nassur herd of camels tied down in a ring. "Now," said I to the highwayman, "the victory is ours after all," and away we both dashed at the camels, whose long necks were already bobbing about with fright, like geese looking out of a market basket. Up they all jumped, and tore themselves free from their fastenings; and I put a lot of them before me, and drove them off as if I had all my life been a mosstrooper, my friend the thief entering heart and soul into the business, and giving them a professional poke with his spear, which set them stepping out gloriously. The Nâssurs who were

in charge yelled like demons. One took up a great stone as big as his head and hurled it at me with such good aim that it hit me below the knee, and would have unhorsed me if that excellent villain, the highwayman, had not put his hand under my shoulder and tossed me back again into the saddle. The heroes outside now joined us, and very glad I was to see them, for the whole swarm of angry Nâssurs were in hot pursuit of their camels. The Sikh runaways, at this point, did something to make amends; forming line in the rear behind us, and keeping off the Nassurs with their musketry till we had pricked the spoil quite out of reach, when they galloped up to us, and left the Nassurs puffing in the middle of the plain.

I think none of us spoke for some time; but the scuffle had been so sharp, and might have been so serious, and most of us had been giving and taking blows with such good-will, that our brains were busy enough revolving the confused events which had crowded themselves into the

last ten minutes.

When we had made about a mile I called a halt, and looked about to see who was hit besides myself. Three horsemen only were wounded with musket balls, and I began to think we had got off cheaply, when a whisper arose that Kâlu Khan was missing.

"Missing?" I said. "Why, he was by my side in the middle of the camp just now. Who saw him last?" A Durrani follower of Mohammed Alim's spoke up and said that he

had seen him knocked over the crupper of his horse, but was too busy looking after his own

master to help any one else!

What was to be done? It was certain that he was either dead or a prisoner. The men I had with me would not have gone back for all the Khans in Asia; and if they could have been persuaded, our return would only have been the signal for Kâlu Khan's murder, if he still lived. The same argument applied to the reserve of infantry, who could not now be very far behind.

A follower of the young Khan's, well versed in this kind of work, suggested a reprisal; and seeing no other remedy I dispatched a messenger in search of the reserve, with orders to turn back and surround another Nassur camp nearer home, and close to the fields of the Gundapurs, where resistance was impossible; and if they could, secure two or three Nassur chiefs to exchange for Kâlu Khan. This they did, and made prisoners of two Mullicks, one of whom was Sir Must Khan, who divided with Shahzad the chieftainship of the tribe. The reserve also brought away upwards of two hundred more camels, to add to those which we had captured from Shahzad; so that in all we got three hundred and twenty.

I will give the conclusion of this episode here, instead of waiting till we find it in the Diary. Shahzad Khan struck his camp immediately after the fight, and marched away out of the Derajat into the Shirani hills, with all his flocks and herds and people, and poor Kâlu Khan, who had got no less than six or seven severe, but not dangerous, sabre cuts over his head, shoulder, and arms, which the Nassur women sewed up with hairs pulled out of his own horse's tail.

I learned that Shahzad's brother was grazing the majority of his camels on the left bank of the Indus, and I sent a party after him, but he had got a message from Shahzâd first, and made a forced march into the Multan territory, whence he re-crossed the Indus, and got up through the Ushterauni hills to his brother.

At last I gave the camels, seventy-five in number, which I had carried off from Shahzad's own camp, to Ali Khan, Kâlu Khan's father, who took them to the mouth of the nearest pass and bartered them for his son, who returned very weak in flesh, but stout in heart, and justly proud of his honourable wounds, to which, indeed, he has since added more than one in my service, in battles where still harder knocks were received than in the skirmish under the Takht-i-Sulaiman.

On Kâlu Khan's return, Sir Must Khan and the other Nassur hostages were dismissed with honour; and at parting, I bound a handsome turban round Sir Must's head, and told him I should henceforward consider him the chief of the Nâssur clan, and treat all who adhered to Shahzad as rebels.

Of the two hundred and forty camels carried off by the reserve, along with Sir Must, only ten proved to belong to Sir Must himself, and ninety-six to other honest men, all of which were given back to them. The remainder were the property of the Shahzâd, who, anticipating an attack from my close neighbourhood, had put the majority of his camels under the charge of other Nâssurs, who were on good terms with the Sikh Government.

These, therefore, I confiscated; gave thirteen of the finest (worth about £100) to Kâlu Khan to pay his doctor's bill; one to each of the four wounded horsemen; and sold the rest on account of Government, realising thereby three thousand six hundred rupees, in satisfaction of the fifty rupees of "trinnee" which Shahzâd said he "never would pay to the dogs of Sikhs and Feringhis!"

From that time until I left India the face of Shahzâd Khan, Nâssur, was seen no more in the pastures of the Derajât; and though the Multan war raged upon the frontier, and a son of Dost Mohammed of Kabul came down as far as Bannu with an army, and invited Shahzâd to join him and take revenge, the Nâssur saw farther into the future than the Durrani Prince, and declined to descend from his mountain hiding-place.

Nor was I ever again told by any other Kabul merchant in the province under my charge that he would not come when he was called, or would not obey the laws of the Sikh territory in which

he lived, and bought, and sold.

THE FIGHT AT LONG REEF ISLAND

THE Andaman Islands are situated on the eastern side of the Bay of Bengal. Until the middle of the last century very little was known about them, beyond the fact that they were peopled by savages, the descendants of some negro race, whose hostility to strangers made it advisable for mariners to give the islands a wide berth. The suppression of the Indian Mutiny and the necessity of finding accommodation for a large number of native prisoners, drew the attention of the Calcutta Government to the Andamans at the end of 1857. It was suggested that on one of them might be found a suitable spot for the establishment of a penal colony, and an expedition, under the command of Dr. F. J. Mouat, was dispatched to report on the possibilities of the scheme. During their sojourn among the islands Dr. Mouat's party had many interesting and exciting experiences, but it was not until the day fixed upon for their departure that they came to actual hostilities with the natives off Long Reef Island.

The last day of the year was that on which we visited Interview Island. We had been told, with what appeared all the assurance of perfect knowledge, that the inhabitants were amicably disposed, and would not, as their fellow-countrymen had done, receive us as enemies. We therefore determined, as this was our last opportunity, that coûte que coûte we should come into

contact with them, and by such means as circumstances might suggest, endeavour to fathom their character a little more profoundly than we had yet been able to do.

Accordingly, after a hasty survey of some parts of the coast, we steamed quickly round Interview Island, which is several miles long, until we came to South Reef Island. There we observed several hundred natives on the shore, some fishing, others employed in various occupations, or rambling idly along the shore in little groups. We steamed quickly on, and dropped anchor at a place where the distance between the Reef and the mainland was about two miles. We were anxious, if we could, to land without attracting the observation of the natives; but they were too sharp for us. Before we could make the necessary preparations for landing, some of them perceived us, and communicated their discovery to the others, who were thrown into a state of agitated commotion by our sudden appearance. They all lined the shore for some distance, watching our movements with the greatest interest and curiosity, as we also did theirs.

As we were preparing to go on shore, Monsieur Mallitte, the French photographer, came up to me and asked to be permitted to accompany us. I told him the enterprise in which we were engaged was a very serious one, and that, notwithstanding all we had heard of the pacific disposition of the natives of the island, our landing might not be accomplished without bloodshed. But he urged

his cause with all the earnest vehemence of a Frenchman, and at last I was compelled to yield.

The cutter by this time had been detached and lowered. The men's arms, having been previously loaded and capped, ready for any unexpected attack, were stowed away under the thwarts of the boat, so that if the Mincopie showed no indications of hostility, they would see nothing on our part to suggest aggression. The second cutter, equipped and armed in the same way, was ordered to follow us at a short distance, in order that we might have a reserve to fall back upon in case of attack. This second boat was placed under the charge of Mr. Cotgrove, the midshipman, with strict orders not to fire at anything unless his superior officer should consider it necessary, and direct accordingly. If no such order were given, he was to confine himself to the duty of picking up any of our people who might be wounded by the arrows of the savages and fall into the water. This order it was of the utmost importance strictly to obey, for this part of the sea abounded with sharks; and unless they were speedily rescued, those who fell from the boats might, in their desire to escape one danger, fall into another infinitely more horrible. Mr. Cotgrove, as we must afterwards show, disobeyed these directions, and his wanton act was productive of consequences bad enough in themselves, but which were very near being a great deal worse.

As the boats were advancing towards the shore, our attention was directed to several canoes

filled with natives, at a short distance from the beach. We could see that the reception they were preparing for us was by no means of the friendly character which we had been led to anticipate; but in obedience to the orders I had received from the Governor-General, I warned the sailors to remain strictly on the defensive until attacked by the natives. As is generally the case with savages, this manifestation of a desire for peace was misunderstood, and our anxiety to avoid a contest with them was attributed to the awe with which we regarded their warlike prowess. So the Mincopie took immediate and deliberate advantage of our backwardness, and became the assailants. One whom, from the obedience with which his orders were received, we regarded as their chief-a vigorous, square-built, fierce-looking savageplaced himself at their head, and took the lead on their side in all the events of the fight. As the two parties came near to each other, I resolved to make a last attempt to avoid a combat. Standing up in the stern-sheets of the boat, I waved aloft a white pocket-handkerchief, exhibited beads of every hue, and shouted the word padu 1 as loud as I could. The only reply was a well-directed volley of arrows, one of which, shot with well-aimed accuracy from the bow of the truculent chief, was, in all probability, destined for my heart. I watched its swift flight as it came right onwards in my direction, feeling that there was no possibility of avoiding its

sharp and deadly point. Providentially, at the very moment when I expected to be transfixed by it, the boat gave a lurch, and the winged messenger of death flew past me, missed Dr. Playfair, who was near me, and went right through the thigh of Lieut. Heathcote. Although the wound was a very severe one, he was not the man to quit his post as long as he was able to be of service; and he continued to discharge his duty until he was laid low by a second wound.

When the savages perceived the effect produced by the well-directed aim of this arrow, they gave a shout of exultation, and were preparing to send a volley of the same deadly weapons among us, when I raised my Lancashire rifle, and, covering my friend the chief, discharged it at him. I missed, and he escaped uninjured so far as my shot was concerned. But the filibuster, who pulled the bow oar, was determined to have a trial at him also. Taking a good aim, he fired and hit him, evidently fatally, for he fell amid the loud lamentations of his followers. The savage chief died almost with the dignity of Cæsar. Covering his face—not with his robe, for he had none, but with his hands—to shut out the blinding flash of the fire-arms, which we were now discharging rapidly, he sank in his canoe with a grace and dignity in which there was something really touching.

By this time a sailor, named Johnstone, had been badly wounded by an arrow in the back, and was lying in the boat, howling lustily. On examination, it was found that his wound was really a very severe one. My jamadar, 1 also, had his hand transfixed by an arrow, and pinned to the side of the boat in such a manner that he was unable to move it. But, although three of us had sustained severe wounds, there had been no fatal injury on our side; while on that of the savages three lives at least had been lost. This fatal result of our fire had evidently alarmed them. They no longer displayed the bold, defiant manner with which they had at first received us, and there was more than usual agitation in their canoes. All at once, as if by some preconcerted agreement, they jumped into the sea, and, although still a considerable distance from land, began to swim towards the shore. The instant I saw that all opposition to our advance had ceased, I directed the crew of my boat to cease firing; and, notwithstanding the exasperation of the men at the cowardly and unnecessary attack made upon them by the Andamanese, the order was obeyed without the slightest hesitation.

It was at this moment that, to our inexpressible amazement, we were exposed to a new and more formidable danger, altogether unexpected, against which we could make no defence. While we were congratulating ourselves that resistance on the part of the natives had ceased, a withering volley of shot was discharged into our boat, inflicting serious injury on several of our party. We were at first thrown into such a state of

¹ Attendant.

stupor that we were unable to imagine whence the alarming discharge had come; but recovering ourselves in a moment, we looked round, and saw that it had proceeded from the boat under Mr. Cotgrove, which was following as our support. As we afterwards learned from himself, he had fired at long range at a canoe full of savages, which he had observed between himself and us, but by some miscalculation or misarrangement, his shot passed over the object at which it was aimed, and fell direct into our boat, where it inflicted injuries on Dr. Playfair, Lieutenant Heathcote, and others, for which Mr. Cotgrove was afterwards punished at Calcutta

by Commodore Campbell.

Thus ended the fight of Long Reef Island, an incident which, though it ended to our advantage, I most deeply and unfeignedly regretted, as I had hoped to be able to leave the islands without being under the necessity of reporting any such contretemps. The wounds of Lieutenant Heathcote and the sailor Johnstone, caused by Mr. Cotgrove's unlucky escapade, proved very severe, but after suffering much pain and uneasiness, they ultimately recovered. My poor jamadar, also, was an object of great anxiety to me, for his wound was of such a nature that I feared the possibility of lock-jaw. For twenty-two days he remained in a very precarious condition, but by the end of that time his dangerous symptoms gradually disappeared, and I am happy to say that, like the others, he recovered his usual health and strength. In

spite of the constant exposure to which we had been subject, since we had first landed on the Andamans, we brought back the whole of our party safe and sound, without the sacrifice of a single life—which is, I believe, unparalleled in

the history of similar expeditions.

But to return to our position after the fight. When our men saw the savages betake themselves to the water, they were anxious to have pot shots at them, as if they had been so many water-fowl, but this I at once strictly prohibited. Their swimming capacity was remarkable. They made their way through the water with the greatest velocity and ease. They swam hand over hand, diving every two hundred yards like ducks baited by water-spaniels. Mr. Cotgrove pursued in the second cutter, in which, as the crew had never been in immediate contact with the savages, there was not a single man hurt. So swift was the flight of the natives that, with one exception, they all succeeded in making their way safely to the shore. The exception was a lad of about twenty-two years of age, whom Mr. Cotgrove picked up as he was using his utmost exertions to escape, and brought safely on board the Pluto. In the meantime, Monsieur Mallitte, who had also received a severe wound in consequence of the discharge from Mr. Cotgrove's boat-indeed, from his profuse bleeding at the mouth, we thought, at first, he had been shot through the head-threw himself into my arms, and exclaimed, with all the vehemence of an agitated Frenchman, "Monsieur, je suis

mort!" "Pas encore, mon ami," I replied; "car les morts ne crient pas." I Instead of persevering in our desire to land, we returned to the ship, that our wounded comrades might be properly attended to. When they were all got safely on deck, M. Mallitte was put under the influence of chloroform, and it was found that he had been wounded in the shoulder, the course of the ball through which could be distinctly traced. It had narrowly escaped injuring the joint in its progress, and had run along the dangerous region of the neck, and impacted itself in the occipital bone. Dr. Playfair traced its course with all the skill and sagacity of an experienced naval surgeon, to whom such wounds are familiar, and he succeeded, without much trouble, in extracting the bullet by means of the strong bullet forceps. When Monsieur Mallitte returned to consciousness, the bullet was presented to him as a trophy of his courage and prowess, at which he was greatly de-lighted, the more so as he considered himself to have maintained the reputation for courage attributed to the great nation to which he belonged.

The jamadar would not submit to take chloroform, although it was the only way by which he could be saved the necessity of enduring long and protracted pain. The crooked nail, forming the barb of the arrow, was so firmly impacted and entangled in the small bones of the hand, that dissection had to take place

^{1 &}quot;Sir, I am dead!" "Not yet, my friend, for the dead don't shout."

before it could be removed; and even after this operation had been accomplished with the greatest care, it required two strong men to extract it by main force. Johnstone, also, was still suffering a great deal, of which he kept us mindful by loud lamentations. His arrow must have been jagged as that of the jamadar, and had also to be drawn out by main force, tearing and lacerating the flesh very much before it could be extracted.

We had picked up two of the bodies of the three Mincopie who were killed during the fight, and, in obedience to the orders I had previously given, they were now laid on deck, and decently covered over with matting.

While I was standing on the quarter-deck in the course of the day, the coxswain came up to me with that swaggering roll of the body peculiar to seamen, and, addressing me, said—

"Please, sir, Dr. Playfair wants their heads."
"Their heads!" I said; "what does he want with them? We are not here as kidnappers,

so they must be left for their friends."

We examined the bodies very carefully and minutely, for the purpose of observing any peculiarities by which they might be distinguished. The two men were, like all of their race whom we had seen, of short stature, but their conformation was remarkably robust and vigorous. Their faces were anything but agreeable. The features, distorted as they appeared by the most violent passions, were too horrible for anything of human mould, and I could regard

them only as types of the most ferocious and relentless fiends. If the whole race resembles these two men, we had no reason to be surprised that we had failed to arouse in them friendly or hospitable feelings.

When we had concluded our examination, they were put back gently into one of the canoes which had been brought in by our boat, and, the tackling being loosed, it was allowed to drift with the tide towards the shore, where it would doubtless soon be picked up by some of the natives who lined the beach.

All this time the young Andaman who had been taken captive was leaning, in a very dejected and hopeless state, against the paddle-box. The sailors had already christened their native protégé, the name by which they chose to distinguish him being the generic one of Jack. We could easily divine that the poor fellow was thinking of the home, poor though it was, from which he had been torn, and of the friends from whom he was separated. He had already experienced what he no doubt considered one of the hardships of a captive's lot, for the sailors, scandalized, as they jokingly said, by his naked condition, had rigged him out in an old pair of trousers and a jacket belonging to one of them. The poor fellow evidently felt very uneasy in his confinement, and his face wore an expression of hopeless misery.

Seeing how desolate and dejected he appeared, the kind-hearted coxswain, who had his rough way of expressing sympathy, went up to him, and

giving him one or two of those friendly taps that were sufficient to drive a man's breath out of his body, addressed him in English, a language which he evidently thought every man ought to understand by instinct. "Come, cheer up, my good fellow," he said, "don't be afeard, we ain't a-going to hurt you "-a friendly assurance from which to his surprise the young savage derived no consolation. Others of the crew collecting round him, they began to take liberties with him in the way of playing all sorts of tricks. One presented him with a quid of tobacco, which, notwithstanding his dejection, he at once conveyed to his mouth, and swallowed without exhibiting any of the usual symptoms of nausea, for not a muscle of his face winced as the not very choice morsel descended. Another brought a pipe, with the intention of giving him some elementary lessons in the art of smoking.

He submitted to all his trials very patiently, as if he considered them part of his captive lot. His first attempts at smoking a long clay pipe were not very successful. Instead of inhaling the smoke be blew it outwards, and as he saw the curling cloud, accompanied by sparks of fire, issuing forth, he thought he had set himself on fire, and for a short time nothing could induce him to repeat the experiment. But the sailors, after showing him by example how it ought to be done, urged him to make a second attempt, and, apparently still in the belief that he was undergoing the slow torture which, as a captive taken in war, it was his lot to endure, he com-

plied. This time he succeeded in making the inhalation properly, but as he closed his mouth tightly, the smoke, finding no other means of issue, nearly choked him as it made its way out by his nostrils.

It was at this moment that I arrived on the scene. As I could not approve of such conduct, nor even pretend not to observe it, I at once sternly prohibited any further attempts of a similar kind. I knew that a Maltese sailor who formed one of our crew, was of a very kind and considerate disposition, and I entrusted the poor Andaman to his care, with directions at once to inform me if any one attempted to molest the captive. I have every reason to believe that my directions were attended to, for I heard of no more attempts to play tricks upon him.

My observation was drawn almost immediately afterwards to a strange circumstance, which I noticed with a good deal of interest and amusement. Our dog Neptune, a large and stately animal, came marching deliberately along the deck until he reached the place where Jack, to adopt the name given him by the sailors, was standing, the observed of all the more curious amongst our crew. From the expression of astonishment which his face exhibited the moment his eyes fell on the noble animal, it was evident that he could never have seen anything larger in the shape of a quadruped than Mr. Blyth's Sus¹ Andamanensis. The savage, with the true instinct of his unsophisticated nature, at once

concluded, from the manner in which Neptune was caressed by all, and from the sensible way in which he received these manifestations of good-will, that he must be the friend and companion of man. Accordingly, he, too, manifested his good feeling to the dog by throwing his arms round his neck, clasping him in a friendly embrace, and lying down with him on the deck. Neptune received these unusual attentions apparently with great satisfaction, and a league of amity must have been agreed to immediately by the two, for ever afterwards they were inseparable companions.

At night, it was considered necessary, as a measure of precaution, to put an iron ring round Jack's leg, so as to render any attempt at escape, by swimming ashore during the darkness, impossible; for we were anxious to convey him with us to Calcutta, as the only specimen of a native Andaman who had, at least in recent times, been seen in a civilized city. The last thing we did, before retiring to our hammocks for the night, was to give him a supper of grilled pork, which he enjoyed with all the gusto of an epicure. Every one then turned in for a night's rest, except the solitary watch who paced the deck for our protection.

CHASED BY A "ROGUE" ELEPHANT

ELEPHANT shooting is not considered so exciting as some other forms of sport. The animals, being clumsy and ponderous, are more easily

avoided than the tiger or the panther; also, they

are slower to attack a man.

But that at times plenty of excitement is to be got out of an elephant hunt, the following tale will show. The writer, his brother, a native servant named Wallace, and some coolie gunbearers, had been hunting wild buck in the Nielgalla district of Ceylon. The chase had taken them some distance from their camp, and for a while they were uncertain of the way back. At last, on emerging from the jungle, they came upon a large mountain which they remembered to have passed on their road from Nielgalla. Greatly relieved, they hurried to the mountain, and walked briskly along the base in the direction of their encampment, which was about four miles off.

We had just arrived at an angle of the mountain, which, in passing, we were now leaving to our left, when we suddenly halted, our attention being arrested by the loud roaring of elephants within a quarter of a mile of us. The roaring continued at intervals, reverberating among the rocks like distant thunder, till it at length died

away in silence.

When we arrived in the vicinity of the sound we discovered tracks upon a hard sandy soil, covered with rocks, and overgrown with a low but tolerably open jungle. Following the tracks, we began to ascend steep flights of natural steps formed by the successive layers of rock which girded the foot of the mountain; these were covered with jungle, interspersed with large detached masses of rock, which in some places

formed alleys through which the herd had passed. The surface of the ground being nothing but hard rock, tracking was very difficult, and it took me a considerable time to follow them up, by the twigs and crushed leaves which they had dropped while feeding. At length I tracked them to a small pool formed by the rain-water in the hollow of the rock. Here they had evidently been drinking only a few moments before, for the tracks of their feet upon the margin of the pool were still wet. I now went on in advance of the party with great caution, as I knew that we were not many paces from the herd. Passing through several passages among the rocks, I came suddenly upon a level plateau covered with lemon-grass about twelve feet high, so thick and tangled that a man could with difficulty force his way through it. This level space was about two acres in extent, and was surrounded by jungle on all sides but one; on this side, to our right as we entered, the mountain rose in rocky steps, from the crevices of which the lemon-grass grew in tall tufts.

The instant I arrived I perceived the flap of an elephant's ear in the high grass about thirty paces from me, and upon careful inspection I made out two elephants standing close together. By the rustling of the grass in different places it was clear that the herd was scattered, but I could not distinguish the elephants individually, as the

grass was above their heads.

I paused for some minutes to consider the best plan of attack; but the gun-bearers, being in a great state of excitement, began to whisper to

CHASED BY A 'ROGUE' ELEPHANT 208

each other, and in arranging their positions behind their respective masters, knocked several of the guns together. At the same moment the two leading elephants discovered us, and throwing their trunks up perpendicularly, blew a shrill trumpet of alarm. Several trumpets answered the call, and trunks were thrown up and huge heads appeared in many places, as the animals endeavoured to discover the danger which their leaders had announced.

The growl of an elephant is exactly like the rumbling of thunder, and from their deep lungs the two who had discovered us kept up an uninterrupted peal, thus calling the herd together. They did not attempt to retreat, but stood gazing attentively at us with their ears cocked, looking extremely vicious. In the meantime, we stood motionless, lest we should scare them before the whole herd had closed up. Very soon a dense mass of elephants had collected round the two leaders; and thinking this a favourable moment, I gave the word and we pushed towards them through the high grass. A portion of the herd immediately wheeled round and retreated as we advanced; but five elephants, including the two who had first discovered us, formed in a compact line abreast, thrashing the long grass to the right and left with their trunks, with ears cocked and tails up, as they came straight at us. We pushed forward to meet them, but they still came on in a perfect line, till within ten paces of us.

A cloud of smoke hung over the high grass as the rifles cracked in rapid succession, and the five elephants lay dead in the same order as they had advanced. The spare guns had been beautifully handled. Running between the carcasses, we got into the lane which the remaining portion of the herd had made by crushing the high grass in their retreat. We were up with them in a few moments; down went one, then another; up he got again, almost immediately recovering from my brother's shot: down he went a second time, as I floored him with my last barrel.

I was now unloaded, as I had only two of my double-barrelled No. 10 rifles out that day, but the chase was so exciting that I could not help following empty-handed, in the hope that some gun-bearer might put one of my brother's spare guns in my hand. A large elephant and her young one, who was about three feet and a half high, were retreating up the rugged side of the mountain. The mother, instead of protecting the little one, was soon a hundred paces ahead of him, and safely located in a thick jungle which covered that portion of the mountain. I scrambled up and caught the little fellow by the tail; but he was so strong that I could not hold him, and he dragged me slowly towards the jungle. My brother now came up; and I told him to keep a look out for the mother's return, while I secured my captive, by seizing him by the trunk with one hand, and by the tail with the other. He began to roar like a full-grown elephant, but I mastered him by throwing my whole weight down the hill. The mother was, for a wonder, faithless to her charge, and did not return,

CHASED BY A 'ROGUE' ELEPHANT 205

While I was engaged in securing him, the gunbearers came up, and at the same moment I observed another elephant, not quite full-grown, retreating through the high grass towards the jungle. There were no guns charged except one of my No. 10 rifles, which some one had reloaded. Taking this, I left the little fellow, with my brother and the gun-bearers, and ran down the side of the hill. I came up with the elephant just as he was entering the jungle, and getting the ear-shot, I killed him.

We had now bagged nine elephants, and only one had escaped from the herd; this was the

female who had forsaken her young one.

Wallace now came up and cut off the tails of those that I had killed. I had one barrel still loaded, and was pushing my way through the tangled grass towards the spot where the five elephants lay together, when I suddenly heard Wallace shriek out, "Look out, sir! Look out!—an

elephant's coming!"

I turned round in a moment; and close past Wallace, from the spot where the last dead elephant lay, came the very essence and incarnation of a "rogue" elephant in full charge. His trunk was thrown high in the air, his ears were cocked, his tail stood high above his back as stiff as a poker, and screaming exactly like the whistle of a railway engine, he rushed upon me through the high grass with a velocity that was perfectly wonderful. His eyes flashed as he came on, and he had singled me out as his victim.

I have often been in dangerous positions, but

I never felt so totally devoid of hope as I did in this instance. The tangled grass rendered retreat impossible. I had only one barrel loaded, and that was useless, as the upraised trunk protected his forehead. I felt myself doomed; the few thoughts that rush through men's minds in such hopeless positions flew through mine, and I resolved to wait for him till he was close upon me before I fired, hoping that he might lower his trunk and expose his forehead.

He rushed along at the pace of a horse in full speed; in a few moments, as the grass flew to the right and left before him, he was close upon me, but still his trunk was raised and I would not fire. One second more, and at this headlong pace he was within three feet of me. Down slashed his trunk with the rapidity of a whip-thong, and with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me.

with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me.

I fired at that instant; but in a twinkling of an eye, I was flying through the air like a ball from a bat. At the moment of firing I had jumped to the left, but he struck me with his tusk in full charge upon my right thigh, and hurled me eight or ten paces from him. That very moment he stopped, and turning round, he beat the grass about with his trunk, and commenced a strict search for me. I kept as still as death, knowing that my last chance lay in concealment. I heard the grass rustling close to the spot where I lay; closer and closer he approached, until at length he beat the grass with his trunk several times exactly above me. I held my breath, momentarily expecting to feel his ponderous foot

upon me. Although I had had no sensation of fear while I stood opposed to him, I felt as I never wish to feel again while he was deliberately hunting me up. Fortunately I had reserved my fire until the rifle almost touched him, for the powder and smoke had nearly blinded him and had spoiled his acute power of scent. To my joy I heard the rustling of the grass grow fainter; again, I heard it at a still greater distance; at length it was gone.

At first I thought half my bones were broken, for I was numbed from head to foot by the force of the blow. His charge can only be compared to a blow from a railway engine going at twenty

miles an hour.

Not expecting to be able to move, I crept to my hands and knees. To my delight there were no bones broken, and with a feeling of thankfulness I stood erect. With difficulty I reached a stream of water near the spot, in which I bathed my leg; but in a few minutes it swelled to the size of a man's waist. In this spot our party had congregated and were loading their guns, but the rogue had escaped.

My cap and rifle were now hunted for, and they were at length found near the spot where I had been caught. The elephant had trodden on the stock of the rifle, and it bears the marks of his

foot to this day.

In a few minutes I was unable to move. We therefore sent for the horses, and arrived at the tent at 6 p.m., having had a hard day's work from 5 a.m. without food.

There could not be a better exemplification of a "rogue" than in this case. A short distance apart from the herd, he had concealed himself in the jungle, whence he had witnessed the destruction of his mates. He had not stirred a foot until he saw us unprepared, when he instantly seized the opportunity and dashed out upon me. If I had attempted to run from him, I should have been killed, as he would have struck me in the back. My only chance was in the course which I pursued—to wait quietly until he was just over me, and then to jump on one side: he thus struck me on the thickest part of the thigh instead of in the stomach, which he must have done had I remained in my first position; this would have killed me on the spot.

THROUGH THE HEART OF MYSORE

THE STORY OF AN ESCAPE FROM CAPTIVITY

James Bristow, the hero of the following narrative, was born at Norwich in 1757. When thirteen years of age, his father apprenticed him to a carpenter, but he did not remain more than a few months at the bench. Fired with a boyish desire to see the world, he enlisted with the Honourable East India Company, and on the 1st of April, 1771, sailed from England for Bengal. The life of a soldier appears to have disappointed him at first, but he soon became reconciled to it, and acquitted himself well in several campaigns.

In 1781 Bristow was promoted to the position of camp colourman, and joined Sir Eyre Coote's

army in the first campaign against Haidar Ali, Sultan of Mysore. With some others, he was taken prisoner, and conveyed to Seringapatam, where for ten years he was kept in close captivity. His sufferings during that time are almost unimaginable. Cruel as Haidar was, his son, Tipu Sultan, who succeeded him, proved an even greater tyrant. He subjected his European prisoners to so many hardships, privations and refinements of torture, that only the strongest of them survived.

In the year 1790 the English were again at war with Mysore. Tipu's army had suffered a severe reverse at the hands of Colonel Floyd, and many of his principal officers had been killed. The tyrant was enraged, the more so as the friends of the slaughtered sirdars appeared likely to break into open rebellion. He ordered all the English captives to be put in irons and conducted to the hill fortress of Outradrug, preparatory to being offered up as victims to avenge the deceased.

The story of Bristow's escape from Outradrug, and his subsequent adventures, is given below.

WE had been supported nearly five weeks by the charity of the inhabitants of Outradrug, where, by a most singular stroke of good fortune, it occurred to the kiladar 1 to have his old and rusty artillery repaired before his European prisoners were sent out of the world. I happened to be the person appointed to survey and report on the guns, and I did not fail to avail myself of the opportunity minutely to examine our

¹ Governor of a fort.

gaol, as well as the forest below and the country surrounding it. The different positions of the kiladar's artillery obliged me to go all round the rock, so that I was able to take the utmost advantage of my time.

When I returned to my companions I informed them that I had seen a road by which we might descend the rock unobserved, and it was immediately agreed that we should make the attempt. In our joy at my discovery we forgot we were under close confinement and very strictly watched, that our irons embarrassed us, that we had to walk half a mile along the rock, to descend a high precipice, and to penetrate deep into a forest abounding with wild beasts. But these obstacles presented themselves as soon as the ardour of our fancy had a little abated.

After a long discussion and much consultation, we resolved to breach the mud wall of our prison and get out in the night. The only necessary precaution was silence. The nights on which we found the guards engaged in gambling or other amusements were assigned for our operations, which we conducted with the aid of an old knife secretly given to us by one of the Carnatic people employed in coining pice ¹ at Outradrug.

We had not proceeded many nights with digging and watching by turns before we found this tool insufficient, the wall being uncommonly thick. We then thought of effecting our purpose by constantly pouring water in the hole, so as to

¹ Copper coin = about $\frac{3}{8}d$.; also used for money generally.

THROUGH THE HEART OF MYSORE 211

moisten the earth till soft enough to be dug out. This scheme promised better success and

was less exposed to discovery.

We spent twenty days in undermining and sapping the wall, during which time we partly succeeded in liberating our legs by means of a penknife which one of the prisoners had hid in an old mat when we were searched on coming to Outradrug. We heated this knife till it became red hot, then cut notches in it with the large one, and converted it into a little saw. Working incessantly when unobserved, we cut quite through the rivets of one leg, which by that means could be disengaged and both the iron rings drawn on the other; by muffling the chains with old rags we could prevent any clattering or noise. We had resolved, in case of discovery, to attack our guards before they had time to secure us, and either to fight our way out of the place or fall in the attempt. For this purpose we selected the largest and stoutest sticks from the wood which was now and then, with the kiladar's permission, brought to us to cook our rice.

In spite of our precautions, it looked as if the guards began to suspect us the last two or three days, for they examined our fetters very particularly. Luckily, one of our companions, who set up for a doctor and was suffered to prescribe for the garrison, had been able to procure a piece of lead from the bazaar. With this we filled the holes of the rivets so exactly as to render the deception discernible only to a very nice scrutiny.

The 27th of November was fixed upon for our grand attempt, and as soon as it was dark we began to remove the earth. But to our disappointment, we found ourselves at midnight below the surface of the ground. There was nothing for it but to try again higher up, and in the meantime we had to conceal the traces of what we had done. This we accomplished by placing the earth we had dug out in earthern pots and hanging a large blanket before the hole when day appeared.

As it was clear that we should not long be able to hide the condition of the wall, I worked all the next day, supplied the place incessantly with water, and kept wet cloths in it to moisten the upper part where the breach was to be enlarged or raised. My companions kept singing and making a noise all day, so that the bustle

I made might not be heard.

Everything was again ready by night on the 28th, and having found the breach practicable, we disengaged one of our legs and muffled and fastened the irons on the other. We then tied our rags about us and provided ourselves, each man, with a couple of ragi¹ cakes, which had been laid up for the occasion. Being the one that was to guide the rest, I crept out of the breach just at twelve o'clock with the large knife in one hand and a stout stick in the other. In a very short time the whole party had got through, and with all possible silence, we climbed over the mud wall which surrounded the prisons.

¹ A cereal.

This was between seven and eight feet high on the inside, but much lower on the outer, on account of the rising of the rock. There was another wall called the Fort Wall about 150 paces farther on, and between these two walls was a guard. A slight shower which fell just at this crisis proved extremely favourable to us, for the rain drove the sentinels under cover, and we could see them sitting smoking round a fire in the verandah of the prison. The shower continued till we had fairly cleared the outer wall, and were on our way to the precipice. This I had not been able to examine with sufficient preciseness, but as I had undertaken to conduct my companions, I proposed to descend first; accordingly I threw myself down flat, and meeting with no resistance or any rest for my feet, slid down the rock with a rapidity which greatly terrified me. The precipice seemed much higher than I had imagined, but at last I caught hold of the branches of a small tree which grew near the bottom and broke my fall by bringing myself up against the trunk. Shortly afterwards I was joined by my companions, who had followed my example and saved themselves by the shrubbery and small trees which covered the entire bottom of the precipice.

We immediately directed our way towards the thick forest that environed the foot of the rock. I suffered extremely in traversing a thicket before I reached the wood, both from the sharpness of the prickles and thorns and the ruggedness of the rock. When I was half through

it I was alarmed by the challenge of a sentry, whom I could not see, nor do I think it possible he could have seen me. It was probably the rustling amongst the leaves which attracted his attention, and he was undoubtedly more frightened than myself, tigers being very common in this part of the country. I turned immediately farther to the eastward, and, moving round the rock by a south face, struck into the wood at a point where all the guards were cleared.

It had been determined that we should proceed northwards, in hopes of reaching the Nizam's dominions; but I missed my comrades the moment I had entered the thicket, and never heard of them afterwards. I can only account for the separation by supposing that they purposely deserted me. I was in a very weak state of body from a fever which had assailed me a few days before, and perhaps they feared I might prove an encumbrance to them the rest of the journey. Ungrateful as this conduct may seem, I hope it may have been the cause of our separation rather than that any mischief befell them; for no sooner had I reached the country below than I heard the sound of trumpets and tom-toms, and guessed that search was being made for us from the fort. It is possible that in spite of the cautions I had given them, they descended through the thicket in too straight a line, and thus stumbled upon some of the outposts, or were thrown in the way of their pursuers.

Reflecting that it behoved me to make every

¹ Indian drums.

exertion in my power before I gave up all for lost, I continued my course on the plain which bounded the forest in a northerly direction. When I had advanced about five miles, I stumbled suddenly on a mud fort, which I did not see until challenged by a sentry on the walls. I judged it most prudent to return no answer, and taking a circuit round it, continued my course without further interruption till daybreak, when I found myself within twenty paces of two of Tipu's troopers, who were cooking their victuals on the bank of a tank. It was too late to shun them, so I resolved to march boldly on, hoping to pass unnoticed as one of the country people. I wrapped myself up in my blanket, and passed them near enough to overhear their conversation. One said, "There goes a European." The other replied, "You fool, whence should a European come here? Don't you see it is a woman?" At that instant my irons happened accidentally to rattle, which decided the matter, the noise being taken for the sound of those bangles, or brass ornamental rings, which the women of India wear round their arms and legs. I was suffered to pass without interruption, though not without having felt great anxiety for the ticklishness of my situation.

I walked on a couple of miles farther after this adventure, and about sunrise reached a wood, where I lay down to rest for the day, judging it prudent to travel only in the night. I had not lain down long before I grew quite stiff, and felt a pain in my bones. Examining the leg that my irons were fastened on, I found that constant rubbing against it had made a deep hole, which now gave me great uneasiness, though whilst agitated and warm with walking I had not perceived it. It was clear that unless I could disengage myself from the irons, I should be unable to proceed, as, independent of what I suffered from them, my feet were extremely sore from traversing the sharp-pointed stones of the rock. Fortunately I still had the large knife, and with this I fell to work, and before night set in, had totally removed the fetters.

Intent on pursuing my journey, I mounted a hill near me, whence I reconnoitred the country for many miles round, and gained a tolerable idea of the direction proper to follow, in order to avoid plains as much as possible. At sunset I resumed my course, and about midnight reached a range of hills which run between Bangalore and Seringapatam in an easterly direction. I halted here, as the hills were very rough and overspread with thickets, and the

passage was undiscernible in the dark.

Four days did I wander amongst these huge mountains and craggy hills, without meeting with any food, or even a drop of water. On the fifth morning, as I was tottering along, weak and reduced with hunger, I discerned a hamlet of a few huts amongst the hills.

I approached the hamlet, and from the first person I met, an old woman, demanded some charity to save me from starving. The sound

THROUGH THE HEART OF MYSORE 217

of our voices brought several other women out of the huts. On seeing how weak and emaciated I was, all expressed great compassion for me, and brought me some of their homely fare—boiled ragi and gram water made into a curry—which proved the most welcome and savoury repast I ever made.

I passed myself upon these kind old women for a Rajput, knowing few or none of that caste were to be found in this part of the country. The men belonging to the hamlet were all employed in the fields, though I should have been

equally safe had they been at home.

When I had told them that I was returning to my own country, they pitied the painful and sore condition of my feet, and immediately brought some warm water, with which they bathed them. They then furnished me with a couple of ragi cakes, being all the prepared provisions the hamlet could produce, and seemed much concerned for my safety. One of them pointed to a road which they warned me against following, saying that it led directly to one of those Pulaiyan forts with which the country abounds.

I left my charitable friends with the deepest gratitude and some melancholy reflections. Their kind treatment had so reconciled me to life that I could not help deploring the small chance I had of ever joining my countrymen. I rushed into the wood, and took a great sweep

¹ A kind of pulse.

² Name of an aboriginal tribe.

to avoid the Pulaiyan fort and such as might belong to it, knowing well how widely they differed, in point of meekness and humanity, from the simple and good-natured Kennarus.

The following morning I was fortunate enough to fall in with a parcel of trees bearing a berry much resembling our sloes. Knowing this fruit to be very wholesome, I devoured all I could on the spot, afterwards gathering as many more

as I was able to carry away.

I continued to travel in a northerly direction, as much as possible amongst the woods, until the evening of the 8th, when I came to a plain which I must unavoidably pass. Here, to my unspeakable terror, I perceived two tigers, not above a hundred paces from me. It was the first time in my life that I had seen these animals alive, but I did not lose my presence of mind. They were approaching across the plain, apparently unaware of my presence, and did not stop until they were almost opposite where I stood. Then all at once they seemed to notice me, and, to my great satisfaction, turned away with their tails between their legs. You may believe that I was in no hurry to follow, but let them get entirely out of sight before I proceeded.

From this adventure I am led to give some credit to the reported pusillanimity of the tiger, who, it is said, will seldom attack a man unless by surprise, when he leaps on him suddenly, like a cat at a mouse, and will not resume if he misses his aim. These two seemed actually afraid of me; a fact which might not be thought

THROUGH THE HEART OF MYSORE 219

very surprising could I convey the appearance

I then made in an exact drawing.

About an hour after my meeting with the tigers I fell in with a troop of Pulaiyans returning from hunting. They took me prisoner, and carried me to a mud fort, to the westward of the forest. It was not quite dark when we reached it, and I had just time to notice a large tank behind it, which immediately struck me as the securest road to follow should I be fortunate enough to give my new captors the slip.

They brought me before the chief, or commander of their party, who addressed me first in the *Kennary* language. I pretended not to understand, and he then asked me in the *Moors* where I came from and who I was. I replied that I was a Rajput disabled in Tipu's service and now returning to my own country. He desired me to produce my pass or discharge, which I told him I had lost on the road.

During this interrogation, I perceived that the bystanders eyed me very attentively, and casting my eyes down, I saw a hole in my blanket, through which my skin appeared. The colour of this did not correspond with my face, which I had rendered pretty dark by washing it with tobacco water, the only remedy I had for the wounds which the briars and thorns bestowed on my naked feet. Though not suspected of understanding, I overheard their conjectures, which, after some altercation in the *Kennary* language

¹ Jargon of Arabic. *Moor* was a general term for Mohammedan.

terminated in the truth, i.e. that I must be some European deserted from the Peshwa. The chief then commanded them to secure me in the centre of the fort, which had three different gates, one within another, being surrounded by

a triple wall.

I now realized that I was not only discovered, but had fallen into the hands of people who were, by their discourse, adherents to Tipu. My new lord told me in *Moors* to make myself easy, for I should be well fed and not hurt; but his words gave me little comfort, and I began to shudder at the thought of returning once more to the clutches of the barbarian. I was left in charge of a sentry, who received orders not to bind me until the kiladar's determination with respect to me could be obtained.

It was clear that if I were to avoid a second visit to Seringapatam, now was the time to take action. The crowd, to a man, had followed the Pulaiyan to the kiladar's house, so as to learn my fate, and, with the exception of the sentry, there was no one left in the neighbourhood. I at once began to complain of thirst, and implored the sentry to bring me a draught of water. When seized by these people I was in reality very weak, and had pretended to be much more so; this, and my poor appearance, deceived the sentry so easily that he never dreamt of my walking off, and, without any suspicion, went to fetch the water.

The instant he was out of sight I wrapped myself up in my blanket and strutted boldly

THROUGH THE HEART OF MYSORE 221

out of the fort, passing all the three gates without interruption; for the passages were crowded with people and cattle returning from the fields. I did not hasten my pace till I had got about fifty yards from the outer gate. I then turned to the right, crossed a paddy 1 field with all the expedition I could muster, and waded through the tank 2 which I had taken notice of on coming into the fort. Arrived at the other side of the tank, I ventured to look behind me, and perceived a great number of lights moving backwards and forwards, which I took to be the Pulaiyans in search of me. Fearing some one of them might go round the tank, I set forward with all the speed I could in a westerly direction for about an hour, when, finding I was not pursued, I turned again to the north.

Thus I travelled for three successive nights over an open country, being obliged during the day to hide myself in caverns and holes. The fourth morning, which was the 12th of December, I discovered some of those berries which had formerly relieved me. I stripped every tree, by first satisfying my hunger, and then loading my blanket with the residue. Thus supplied, I continued to travel until the 15th at daybreak, when to my great terror, I found that I had got amongst a number of villages upon a large plain, with a mud fort immediately in front of

me.

I was not suffered to proceed far before a party of Pulaiyans stopped and examined me.

¹ Rice. ² Pool or reservoir.

From the conversation of the people who had passed on their way to the fields, I had discovered that one of Tipu's regular battalions garrisoned the fort, and I knew it would be impossible to pass for an Indian amongst men composed of all the different castes and nations of India. I therefore replied, without any hesitation, that I came from the English camp, and was proceeding to Gooty, this being the only place on Tipu's frontiers that I had ever heard of. They asked me what carried me thither, and I answered that some of my friends had taken service with the sultan, and had written me to join them, giving a very favourable account of their situation. They would not suffer me to proceed, but carried me into the fort, and brought me before the kiladar, where I underwent a second examination in the presence of the Pulaiyans. The kiladar put many questions to me in order to see if I would contradict anything I had said; but I took care to repeat exactly the same story, and at last, to my unspeakable relief, he consented to let me continue my journey to Gooty.

Next morning I set out from the fort, provided with two large jarra 1 cakes, some chutney, and a guide, who had the kiladar's orders to show me the way. When I was restored to liberty my joy was so great that I could scarcely credit my own senses, and for some minutes thought myself under the illusion of a dream. It was certainly a wonderful escape, to get away, with

¹ A kind of flour.

a story so improbable, from one of Tipu's own forts, and I considered it very fortunate that the kiladar was a good-natured, simple man.

The guide I had been provided with soon grew tired of his charge, and displayed no reluctance at being permitted to leave me. I did not long continue the same road after he was gone, but immediately took the old northerly direction, and travelled with all possible expedition on the scanty subsistence of my cakes. On the morning of the 24th, having found a tolerably secure cave, I lay down to sleep. I remained quiet till sunset, when I rose again to take a view of the country. A strange noise now attracted my attention, and on looking towards the place whence it arose, I beheld a bear hard at work preparing a den under the very cliff where I reposed!

I travelled all that night, only halting occasionally from extreme weakness, and the pain of my sore and swelled feet. In the morning I had the good fortune to reach a village, which lately, perhaps the day before, had been plundered by the Marathas. Here I picked up, among the deserted ruins, about half a ser of rice, and nearly as much ragi, a few chillies, a little tobacco, an old earthen pot, and a strong bamboo walking-stick, which proved of singular service to me afterwards as a supporter. I found that I was much weaker at this period than I had imagined, being obliged at very short intervals to have recourse to rest. Often I

¹ Two pounds.

travelled no more than five or six miles in the course of twenty-four hours.

Resolved to exert myself to the last, I continued to saunter on, sometimes among woods and broken rocks, and sometimes over plains, until the 27th, when I came to the banks of a small nullah. Here I nearly lost my life. In my exhausted state, the attempt at crossing was too much for me, and I had never gained the other side but for the assistance of some bulrushes which grew by the water's edge. As it was, in scrambling up the bank, I lost my earthen pot, my tobacco, and all the provisions I had left.

On New Year's Day I had got within sight of the termination of the long range of hills, at the foot of which I had been travelling. But now a new and apparently insurmountable obstacle presented itself to my dejected eyes. The Tangbandar River, which runs in an easterly direction, at the distance of seven or eight kos south of Gopaul, lay immediately in front of me. How I was to gain the opposite shore, I did not know. There were no boats in sight, and in my enfeebled state swimming was not to be thought of. I looked eagerly around for some piece of wood or branch of a tree that would help to bear me up through the stream; but in vain. Refusing to give up hope when so near the end of my sufferings, I moved along the bank of the river, where, after some time, I spied a ferry-boat. My heart now expanded with joy, and I fancied nothing remained but to step into

THROUGH THE HEART OF MYSORE 225

the boat and be rowed over; but, as ill-fate would have it, the ferryman would not even suffer me to approach his boat. I was unequal to force, and I feared by too urgently soliciting a passage, to hazard a discovery of my identity. So I went back, resolved to proceed along the bank in an easterly direction until I should either meet with a ford or some other mode of crossing, or, as seemed more probable, my miseries should be terminated by death.

When I had gone some distance I saw two large forts on the other side of the river, and at the same time heard the discharge of cannon, from which I concluded that the forts must be besieged either by us or some of our allies. This increased my anxiety to cross the river, and redoubling my efforts, I pushed on until about three o'clock of the next afternoon, when, perceiving a guard, I halted. I afterwards discovered that this was a Maratha guard stationed between the river and the extremity of the hills as a scout; but at the time I did not stop to learn who they were. Anxiety and fear decided me to avoid them, and I made a long circuit, which brought me to the foot of the hills. Here I met an old woman tending her cows. She gave me a ragi cake, and advised me to keep well to the left if I wished to avoid a second guard posted on the other side of the hills. I followed her advice, bearing gradually round to the river again; and for four more days I wandered along the bank, seeking in vain for the means of crossing.

On the fourth day I found myself near a mud fort, which I had not previously observed, and was suddenly surrounded by a number of Marathas, who took me up and carried me before the raja, the proprietor of the fort. The raja was preparing to take the field in the morning, and had therefore no time to attend to me; but he directed that I should be retained in the fort and taken care of till he should return.

During his absence I gradually recovered part of my former health and vigour. It was soon discovered that I was a European, and the raja's son, a humane young man who was left to command the fort in his father's absence, was extremely kind to me. A native doctor was ordered to heal my wounded and excoriated feet, and abundance of provisions were given me, though I did not venture fully to indulge my appetite owing to the weak state of my stomach. When the raja returned on the 12th of February I was taken before him. He seemed much affected by my narrative, pitied my sufferings, gave me a piece of cloth (of which I stood in extreme need, having no covering but the blanket I had brought out of Outradrug), and invited me to enter his service. I concluded that the surest way of obtaining the liberty which I now panted after, would be to assent to the raja's request. I therefore accepted his offer, in consequence of which I was immediately released, and desired to ask whatever I wanted. I returned very submissive thanks for the raja's

promises of preferment, and affected to be much

satisfied with my situation.

That night and next day I walked about at pleasure; and I had already inspired the people of the fort with so much confidence that nobody seemed to notice my departure, between the hours of nine and ten, on the night of the 14th. I proceeded directly towards the river, which at this place was about 200 yards broad; but so bold had my recovered strength rendered me that I plunged in and swam over immediately, though I had been informed of a ford a couple of miles farther east.

The moment I crossed I directed my course towards Gopaul, walking without intermission or interruption until about eleven o'clock next day. I was then in the centre of several villages, so halted to obtain some refreshment; but very soon I set out again, and got near Gopaul half an hour after dark. Some of the Nizam's people, on hearing my tale, picked me up and sent me on an elephant to Monberjung's camp. I at once asked for the English commander, and, after some delay, was conducted to Captain Dalrymple's marquee. This gentleman listened to my history with interest, congratulated me on my fortunate escape, and ordered me what refreshments I wanted. He also presented me with some rupees, a coat, a hat, and some linen. Thus I found myself once more, after ten years of cruel captivity, apparelled like a European, amongst men of honour, and restored to liberty.

A TIGER YARN

Many excellent sporting yarns are told over the camp fire at night, when the hunters settle down for a quiet smoke and a chat after the day's exertions. This one was related by a Mr. Wilson, of Wakefield, to Colonel Fred Markham of H.M. 82nd Regiment, when the two were on a shooting expedition in the Himalayas.

In the winter of 1845-46, on leaving the higher regions, where I had been hunting musk-deer. I came down as usual to the middle hills, and took up my quarters on a little flat, near some bullock sheds, about a mile up a well-wooded hill-side, and the same distance from the nearest villages. It might be termed the foot of the Snowy range, for the hill runs without any interruption right up to the great range between Gangutrie and Kadernath; and the grassy regions above the forest are within a good day's walk. The place was central for all the best shooting-grounds in the neighbourhood, and not wishing to move from place to place, I made it headquarters for the winter. We built two or three little huts on the flat for the men and myself, and were soon hard at work with the birds; sometimes shooting on the hills, and at others going out to some more distant spot for three or four days together.

On the whole I was very successful, and before winter was over the hut set apart for the reception of the prepared skins was nearly full. Upwards of 500 birds, including pheasants and partridges, eagles, falcons, owls, and the handsomest of the smaller tribes, were hanging in
rows to the long sticks fixed for the purpose.
At least twice as many more had been thrown
aside, given to the villagers, or consigned to the
kitchen in their feathers, as not fit for stuffing,
or not required. Several large bears had yielded
upwards of a hundred quart bottles of grease,
and four leopards, with some scores of the deer
tribe, had paid the forfeit of existence. Don't
suppose, however, that I committed all this
havoc myself. I may honestly confess to a great
portion of it, but I had a shikari shooting, and
several men employed setting snares all the
winter.

Of the few adventures I met with during my sojourn in this quarter, the one I am about to tell you is perhaps the most worthy of record. Early in March, when I began to arrange the sets of birds, and wrap them in paper, I found sufficient work to keep me at home for several days. About the same time the bullocks were taken from the adjacent sheds to another part of the hill—all but one, an old, superannuated lame buffalo, which, being useless, was left by its owner to shift for itself. As there was no one to tend it, it came to our huts, and soon became a perfect nuisance; in the day treading on skins laid out to dry, and at night pulling off the grass thatch from the huts.

All attempts to drive it away were in vain, and I sent a message to its owner, saying that if he

did not fetch it, I should be obliged to destroy it. He replied that it was useless to him, and I might do as I pleased; but being a Brahman, he would not tell me plainly to shoot it. I took his implied consent, however, and in the evening put a bullet through its brain. Next day the Chunars stripped off and took away the skin, but I would not have the carcase removed, fancying that amongst the vultures which would soon collect, a few eagles might also come, and possible some new species, or one that I had not got. The former birds soon made their appearance, alighting one by one on the tops of the neighbouring trees; but, scared by the vicinity of the huts, and the people moving about, they left the feast untouched.

In the morning I went out to look for any eagles that might be about, and was surprised to see that half of the carcase had been eaten. I examined the ground carefully for the footprints of any large animal, but the dried leaves prevented me from making out anything satisfactory. The next morning it was not only nearly eaten, but turned completely over. Certain now that it must be some wild animal, I made up my mind to watch for its coming, and set a man to prevent the dogs and vultures making an end of what remained.

The night came on rainy and dark. I did not go out till the moon rose, about ten o'clock, and the clouds had cleared a little away. Slowly and carefully approaching the spot, what was my surprise to find the carcase removed altogether! The moon gave but a faint light through the heavy clouds, and it was rendered still more indistinct by the large and densely foliaged oak trees around. Groping about, I found the carcase some twenty yards away, but the animal was gone. Thinking it would soon return, I posted myself behind the trunk of one of the large trees, and watched patiently for an hour or two. Then, concluding that it had eaten sufficient for that night, and would not again return, I went home to bed.

At daylight I went to see if this surmise had been correct, and was mortified to find that the carcase had been again removed, and nearly all eaten, except the bones. However, there was a chance that the animal might come the next night for what little was left, and, determined to get a shot at it if possible, I made preparations

accordingly.

About ten yards from the spot where the carcase now lay, there was a little wild pear bush which branched into three forks a few feet from the ground. With a few twigs and small branches, I made a nest in these forks, covering the side facing the carcase so thickly as almost to conceal a person crouching behind. It never occurred to me that this nightly visitor might be a tiger, and that it would perhaps be advisable to have my seat a little farther from the ground. No tiger had been seen in the vicinity during the winter, and I had almost forgotten that there was such an animal in existence. I made certain of its being either a leopard or a bear, and dreamt

not of danger. The only gun I happened to have at home was an old double one, the right barrel of which had burst and was totally useless. This, however, on a dark night, when no aim could be taken, was just as good as a rifle. To make more certain, I put two bullets in the serviceable barrel, and just before dusk, with a young lad I was teaching to stuff birds, I crept into the nest.

It soon became so pitch dark that I could neither see the skeleton of the old buffalo, nor the trunk of the nearest tree. This was a dilemma; but, fancying that when the animal came, I might be guided by the glare of its eyes, or perceive its movements sufficiently to chance a shot, I determined to wait. For nearly an hour I waited patiently, but no sound announced the advent of the expected visitor, and, getting tired of my cramped position, I was thinking of going home, when, without the least sound of a footstep, crash went the bones. You may guess with what anxiety I tried to gaze through the impenetrable blackness, but nothing could be seen; whilst for a full quarter of an hour we could hear plainly enough the cracking and munching of the bones. What would I not have given for a moment's moonlight? Once or twice I fancied I could distinguish some object, and was half inclined to risk a random shot; but I reflected that there was a probability of its remaining until the moon rose, when I should be able to see clearly.

This state of annoying suspense was at length

broken by the carcase being lifted up and carried bodily away. It was, however, dropped a little way off, and the cracking and munching of the bones resumed. This continued for some time, when all became still again. After a little while, concluding that the animal had gone away altogether, I began to speak to my companion, regretting our bad fortune. I now felt much annoyed with myself for not having fired a random shot before the carcase was carried away; for fancy whispered that it might have been a lucky one and hit the animal.

All hope now seemed to be over, and we were discussing the advisability of going home, when I was startled by the deep-drawn breath of some animal snuffing within a few feet of my face. So strong and powerful was it, and so different from anything I had ever heard, that I guessed at at once it must be a tiger. A cold shiver ran through my body, and I thought I felt my heart jump almost into my mouth. I cannot describe the sensation. It was not as much fear as a painfully intense feeling of breathless anxiety. The gun had been mechanically cocked and half raised to the shoulder, but we were enveloped in such pitchy darkness from the overhanging branches that I could see nothing.

I verily believe that neither I nor my companion drew one single breath for the few moments that, with finger on the trigger, I strained my eyeballs almost to bursting in endeavouring to pierce the fearful blackness. There was another deep snuff, which seemed to draw the very air from around

my face, and at that moment I thought I could see something paler than the black space which an instant before was there. There was no time for hesitation, and closing the stock to my shoulder, I fired. A stifled moan, and the dropping of some heavy body, told that the shot had taken effect; but that it was not fatal we were soon made aware by the heavy breathing which followed. Fearful of attracting the attention of the animal, I remained motionless in the same position as when I had fired, without attempting to reload the gun, which I dropped silently upon my knee. In all probability this saved us, for the animal, as it turned out, was only shot through the hind quarters, and lay within a few feet; and as we were not much higher from the ground than herself, she might, if so inclined, have pulled us out of the bush without any difficulty. The breathing, and a few moans which led me to hope the animal was dying, continued for some time, but although so near, nothing was to be seen, and I was not at all sorry when I heard her crawling slowly away, and all became quiet again.

I now breathed freely, reloaded the gun and listened attentively for some time; hearing nothing, I concluded she was either dead or had crawled away mortally wounded, to die at some distance from the spot, as animals do. We kept still till the moon had risen on the opposite hill-side, and sufficient light was shed to enable us to distinguish objects near, but nothing was to be seen. After looking carefully around as well

as the indistinct light would permit, we prepared to get out of the bush and go home; but before doing so, it struck me to give a shout, which was answered by a loud angry growl, apparently from within twenty or thirty yards. On this intimation that the animal was alive and close at hand, we deemed it prudent to remain, as the slightest noise might draw its attention towards us. The night was still cloudy, but when the moon had fairly risen over the spot, we could see pretty clearly some distance around. I gave another shout; this time all remained quiet, and getting out of the bush as quietly as possible, we went home to the huts, congratulating ourselves upon having got so well out of our rather unpleasant position.

Early in the morning, accompanied by another of my men and a large Thibet dog, we went eagerly enough to the scene of our night's adventure, fully expecting to find the animal dead. There was a large pool of blood close to the bush where it had first dropped, and another a little distance off, where it had lain down the second time. The dog took up the scent immediately, and followed it about eighty yards to some large masses of broken rock. Rounding one of these, he gave a sudden bark, and bounded back, followed by a large tigress. I had a fair shot within a few yards, and she dropped to it; but not having brought another charge of powder and ball, I did not wait to see whether she would get up or not, but gave the word to run, and in a few seconds we were back at the huts.

Whilst I was reloading, two villagers happened to pass by, and thus reinforced we again sallied forth. We soon found our friend lying behind one of the rocks, and as she rose slowly up, one of the villagers made her a salaam, and I sent a bullet through her head, which finished her career. On examination I found the two balls I had fired in the night had struck her in the fore-part of the hind leg, breaking the bone, and the flash had singed the fur all down her side from the shoulder. The one I had fired when she followed the dog had hit her near the spine, and would, no doubt, have proved fatal in a short time. She was full grown, measuring nine feet eight inches in length, and from the light colour of the fur and scanty stripes. probably aged

THE MASSACRE OF BENARES

In the year 1797 the Nawab of Oude, Azoff-u-Dowlah, died, and the succession was disputed. Sir John Shore, the Governor-General, favoured the claims of Wazir Ali, a son of the late ruler, who was accordingly installed in the nawabship. But this young man turned out to be a profligate, steeped in every kind of vice, and it was not long before the Governor-General had cause to regret his decision. Finding that the province was being hopelessly misgoverned, he caused the Nawab to be deposed, and appointed Saadat Ali, his uncle and one of the original claimants, to rule in his stead. At the same time Wazir Ali was removed to Benares, where he was provided

with a residence and a pension of a lac and a half of rupees yearly, on condition that he did not interfere in the affairs of Oude.

WAZIR ALI, deposed from the sovereignty of Oude, occupied a house or palace, which went by the name of Mahdu Doss's Garden, on the outskirts of the city of Benares. He never issued thence without an armed train of adherents from Lucknow, and entertained as many more on the footing of guards as he thought proper. Moreover, the kettle-drum or nakara, a mark of high rank, was always carried before him when he went from home. With the exception of Mr. Cherry, the political agent of the Governor-General, he held no intercourse with any

European.

The indulgence which permitted him to maintain the retinue and forms of a ruling prince not only kept alive feelings of independence in Wazir Ali himself, but impressed others with the probability of his acquiring it. It appears that he looked forward to the much-talked-of invasion of India by the Afghans, under Zemann Shak, and the consequent employment of the British forces elsewhere, as a favourable opportunity for the re-establishment of his dominion in Oude. He had arranged with some of the principal people of Benares to assist him whenever he should attempt open insurrection; he had an active agent at Calcutta; and he was in correspondence with persons devoted to his interests in different parts of Bengal.

But while his plans were still immature, a crisis in his affairs arose which put a period to intrigue

and rendered immediate action necessary.

Representations had early been made to the Government as to the unwisdom of placing the deposed Nawab at Benares. These being repeated, the matter began to excite serious attention; and, towards the close of the first year of his residence there, Mr. Cherry was instructed to inform Wazir Ali that the Governor-General had decided to remove him to Calcutta.

This announcement, as might be expected, fell like a thunder-clap on one who was engaged in organizing schemes for independence. To be compelled to reside in the immediate vicinity, and under the supervision of the Supreme Government, was a death blow to all chances of success from insurrectionary projects. His remonstrances were loud and urgent, but they proved vain, and this youth (for he was now only nineteen years of age, naturally of a savage and impetuous temperament, saw himself hurried into the execution of a desperate plot.

He avowedly acquiesced in his proposed removal to Calcutta, and gave out that he should proceed on the 15th or 16th of January. On the night of the 13th, a harkara, or messenger, came to Mr. Cherry's house and announced that the nawab would visit him on the following morning at breakfast. Early on the 14th another emissary came, and after making some inquiries, immediately returned. Some time afterwards Wazir Ali's drum was heard, and he

was seen to approach with a train of horse and foot, consisting in all of about 200 men. In numbers this did not much exceed the retinue which he had been accustomed to move with; but a jamadar of Mr. Cherry reported to his master that the party, instead of coming in their usual manner, were all armed, and with matches lighted. Mr. Cherry, in reply, told the man that it mattered not, and that he was a fool for his fears.

On Wazir Ali's arrival, his host, according to custom, met and handed him in, accompanied by his friends, Waris Ali, Izzat Ali, and another, father-in-law to the last. Mr. Evans, a young private secretary, was also present. The party were attended into the breakfast room by four followers, armed with swords, shields and pistols. When the chief persons had taken their seats, Mr. Cherry called for tea, and handed a cup to Wazir Ali. The latter did not touch it, but addressing himself to his host said that he had something of great consequence to communicate. Then, raising his voice, he began to complain of the treatment he had received from Sir John Shore, the late Governor-General, who, he declared, had at first promised him six lacs of rupees per annum, but subsequently reduced it to a much smaller amount. "On his departure," continued Wazir Ali, "Sir John Shore told me that you would take care of my interests, and attend to my representations; but this you have never done. On the contrary, at the suggestion of Saadat Ali Khan, you now wish me to go to

Calcutta. But Lord Mornington is absent-what should I do there? Saadat Ali Khan wishes for my death, and the English are in league with him. They listen to him; but neither you nor any one else attends to me. I shall therefore not proceed to Calcutta, but go where I please."

While he was speaking, Waris Ali came round from his seat, and placed himself near Mr. Cherry. This seemed to be a concerted signal, for Wazir Ali at once seized Mr. Cherry by the collar, the other held him behind, and the nawab struck at him with his drawn sword. The unfortunate Resident endeavoured to escape through the verandah into the garden, but the conspirators followed him in a body, and cut him down before

he had gone many yards.

In the meanwhile, Izzat Ali had seized Mr. Evans, and grasped at his dagger to stab him; but that gentleman, holding the assassin's hands, prevented his design. An attendant of the Resident's now came up, and made a cut at Izzat Ali, causing him to let go his hold of Mr. Evans, who fled into an adjoining field. There he was seen by some horsemen, who fired two or three shots, and brought him to the ground, after which some of the conspirators ran up and dispatched him. Captain Conway, an officer who was living with Mr. Cherry, happened at this moment to ride up to the house attended by an orderly, and he also was killed by the armed body.

Mr. Davies, the chief magistrate of Benares, in returning from his morning's ride on an

elephant, had passed Wazir Ali and his whole train, as they were proceeding to Mr. Cherry's house. To him the train did not appear more numerous, nor in any respect different from the usual. On reaching home, however, he found the kotwal, or head of the police, who informed him that Wazir Ali had sent emissaries into the neighbouring districts to summon armed men, and that some mischief might be apprehended

from his present visit to Mr. Cherry.

Mr. Davies immediately dispatched a note to Mr. Cherry, and being anxious for the return of his messenger, kept a look-out in that direction. Presently he observed Wazir Ali and his train returning with much more haste than usual. Some of the horse, instead of keeping the road, crossed into his grounds, and began firing at a sentry, stationed about fifty yards from the house, whom they shot down. There was now no time to lose. Telling Mrs. Davies to repair to the terrace on the top of the house, he himself ran for his fire-arms, which were below: but, observing that an armed horseman was already in the doorway, he bethought him of a pike, or spear, which he had upstairs, and of the narrow staircase leading to the roof, which he considered defensible with such a weapon. The pike was one of those used by running footmen in India. It was of iron, plated with silver, in rings, to give a firmer grasp. Rather more than six feet in length, it had a long triangular blade of over twenty inches, with sharp edges.

Finding, when on the terrace, that the lowness

of the parapet wall exposed them all to view. Mrs. Davies was directed, with her two female servants and the children, to sit down near the centre of the terrace, while Mr. Davies took his station on one knee at the trap-door of the stair, waiting for the expected attack. The perpendicular height of the stair was considerable, winding round a central stem. It was of peculiar construction, supported by four wooden posts, open on all sides, and so narrow as to allow only a single armed man to ascend at a time. It opened at once to the terrace, exactly like a hatchway on board ship, having a light cover of painted canvas stretched on a wooden frame. This opening he allowed to remain uncovered, that he might see what approached from below.

In a few minutes, hearing an assailant coming up, he prepared to receive him. When within reach, the ruffian stopped, seeing Mr. Davies on his guard, and addressed him abusively. The only reply was—"The troops are coming from camp;" and at the same time he made a lunge with the pike, which wounded him in the arm. The enemy disappeared, and Mr. Davies resumed his former position, when presently he observed the room below filled with Wazir Ali's people, and heard some of them coming up the stairs. At the first who appeared he again drove his spear, but the assailant avoided the blow by warily withdrawing his person, and Mr. Davies, thus fully exposed to view from below, was fired at by the assassins. The spear, by striking the wall, gave the assailant on the stairs an opportunity

of seizing the blade end with both his hands; but as the blade was triangular, with sharp edges, Mr. Davies freed it in an instant by dropping the iron shaft on the edge of the hatchway, and applying his whole weight to the extremity, as to a lever. The force with which it was jerked out of the enemy's grip cut his hands very severely, as was subsequently observed from their bloody prints being left on the breakfast tablecloth below, where he had stanched them. There was blood likewise on the stairs, and some dropped about the floors of the rooms.

Though the present assailant disappeared like his predecessor, the repeated firing from below was discouraging, and Mr. Davies now thought it necessary to draw the hatch on, leaving such an opening at the edge as still admitted of his observing what was going on below. He saw them for some time looking inquisitively up; but not altogether liking the reception that there awaited them, one of the number went out to the verandah of the room, to see if they could get at Mr. Davies from the outside, while no further attempt was made on the staircase.

They presently withdrew, in a body, from the room, and were heard breaking the furniture and glass wall-shades. To this a silence and dreadful suspense succeeded; for though Mr. Davies could not quit his post for a moment to look out, the two women assured him the insurgents still surrounded the house, and it was a natural suggestion that they might be preparing the means of ascent on the outside. At length one

of the women, venturing to look over the parapet wall, was shot through the arm by one of many who appeared like a guard stationed to prevent escape.

They could now only remain where they were, casting anxious looks for the cavalry from General Erskine's camp, which was stationed at some distance from the city of Benares. Mr. Davies knew they could not arrive for some time, not more than an hour having elapsed since the attack began. He maintained, however, that they must be at hand, for the sake of encouraging

those whom he had to protect.

In about half an hour from this time, he again heard the noise of many persons ascending the stair in haste. Suddenly throwing aside the cover, he was on the point of driving the spear into the head of the foremost, when, most fortunately, he recognized the white beard and withered face of an old native servant. The poor fellow roared out who he was, and that he had saved the piece of plate which he held up, adding that Wazir Ali's force had all retired. Others behind, in like manner, held up different articles they had brought with them, to confirm his assertion; but Mr. Davies still hesitated to let them come up, not knowing but that they might have been tempted to save their lives by consenting to be the means of putting him off his guard.

Presently, however, the native officer of his police, and some sepoys, with their muskets, entered the room, and he knew that the immediate

danger was over.

The sound of Wazir Ali's drum was now heard

from the town, and parties could be distinguished in motion about the suburbs, where some places belonging to Europeans were on fire. News was brought in that numbers of the inhabitants were joining the insurgents, but none of them approached the house.

About eleven o'clock an advance party of cavalry appeared in view, and dispelled the last fears of the little garrison. They first proceeded over the bridge to Mr. Cherry's house, but finding that all was over, they galloped to Mr. Davies' assistance. It was agreed that until the infantry arrived this small force should take up a position in front of the house, within view of which, towards the town, great numbers were now beginning to assemble.

Whether these were mere spectators, or collected for a hostile purpose, remained uncertain until some of the nearest of them began setting fire to a building attached to the police department. General Erskine, who by this time had come up with the remainder of the cavalry, sent out a few troopers to drive off these depredators. The troops, while forming in line, were some of them wounded by matchlocks or musket shot from a wood in their front, where Wazir Ali was said to be in person; but on the first fire from a field-piece he and his adherents withdrew towards Mahdu Doss's Garden, where it was thought a desperate resistance might be expected. General Erskine pursued in column, leaving Mr. Davies a guard of a company of men; and, from the verandah where most of the European

inhabitants were now assembled, they could see the smoke and hear the report of the firing which in due time succeeded.

At the first interval of breathing time, the English people of the neighbourhood acknowledged that the hour and a half during which Mr. Davies, single-handed, had kept the assassins at bay, had been the means of enabling some to conceal themselves, and others to take refuge in General Erskine's camp. The unfortunate victims of Wazir Ali's treachery, among the British, were five in number; for in addition to Mr. Cherry, Captain Conway, and Mr. Evans, they had met Mr. Robert Graham, a young civilian, on their way to attack the magistrate's house, and cut him to pieces; while Mr. Hill,

who had a shop in the city, was also put to death.

The recovery of the city was not effected without loss. The troops marched through one of the suburbs, and though the streets were wide, they suffered by the fire from the houses and the narrow lanes on each side. Among others, both of General Erskine's orderlies were shot at his side. On reaching Mahdu Doss's Garden, several shots from field-pieces were directed against the fortified house; but the most effectual operation was blowing open the gate, by which the troops got admission to the principal court. This was effected just as the sun set. Had the contest lasted until dark, the town would in all probability have been pillaged by the numerous banditti and adventurers who were now assembled within its precincts.

Time would also have been given for adherents to join Wazir Ali from the neighbouring districts, and the attack on his stronghold might have been attended with considerable loss.

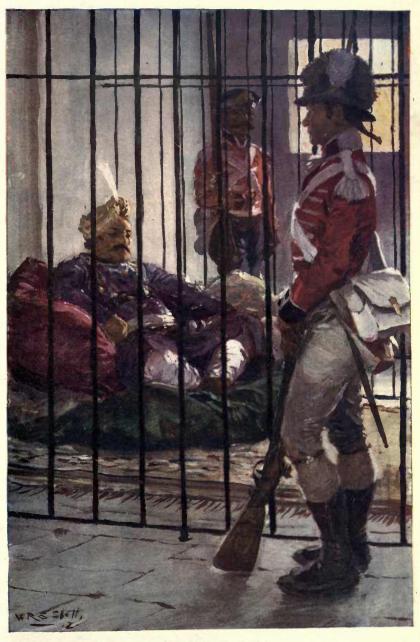
As it was, Wazir Ali fled, seeking refuge beyond the British frontier at Betul, and the forests under the first range of the Himalaya mountains. There he found himself in a short time at the head of several thousand men, descended with them into the plains of Gorakhpur, the eastern district of Oude, and threw that kingdom into alarm. A British force was soon assembled to oppose him. Some partial encounters, in which they suffered severely, and the narrow limits for subsistence or plunder to which they were reduced, soon disheartened his followers. who abandoned him in great numbers. Wazir Ali then made his way into Rajputana, and took refuge with the Raja of Jaipur.

The laws of hospitality are held so sacred in India, that the Raja did not venture openly to surrender him, but, on his being given up to Colonel Collins, attempted to throw the blame on his own minister. He stipulated for the life of Wazir Ali, and that he should not be confined by fetters. By a somewhat singular coincidence, the ex-Nawab passed the city of Benares as a prisoner on the first anniversary of the memorable insurrection and massacre. He was taken to Fort William and lodged in a bomb-proof cell, divided by iron gratings into three parts. The largest, in the centre, was occupied by Wazir Ali, and the other two by sentries, one English and one native. In other respects he was well treated. At length, after many years of captivity, he was transferred to a more suitable prison in the palace built for Tipu Sultan's family, in the fort of Vellore. There the females of his family joined him, and there he died.

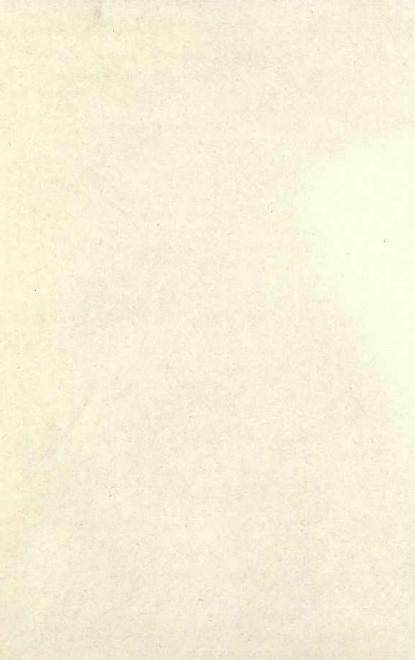
SOME PANTHER STORIES

The panther is an animal of the feline species, preying upon smaller cattle—generally on goats or sheep—but quite powerful enough to kill a full-grown cow or bullock, and the largest deer in the forest. His length, including his tail, I have never seen above eight feet two inches, and more commonly it is about seven and a half. He is often taken for the leopard of India, which is of the dog species, having the foot and toe-nails of that animal, and not the retractile claw of the feline genus.

The spots on the skin of the panther are in the shape of a rose; the yellow, or tawny colour of the skin being visible in the centre of the black, and the black only becoming a distinct spot towards the extremities of the animal, and on his back. The body, or ground-colour of the leopard, is much lighter, and the black marks upon him are distinct round spots. Moreover, the two are quite different in their habits and nature. The panther is a most formidable animal, though not nearly so big as, nor above one-third the weight of, a tiger. He is quite powerful enough to kill a man; and is much more courageous in his attack and defence than the



WAZIR ALI IN PRISON



tiger. He has been known, unprovoked, to attack men, and kill them in the jungle; and he comes into the villages, and even into the houses, and carries children out of them.

I have sometimes had an almost too intimate acquaintance with the panther; inasmuch as a wounded one rode on the same horse with me, somewhat in the fashion in which ladies and gentlemen used to ride pillion: and another sprang upon, and seized by the neck, a shikari camel I was riding. I have speared and killed a small one off horseback; I have shot them in the act of springing upon me; and once I was severely wounded by an immense male panther.

It is not an uncommon thing for panthers to take up their abode in the large drains, in cantonments which are near jungles, where there are rocks and shelter for them. At Bolarum, near Hyderabad, in 1848, I killed two panthers which, having been washed out of a large drain, had taken shelter in my garden. In the middle of the day they broke from this, and, crossing the road, went into the garden of another officer. The first was found in the creepers growing round the well of the garden. He was disposed of in two shots, and fell dead close to the house. second took shelter in the corner of the garden, among some thick shrubs. When I went in to look for him-it was some months afterwardsthe first thing I saw was a very large Persian cat belonging to my friend and neighbour: and I called out in a jocose manner, "Your Persian cat has been mistaken for the panther." However, on being assured that the panther had been last seen there, I again went into the bushes, and to my astonishment saw the panther crouched, with her head between her paws, and the large Persian cat, with all his bristles set, walking up and down like a sentry a yard before her. The panther, on seeing me, crawled into a hedge, where I finally disposed of her.

A favourite resort for these animals is a sendbund, or date-grove, inhabited by wild hog, whose flesh they seem to be particularly fond of. It affords them also a shelter, from which it is very difficult to dislodge them. In 1850, near Hingoli, I was beating a sendbund for hog, and being quite ignorant of the vicinity of any other game, had sent my head shikari, with the only rifle out with me, to the farther end of the sendbund, to mark. I had scarcely beaten two hundred yards when some coolies shouted out, "Here is a panther!" I galloped round to the spot; and, having a gun loaded with shot with me, for the purpose of shooting a peafowl for dinner, I rolled down two bullets into the barrels over the shot. The men pointed to a bush just across a small nullah, or ravine, in which they insisted that the panther was, and that they saw him at that moment. It is not difficult for the person who sees an animal move to keep sight of even a panther after he has crouched; but the most practised eye cannot discover these animals when they have ceased moving: their colour is so similar to the ground and bush that they are in.

While I was intently peering into the bush, out sprang the panther. I shot him behind the shoulder, but did not stop him. A native officer mounted on a pad elephant begged me to get up beside him, and as the jungle was very thick, composed of babul-trees and high grass, interspersed with date bushes, I acceded to the proposal.

My heavy rifle having arrived, I put up the panther immediately; and, fortunately, before the elephant could see her, broke her back. Directly the shot was fired the elephant turned tail, and rushed into a deep and muddy ravine, where she was brought up sufficiently for us to slide off on to the bank. The native officer, a very courageous man, insisted on going on horse-back with his spear, and circled round the bush where I had last seen the panther. Whilst he was doing this, I scanned the bush carefully; and seeing the panther lying dead in the middle of it, pulled her out by the tail.

In the afternoon of the same day, I proceeded to beat another sendbund in the neighbourhood, and, having started some hog, speared and killed one that came out on my side. Some had broken on the other side, where the native officer and another horseman were stationed. Shortly after this, a shikari boy ran out of the sendbund, and told me that he had seen an animal with a long tail, but that he did not know whether it was a tiger or a panther. I told him to run back to the line of beaters, and order them to make a great noise; and, exchanging my spear for a double

¹ An elephant without a howdah. 2 Gum arabic.

rifle, I galloped on ahead to the end of the thick part of the sendbund, and waited there for a shot.

Some markers waved their hands to show that the animal had gone on up the bed of the river. I started in that direction, when, hearing a shout behind me, I looked and saw an immense panther, more like a small tiger, quietly trotting out towards a herd of bullocks, which were about two hundred yards distant. These were in a plain interspersed with bushes. As I came up to the panther, he crouched in one of them, and I galloped past him, and stood at about fifteen yards from him, and, though the bush was a small one, could not see the animal. After a couple of minutes he bounded out, but not towards me. However, I made a lucky shot and crippled the brute behind, which induced him to stop in another bush a short way ahead. Beyond us was babul jungle, with grass and some other bushes. My people came up, and I dismounted, taking my stand on the jungle side of the panther, to intercept him and prevent him getting into it.

The valiant elephant of the morning came up with the beaters, and I directed the mahout (or driver) to beat the panther out towards me. Directly the elephant approached the bush, the panther, with one bound, was on her back, catching hold of the backbone with his teeth! I could not shoot for fear of hitting the elephant, which turned tail to bolt, fortunately shaking the panther off when she swung round. I now fired and hit him a second time, and told the

dog-boy to let go the dogs on him. The fresh Arab that I had in the morning just then coming up, I jumped on his back, with the light double-barrel gun instead of the heavy rifle, and, hearing my favourite dog baying the panther in the jungle ahead, shouted to the native officer to follow the dog. I also, after galloping some three hundred yards, came up, and in reply to my question, "Where is the panther?" the dafadar said, "He was here this minute," pointing in front of him.

was here this minute," pointing in front of him.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the panther, with a roar, sprang upon my horse from the left side, and, before I could get the gun round, was hanging on to his quarters with his claws. The horse, who had been utterly careless till then, now sprang forward, bounding as high as his head; and, after some successive lashes out with his hind-legs, kicked the panther off. His open mouth was all this time within a foot of my loins, and I could do nothing; for in such close quarters a gun was perfectly useless against an animal behind me, and it was as much as I could do to keep in the saddle. Before I could wheel my horse, the panther had again hidden himself, but the dafadar had kept sight of him. Dismounting, and sending the wounded horse down to the river, and ordering all the people, except my own shikaris, out of the jungle, I took up a position a few yards from the bush where the panther lay. In vain I fired into this, to induce him to come out; then, having loaded the gun with shot, I instructed the dafadar to gallop by, firing into the bush, in the hope that, as he was so fond of horses, he might be induced to come out, when I should be able to kill him with the rifle. This did not succeed. My favourite dog came up to the bush, and the panther, without exposing more than his foreleg, knocked him over, with a blow which opened his shoulder, and laid bare the bone of his fore-leg.

The poor dog shrank back to me, and, dragging him away by the neck, I sent him also down to the water at the river. I fired repeatedly into the bush, at what I thought was the panther; and, hearing a deep growl, fancied that at length I must have given him a death-wound. Walking up, however, and, looking into the bush,

I found that the panther was not in it.

At this moment we heard a shriek in the distance. I told the dafadar to gallop to the spot, and shouted for my own horse. Before he came up, I saw against the western sky, the figure of a running man. I mounted and galloped to the spot, where I found the dafadar with his horse wounded. It appeared that, on coming up, he had shouted to the man on the ground, "Where is the panther?" The reply to this was, "Don't you see he is eating me? " It was so dark that the dafadar did not remark that the panther was lying on the man, chewing his arm. When he saw this, he turned to spear the panther; but, being afraid of hurting the man, he missed the animal, which then clawed his horse; though, as the panther was badly wounded, the horse was not much hurt. In vain I looked for the animal. It had become quite dark; and after

having collected the wounded animals, and sent to the village to have the wounded man taken into cantonments, we returned to the tents.

At daybreak next morning, I first went to the village, to see if my orders had been obeyed regarding the wounded man. They had not: the excuse was that they could not get a charpoy, or bed to carry him on. This was now procured, and I saw the man started for Hingoli. The poor fellow was a barber travelling from one village to another along the road. His bad fortune was to be seen by the wounded panther, after he had been dislodged from the bush, and he fell upon, and would then have killed him, had not the dafadar come up and rescued him. I was in hopes, from the man being untouched by the claw, though severely bitten on the right arm and shoulder, that he would get over it; but on the eighth day the wounds mortified, and he died in hospital. The worst part of it is, that though this large panther was so badly wounded that he remained in the jungle for a full month, killing any stray calf or animal that went near him, I never recovered nor saw him again. He must have been severely wounded, from the quantity of blood found in the bushes. animals wounded, and a man so severely injured that he died from it, are a pretty good proof of the desperate fighting propensities of the large panther of India.

It is rare to find the panther in ground where you can spear him off horseback; and I should not advise you to attempt it, unless mounted

on a very active and courageous horse, and with a very keen spear in your hand. The skin of the animal is so loose on the body, that it is difficult, except at full speed and with a finely pointed spear, to run him through. The skin gives so much to the weapon, that the point is apt to run round the body between the skin and the flesh, and the panther will make good his spring in these circumstances. In riding him you must be prepared for his suddenly stopping, and crouching as the horse comes up to him. If you then fail to spear him through, in all probability he will bound on you when you have passed. His hind-legs, being the springs, are on this position doubled up ready beneath him; and the bound he can take from thus crouching is much farther than his size would lead you to suppose possible. Should you ever be within the grasp of a panther, your shikar 1 knife in his heart is the most likely thing to relieve you.

For some time after the above story, I had but little acquaintance with panthers. In 1852, I speared a small one off horseback; and in the same year, I brained and killed one with a single ball; he was sitting at the mouth of his cave, looking at me, about eight feet off. In 1854, being at Mominabad in the Deccan, I killed five panthers and a leopard, on foot or horseback, within six miles of cantonments, in a short space of time; not, however, without sundry narrow

escapes and some good fights.

I have mentioned before that the panther

¹ Hunting.

preys a good deal on the wild hog in the jungle; but the big boar of the sunder laughs at a family of panthers. This was shown by the following circumstance. One day at Mominabad, a trooper, employed to look after some grass ramnas² belonging to the cavalry, came to me and reported that he had just seen a large boar with four full-grown panthers round him, but afraid to attack, and that eventually the boar passed through them. I went out the next day to beat the low thick jungle, composed of bushes and high grass, where they had been seen. It was between hills too steep to ride the hog, so my attraction was the panthers. Putting in a lot of beaters with all the noisy instruments that I could collect, I instructed them to beat to the other end, where I had placed myself. When the beaters had driven up to within a hundred yards of me, one of them trod upon the tail of a large male panther. Fortunately for the man, the panther was so gorged that he did not turn upon him; but, moving only a few yards, again crouched, and a non-commissioned officer with me, who was on horseback and used to shikar, kept his eye on him.

The beaters climbed trees all round, and called to me to come and shoot him. The grass was higher than my head, and there was no seeing at all, until I got on the back of my little shooting horse. The man who had seen him, kept pointing with his spear to the spot, which was close to us.

After a long time I caught the twinkle of the

¹ Jungles

² Plains, fields

panther's eye, about two guns' length from my horse's head. Putting my rifle almost between his ears, I brained the panther: the ball hitting him between the eyes. Death was instantaneous. He measured seven feet six inches long, and was seven years old. The natives calculate the age of the panther by the number of lobes of the liver, and I believe they are correct. This had seven lobes.

I now beat the patch of jungle, proceeding in a line with the beaters. Six times I put up one of the younger panthers—a three years old animal. But, owing to the great height of the grass, I never could get a shot at him. The last time, he was put up, after the line of beaters had passed him, by a man who, having sat down under a tree, was coming along behind. By chance he struck the panther on the back, and the animal returned it with a blow from his paw, one claw only of which caught the man in the face. The wound, though only a touch, swelled in a minute as big as an egg. This alarmed the rest of the people, and I could not persuade them to beat out the animal: so I returned to my tent.

Being thus foiled, owing to the great height of the grass, I made up a double riding-saddle for one of my camels, and shortly after proceeded to the same jungle; considering that now, being high enough to see over the grass, I should be able to bag the rest of the panthers. Instructing the men to beat as before, with plenty of noise, I placed myself with the camel at some distance in front of them. Scarcely had they commenced

when a leopard was started, and I made a very good shot, hitting him in the hind-quarters as he passed me. Following him up by his blood, I got another snap-shot at him in the grass, when a horseman, who was in a line with the beaters, called out to me that he saw the leopard.

I came on, directed by the man, and thinking that I was just about to put up the leopard, when a large female panther sprang at and caught the camel by the throat. I could not shoot on account of the camel's neck. But the camel, which was a very fine powerful beast, struck off the panther with his fore-legs, and then commenced jumping up and down, in a manner most ludicrous to every one but myself and my shikari Mangkali, who was sitting on the hind seat of the saddle. One of the nose-ropes, which are the driving reins of the camel, broke; and this happening close upon the edge of a stony ravine, concealed by high grass, I bethought myself of jumping off into a soft bush. Mangkali, not being in the habit of sticking tight as I am, could not keep his seat, and was pitched, gun and all, to a considerable distance. While this was going on, my spur-for I always ride in spurs-caught in the soft cloth of the saddle, and prevented my jumping clear of the animal, in front of whose neck I was thrown. I conclude he thought that the panther was again upon him, for he struck me with his fore-leg; by which blow I was so crushed that I had three ribs broken. My rifle was pitched I knew not where. As I lay on the ground, I drew my sword, determining to carve

either the camel or the panther, as the case might require. Both, however, had disappeared in the jungle. I was severely hurt, but crawled out

and got under a tree.

Afraid to put the beaters again into this jungle with so savage a panther in it, I sent and collected all the village cattle from the neighbouring grazing grounds. Some five hundred animals were driven into the grass; while I was propped up against a tree, rifle in hand, to shoot the panther. After a short time, there was a rush of the cattle; and literally riding on their backs, bounding over and over them, but without time to strike any, broke two panthers. I could not fire on account of the cattle. But let me recommend this plan for driving either a savage tiger or panther, in preference to putting in beaters. The panthers are scared by the rush of so many cattle, and they rarely injure any of them.

The panthers took up the hill-side. I tried in vain, owing to the injuries I had received, to mount my shooting horse, which became rather excited, and wished to follow the chase. A horseman, however, intercepted the smaller panther, which went to ground in a large hole. From this, for a long time, I tried to dislodge him, but was obliged to return to the tents. The next morning, while I was going back to cantonments to have my ribs set, my people smoked this panther to death, and dug him out

of the hole.

Twenty-two days afterwards, though very sore

and stiff from the broken ribs, I started for Yeldah, the village near the jungle, and beat for the panthers. At about the same spot where I had shot the large male the first day, the female, who had jumped upon the camel, was roused. She commenced the attack by running at a coolie, who fell over, and she gave him one shake by the back and passed on. Fortunately the man had a great deal of clothing on, so was not much hurt. She then came out to me, lashing her tail, and looking very vicious. I had placed myself on the path which led to the hill by which she escaped on the former day; and seeing that I would not move, she charged up to about twenty yards, when her heart failed her, and I shot her through the forearm, close to the shoulder. I then slipped two dogs upon her, one of which ran wild; the other, my favourite panther-dog, three times seized her, and was beaten off; but eventually rolled over, locked with the panther. A courageous horseman with me speared her, and I ran down and finished her with two bullets through the chest. This was a proper vicious beast—a female seven years old. On every occasion she commenced the attack.

Some time after this, I killed another panther with a single ball, while going at full speed, at about a hundred yards before me. This made up the four that had been seen round the big boar, and reported by the trooper.

Not long after this I was proceeding through the famous Butinaut corri,1 and not half a mile

¹ Ravine.

from cantonments, when I saw a panther eating a cow. She was two hundred yards off. I jumped off my horse, with my heavy rifle, and ran, concealing myself in the bushes as much as possible; but when I was about a hundred yards from the spot, the panther, which was a female, started off for the hill-side. The first shot was a lucky one, hitting her behind, but without breaking bones; and the big dog was slipped at her. I followed; but on the steep hill-side the saddle—from the girths being loose—nearly turned round, and I relinquished the horse. The dog, in the meantime, brought the panther to bay in a bush, from which the first large stone dislodged her, and my next shot killed. Looking at the slain cow, a large piece from the hind-quarters of which had been eaten, and then looking at the slain figure of this panther, which was a small one, I felt convinced she was not the slayer of the cow, but had only come in for the feast procured by a larger animal. This was confirmed, also, by some large holes in the throat of the cow: holes almost big and deep enough to have been made by the tooth of a tiger.

About twenty days later, I was proceeding by the same corri, and thought I might just as well beat a small patch of thorny and very thick jungle, chiefly formed of the gloriosa superba, which beautiful creeper grows wild in the jungles of India. I was lame, from my horse having fallen on me on sheet rock, while trying to ride hog in these impassable corris. I dismounted,

however, and stood at one end, while the beaters beat up to me. Suddenly, out dashed an immense panther, which I saw at intervals only, going through the bushes, and missed with both barrels. They were snap-shots. He kept along the slope of the hill, scarcely ever showing himself; but, letting the two dogs loose, I mounted, and galloped along at the bottom in the bed of the river. After a good deal of dodging about, the dogs brought him to bay, at about a hundred and fifty feet above me.

It was a long time before I could get a shot at him, though he kept knocking the dogs over whenever they attempted to go into the bush where he was. At length he exposed himself; and my first barrel sent its ball through his ribs, upon which he broke cover. The second barrel broke his left forearm, and this brought him up to a large and very thick cactus-bush. Being too lame to climb up this steep rocky place without much pain, I sent up my two shikaris and another man, with spears, instructing them to get well above him, keeping their spears point down, and ready; and if they could see the panther from that spot, I would come and shoot him. They went up, and called to me to come. When I reached them, I could not see the panther at all, though he was not above fifteen feet from me. There were the dogs exhausted, with their tongues out of their mouths, and badly wounded; and had it not been for their brass collars, it is possible one of them might have been taken for the panther,

While my shikari was saying, "There he is, don't you see him?" and I was replying, "No," the panther, which had crawled to the edge of the bush, was in the act of springing upon me, showing the whole of his teeth. I had just time to fire. The ball went through his mouth, and out through his lower jaw. It turned him; and with the next barrel I rolled him over, dead.

This was the very largest panther I had then killed, or indeed seen; being seven feet nine inches long, and his head more like the head of a small tigress than of a panther. He was, doubtless, the slayer of the cow. The fight had lasted half an hour. My poor dog, Shairu, had between forty and fifty wounds upon him. The brass band and the steel spikes of the collar were divided, and marked all over with the panther's teeth. No doubt the collar had saved his life. From the effects of the wounds, the dog swelled next day to an enormous extent; and a large swelling on the left side I was obliged to open with an abscess-lancet, to let out the matter. It was a month before he was well, and he carried the scars with him to his grave. Alas, poor Shairu! he died in the prime of life, soon after I left India on leave, in 1856: a noble specimen of a courageous dog-and I shall think myself very fortunate if I ever get the like of him again.

On the 28th of December, 1858, three of us, being on field service at Simiriah, in the district of Chindwarrah, and requiring something to improve our dinner, agreed to go out to shoot

pea-fowl: it being reported that there was nothing else in the neighbourhood. I did not take my heavy rifle, nor my shikari, who remained in camp, sore-footed. I had with me a light-shot gun, loaded with shot, and a little revolver carbine. We had scarcely got to the ground, when out rushed a nilgai, or blue bull. We immediately started in pursuit, and after I had put a bullet into one of my barrels, we soon became separated from one another. I had crossed through the hilly jungle to the other side; and while on horseback, at the edge of the jungle, I suddenly came upon two panthers.

One was an immense one: but before I could dismount, they had both entered the jungle, and gone up the hill. Riding up to the top, I dismounted, and placing myself where I thought the panthers would pass, I kept the village shikari with me, and directed the three beaters—all I had with me—to throw stones into the bushes from the side opposite to which I was standing. Almost immediately the smaller panther of the two was roused, and putting her tail up in the air, she moved in my direction, when she stopped. I saw clearly the point of her left shoulder, but not her head, and fired the barrel loaded with ball. She was some twelve yards distant, and fell apparently dead. I then fired the barrel with shot at her backbone, to make sure. To my astonishment, she got up and went down the hill, every now and then falling forward. I saw her distinctly for sixty yards, and then loaded the gun again with one

ball, and one shot-charge; for I could find no other bullet.

Having warned the village shikari to keep close behind me with the heavy spear he had in his hand, I began to follow the wounded panther; but had scarcely gone twenty-five yards, when one of the beaters, who was on high ground, beckoned to me, and pointed a little below him, and in front of me. There was the large panther sitting out, unconcealed, between two bushes, a dozen yards before me. I could not, however, see his head; and, whilst I was thus delayed, he came out with a roar straight at me. I fired at his chest with a ball; and, as he sprang upon me, aimed the shot barrel at his head. Next moment he had seized my left arm and the gun. Not being able to use the gun as a club, I forced it, crosswise, into his mouth. He bit the stock through in one place; and whilst his upper fangs lacerated my arm and hand, the lower fangs went into the gun. His hind claws pierced my left thigh. He tried very hard to throw me over. In the meanwhile the shikari, who, had he kept the spear before him, might have stopped the charge of the panther, had retreated some paces to the left. He now, instead of spearing the panther, shouted out and struck him, using the spear as a club. In a moment the animal was upon him, stripping him of my shikar bag, his turban, my revolving rifle, and the spear. The man passed by me, holding his wounded arm.

The panther quietly crouched five paces in

front of me. I knew my only chance was to keep my eye upon him. He sat with all my despoiled property, stripped from the shikari, around and under him. The first step I moved backwards, keeping my eye on the panther, I fell on my back into a thorn bush, having slipped upon the rock. Here I was still within one spring of the animal, who appeared, as far as I could see, to be not at all disabled by the fight. Nothing could have saved me had he again attacked; but "there's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" to look out for the life of the wild hunter. I retreated step by step, my face still towards the foe, till I got to my horse, and to the other beaters, who were all collected together some forty yards from the fight.

I immediately loaded the gun with a charge of shot, and a bullet that I happened to find; then, taking my revolver pistol out of the holster, and sticking it into my belt, I determined to carry on the affair to its issue, knowing how rarely men recover from such wounds as mine. I was bleeding profusely from large toothwounds in the arm; the tendons of my left hand were torn open, and I had five claw-wounds in the thigh. The poor shikari's left arm was somewhat clawed up; and if the panther was not killed, the superstition of the natives would go far to kill this man. Terribly frightened as he was, his wounds were not so bad as mine.

I persuaded my horse-keeper to accompany me with a hog-spear, and we went to the spot where

lay the weapons stripped from the shikari. A few yards beyond them crouched the huge panther. Again, I could not see his head very distinctly, but fired deliberately behind his shoulder. In one moment he was upon me. I gave him the charge of shot, as I supposed, in his face, but had no time to take aim. The horse-keeper, instead of spearing, fell upon his back. The next instant the panther got hold of my left foot with his teeth, and threw me on my back. I struck at him with the empty gun, and he seized the barrels in his mouth. This was his last effort. I sprang up, and, seizing the spear from the horse-keeper, drove it with both hands through his side, and thus killed him. I immediately had my boot pulled off. My foot bled profusely. Fortunately, the wound was in the thin part of the foot, and not in the instep or ankle: but the teeth had met. It was now dark; and had I been unwounded, it would have been useless to attempt to search for the smaller wounded panther. This male measured eight feet two inches, and was one of the largest and most determined panthers I have ever seen. In examining his body, I found that my first bullet had struck him in the throat, and gone nearly through him: the shot charge had cut off one of his fore-paws. In the second attack, the bullet had gone under his backbone and through his body: the shot charge had cut his other fore-paw almost to pieces.

I am writing this account eight days after the accident, and I thank God that my wounds are doing well. I hope in another fortnight to go and find the pair to this panther, which then escaped me. The skin of the small panther, who was found dead, was taken into Chindwarrah. Just after we left, the animal was reported to have been killed a short distance from Simiriah. I have the skin. The ball is in the very spot I aimed at, and there is no doubt of its being the same animal.

AMONG THE AFGHANS

In the history of our relations with Afghanistan the name of Eldred Pottinger has an honourable place. He was the man who defended Herat against the forces of Persia; who, during the disastrous retreat from Kabul, voluntarily gave himself up as a hostage for the evacuation of Jellalabad; who effected the escape of the women and children from the clutches of Akbar Khan. Born in 1811, of Irish parents, Pottinger went out to India as a cadet of artillery when sixteen years of age. Though never of a studious disposition, he had a natural gift for languages, and very soon acquired a colloquial proficiency in various native dialects. This accomplishment, and the influence of his uncle, Colonel Pottinger, who represented British interests in Sind and Baluchistan, secured for him, in 1837, a good appointment in the Political Department. But Pottinger was not the man to settle down to a sedentary occupation. He longed for active employment, for a life of excitement and adven-ture. His chance came with the rupture of relations between the Shah of Persia and Prince

Kamran of Herat. The British Government were anxious to know exactly what was passing in Afghanistan, but at that early stage they were not disposed to interfere officially. Pottinger volunteered to make his way to Herat, in disguise, as an independent traveller. His offer was accepted through his uncle, the Resident, and he set off without delay on his adventurous journey.

Pottinger started in the disguise of a Cutch horse-dealer, and journeyed onwards towards Kabul, with a most unostentatious retinue. The route which he took was that of Shikarpur, Dera Ismail Khan, and Peshawar. At Kabul he determined to push his way on through the difficult country inhabited by the Imauk and Hazara hordes to Herat, the famous frontier city of Afghanistan, assuming for this purpose the disguise of a "Said," or holy man, from the

lower part of the country.

Here his adventures commenced. He was eager to explore the rugged and inhospitable hill-country, knowing well the dangers of the route, but knowing also the importance of obtaining correct information relating to it. "As I had made up my mind," he wrote in his journal, "against the advice of the few acquaintances I had in Kabul, and there was some suspicion that Dost Mohammed would prevent my proceeding to Herat, on quitting the place I gave out that I was going out with Said Ahmed to see the defile of the Logur River. After dark I left the house on foot, having some days

previously sent the horses to a caravanserai, and thence ordered those I intended taking to join me at the bridge, where my guide also met and escorted me to his house at Wazirabad, a few miles from the city."

He had not proceeded far before he fell in with a man who had known Sir Alexander Burnes,1 and who strongly suspected that Pottinger was a Feringhi. "We here met a traveller from the opposite direction," he wrote in his journal, "an acquaintance of my guide, who had been a packhorse driver with the kafila 2 which Sir A. Burnes accompanied to Balkh. He was struck by the fuss my guide was making about me, and appeared to discover me. He joined us, and commenced talking of the 'Feringhis' and Sekander Burnes.' He told me that officer had employed him to collect old coins at Balkh, and, praising his liberality, gave me several hints that he expected I would be equally so, and give him a present. But to all I turned a deaf ear, and would not be recognized, though I listened with all complacency to his stories, and chimed in with the usual exclamations in his pauses, so that, as his acquaintance would give him no information, he finally took leave of us, evidently in much doubt as to the correctness of the surmise."

A few days afterwards he was again suspected. A Kuzzilbash asked him whence he came—if from Lucknow? "I feared," said

¹ The British Envoy. He was murdered at Kabul soon afterwards.

² Caravan.

Pottinger, "he had been there, so said from near Shahjehanabad; upon which he informed me that Lucknow was a very fine city, and the only place in India which the Feringhis had not taken; that he had never been there himself, but knew a person who had. Seeing him pause for an answer, I replied that he, doubtless, was right; that I myself had the honour of being acquainted with a Said whose friend had been to Lucknow."

But a far more serious difficulty awaited him in Yakub Beg's country. This man was a noted Hazara chief, who was wont to levy blackmail upon all travellers, and, if it suited his purpose, to sell them off into slavery. He was not a bad man, after his kind, but he was surrounded and influenced by a crew of unscrupulous ruffians, and Pottinger and his companions were for some time in danger of losing either their liberties or their lives. Detained for several days in Yakub Beg's fort, the young English officer was rigorously examined, and was often at his wits' end to answer the questions that were put to him. Of the dangers and difficulties by which he was surrounded he has given an interesting account in his journal.

"The chief," he says, "was the finest Hazara I had seen, and appeared a well-meaning, sensible person. He, however, was quite in the hands of his cousin, an ill-favoured, sullen, and treacherous-looking rascal. I, by way of covering my silence, and to avoid much questioning, took to my beads, and kept telling them

with great perseverance, no doubt much to the increase of my reputation as a holy personage. Ayub Ahmed did the same to cover his ignorance of the Shiah ¹ forms. This turned the conversation on religious subjects, and I found that these people knew more than we gave them credit for, and though on abstruser points I could throw dust in their eyes, yet on the subject of every-day duties I was completely brought to a stand-still by my ignorance of the Shiah faith, and fear lest I should, by mentioning Sunni rules, cause a discovery.

"Said Ahmed was equally puzzled, and felt in full the false position I was in, and the want of a skilful and clever aid to take the brunt off my shoulders. Husain did all he could. but he was too distant to prompt me, and by several blunders, or rather, inappropriate attempts of his to support me, I was regularly floored, and at last had to declare that I had not a proper knowledge of these things. I had been a soldier and had not studied, but would do so now. The confusion I showed, and the ignorance of some of my answers, raised the suspicion of the chief's cousin, who, on one of the party asking if the Feringhis had not conquered all Hindustan, said: 'Why, he may be a Feringhi himself. I have always heard that the Hindustanis are black, and this man is fairer than we are.'

"I am sure we must all have shown signs of confusion at this. For my own part, I felt my

¹ One of the two great sects of Mohammedans. The other is the Sunnis.

cheeks tingle, and my presence of mind fast failing me, particularly as the whole assembly turned towards me. I had, however, no time for observation, and found that I must say something for myself. Husain had at once commenced a vigorous denial, in which he was joined by the Kabul merchant; yet the chief, a shrewd fellow, paid no attention to them, and evidently appeared to think there was some truth in it; and the multitude, ever prone for the wonderful, were already talking of the Feringhi in no very complimentary terms, scarcely one paying attention to my defenders.

"I, therefore, addressed the chief, saying that such inhospitality had never before been heard of; that here I had come as a pilgrim trusting to his aid; that I had chosen an unfrequented and barren road because inhabited by the Mussulmans in preference to the easier road, as it is well known that the Afghan people treat them well, and only tyrannize over the sect of Ali, the lawful Caliph; that in India there were Moguls, Pathans, and all sorts of people from cold climates; that, truly, much of it was hot, but that parts were cold to the north, and snow always lay on the mountains, and that if he asked my friends they would tell him I was a Kohistani and a true believer.

"The chief appeared satisfied with this, and turned his attention to Said Ahmed and the others, who were all talking together at the top of their voices; and the multitude, finding me speak as others did, and that I had no monstrosity about me, as they doubtless fancied a Feringhi should have, gradually turned their attention to those who made most noise; and I, having succeeded in satisfying the demand for an answer, was glad to be silent. My companions, however, carried their explanations too far, and the accuser, besides being obliged to make an apology, was taunted and badgered so much, that even a much less rancorous man would have been irritated and vowed vengeance, and seeing that my attempts to quiet them only added to his anger, I was obliged to hold my peace.

"It being now sunset, the chief got up and said 'I'll not prevent you from saying your prayers; as soon as I have finished mine I will return.' We immediately broke up, and set to performing the necessary ablutions, and then commenced prayers. I had no taste for this mockery, and not considering it proper, never before having attempted it, was rather afraid of observation. By the aid of Husain, however, I got through properly, or at least unremarked, and then had recourse to the beads till the rest had finished. Said Ahmed, however, got into a scrape; the Kabuli detected him as a Sunni, but he was pacified on Husain acknowledging that the other was but a new convert going to Meshu for instruction."

Days passed; Pottinger and his companions were still detained; so they began to meditate flight. The operation, however, was a hazardous one, and it seemed better to wait a little longer, in the hope of receiving the chief's permission for

their departure. Meanwhile, there was no little danger of the real character of the party being discovered, for their baggage was subjected to a search, and many of the articles in Pottinger's possession were such as, if rightly understood, would make clear his European origin. Among these was a copy of Elphinstone's *Kabul*, which

puzzled them greatly.

"On the 6th," wrote Pottinger in his journal, "the chief had evidently an idle day—he came before breakfast, and afterwards coming a second time, examined our load. There was a small tin can with medicines in it, which attracted his attention; but the danger of it was escaped by saying we were merely transporting it. The printed books were at first passed over, but, being unwatched, one of the meddlers hanging about took Elphinstone's *Kabul* up, and happened to open at a print. We were nearly floored at once, the whole party declaring it was an idol. Husain, however, swore that it was not, and that the houses of Kuzzilbashes in Kabul were full of such pictures.

"A small parcel of reeds next struck their attention, and they would not rest satisfied till it was opened, when they found some pencils and a pair of compasses, which I had tied there to preserve their points. They were lost in astonishment, and when I said the compasses were for the study of astronomy, a pursuit which the Persian sect pay much attention to, I was surprised to find it was in the Hazara estimation a forbidden science. However, a few names and

assertions got us over that. The hangers-on had, in the meantime, got hold of a note-book of mine, in which was a catalogue of generic terms in English, and the equivalents in Persian and Pashtu. This puzzled them greatly, and the party being joined by a neighbouring chief, the brother-in-law of Mir Yakub and a Said, both of whom could read, there was a general examination of the writing, and no explanation would satisfy them; at last, tired of guessing,

they gave it up and retired. . . .

"The chief asked me how I would like to live with him, and on my replying that if in the summer I found it so cold, what would I do in the winter; he said, 'Such a delicate person as you would die in a week. It is only we '(pointing to his miserable, half-starved clansmen) 'who can stand the cold.' The chief here made a slight mistake (from judging by himself, I suppose): he was certainly a well fed, heartylooking fellow, who could have stood or given a buffet with a right good will. As for the others, they were melancholy anatomies, apparently made but to prove in what misery, brutality and ignorance the human kind can exist. The halfclothed barbarians of Southern Asia have an idea that all persons of fair complexion must be delicate, while we in general attribute delicacy to a dark skin. Their poor-from the want of clothing—expose their bodies to the vicissitudes of the weather, and it becomes tanned, and consequently they think it a mark of hardiness, while their wealthy and great, always covered

and housed, retain in a great measure their lightness of colour. Hence it is considered the

badge of delicacy and effeminacy."

Pottinger's prospects now were anything but cheering. His companions were taken ill, and there seemed to be too much reason to apprehend that he would be detected and imprisoned. Another source of disquietude was the extreme dislike of his honest, truthful nature to the imposture which he was compelled to act. "In the evening," so he wrote in his journal, "Husain was taken ill with intermittent fever, and Said Ahmed fancied that he had a relapse. I was therefore more alone than usual, and at the time I should have avoided reflection; but I was obliged to review the actions of the day, which had, indeed, followed so fast upon each other, that I had not had a previous moment to consider the results. Now that I looked back, well knowing the imposition I had been practising, I could not conceal from myself the true state of the case, and that a discovery had really been made; but that hitherto good fortune had saved us. For the barbarians were not certain in their own minds, though a grain more evidence, or the speech of a bold man, would probably have decided the affair. I also felt my total incompetency to meet them alone, from my inadequate knowledge of their language and customs; and, as people in my situation generally do, I blackened my prospect a great deal more than it deserved."

Thus he meditated for a while; but he was a man naturally of a cheerful and sanguine

nature, so he cast away unavailing anxieties, and fortified himself for the work before him. "At last," he continued, "finding that I could do nothing, I judged it better to join Husain's servant in an inroad on our provision-bag, which he was very vigorously undertaking, than pursue such bootless ruminations." And indeed, as he said, his prospects were not so bad as they seemed; for, on the following day, the morning of the 7th of August, the Hazara chief yielded to the persuasions of the strangers, and suffered them to depart in peace, They had scarcely, however, recommenced their march, when, to their dismay, they were summoned back again. What followed may be best told in Pottinger's own words. It must be premised that he had propitiated Yakub Beg by the gift of a detonator gun.

"We, congratulating ourselves on getting off, were gladly climbing the rocky glen which led down to the castle, and had nearly reached the top of the mountains, when we were aware of several men running after us at speed and shouting for us to turn back. We had no choice left, so obeyed. I never saw such a change come over a party, particularly as the slave-dealers were let go, and we alone called back, the messengers specifying that the chief wanted me. I made up my mind that I was to be detained, and certainly was too annoyed for further talk; it, however, struck me the chief might want a turn-screw or bullet-mould, and I left Said Ahmed behind to unload the pony, and, if he could find

them, send them after. For this purpose we halted opposite the strangers' hut and left our cattle.

"Husain and I, having made this arrangement and charged the others to be cool, with as much unconcern as we could muster, proceeded on alone. We had got within a few yards of the esplanade in front of the castle where the chief was, when we heard a shot, and then a shout of exultation. What this meant we could not make out; but whatever it was, it had the effect a good shout always has of raising my spirits, and I felt that it would have been a great relief to give so joyful a hurrah myself; but as I thought, we reached the open space, and a few yards took us within speaking distance of the chief, who, in answer to, 'Peace be unto you,' replied, 'You may go now, I don't want you; I only sent for you to make the gun go off, but it is gone off.' I turned to be off too, wishing him most devoutly a passage to Tartarus; but Husain had been too seriously frightened to let him go off so quietly, and burst out into so eloquent an oration that he perfectly delighted me, and astonished the Hazaras. He asked the chief, among other things, 'Do you expect that we are to return from Herat, if you choose to send every time your gun misses fire?' He in fact quite overthrew the chief by his heat, and that worthy only appeared anxious to get out of reach of such a tongue."

Without much further adventure, the travellers reached Herat on the 18th of August, having been twenty-six days on the road, eight of which

were days of detention. Soon after their arrival they narrowly escaped being carried off and sold into slavery. "On our first arrival," wrote Pottinger on the 29th of August, "we went about unarmed; but happened to go to the Musula, a building about eight hundred yards from the gate of Muluk, built by Gowhur Shah Begum, the wife of Shah Ruk Sultan, we were very nearly carried off by the people who live near it in a rendezvous for slaveholders. We were only saved by Said Ahmed's presence of mind, who, on being questioned, said we had come with a party to a neighbouring garden to pass the day, and that our companions were coming after us. On this they went off, and we made the best of our way back to the city, with a firm resolution never again to venture out without our arms; and it is a rule every one should follow in these countries, unless attended by an armed escort. In any case a sword should always be carried, if not by yourself, by an attendant. So universal and necessary is the custom, that the Mullahs always travel armed even with an army."

HEROINE OF BURMAH

In February, 1812, there set out from Salem, in America, some young missionaries for the Far East. Among these were Adoniram Judson, and his wife, Ann, whom he had married only

two weeks previously.

They were bound for Calcutta, but no sooner were they landed than troubles beset them.

The East India Company declared the preach.

ing of the Gospel would incite the Hindus to rebellion, and ordered the missionaries to leave the country and return to America. Mr. and Mrs. Judson journeyed to Madras, which was under the jurisdiction of the East India Company; they dared not stay. There was a vessel—crazy and unseaworthy—setting sail for Rangoon. They took passage in this ship, and reached Burmah in July 1813.

For years the Judsons toiled bravely in Rangcon and Ava. They mastered the Burmese language—one of the most difficult in the world —and Mr. Judson translated into it portions of the Scripture. A little Christian church grew slowly under their care, and chief among their converts was a young Burmese—Moung Ing by name—who served them faithfully.

In 1824 war between the English and Burmese broke out. The Judsons were of course uneasy, for all white people in Burmah were in danger; but they went on quietly with their work at Ava. What happened then may be gathered from Ann Judson's letters home.

On June 8, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a "son of the prison." "Where is the teacher?" was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. "You are called by the king," said the officer, a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small

cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm. "Stay," said I; "I will give you money." "Take her too," said the officer; "she also is a foreigner." Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged that they would let me remain till further orders.

The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected; the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools and ran; the little Burman children were screaming and crying; the Bengali servants stood in amazement at the indignities offered their master; and the hardened executioner, with a kind of fiendish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes; but he spurned my offers and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Moung Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the order of the king to commit Mr. Judson to the death-prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed, and Moung Ing saw no more.

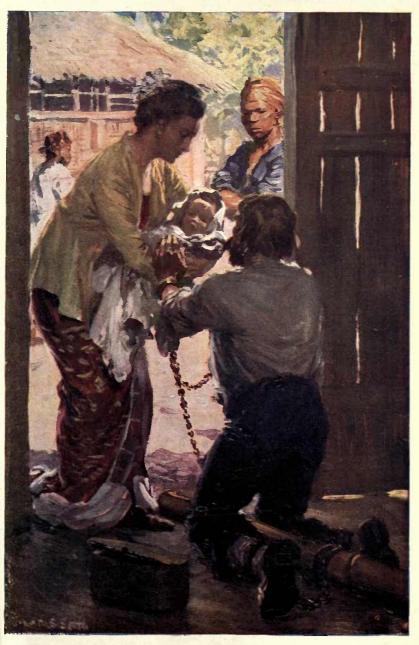
The next morning I sent Moung Ing to ascer-

tain the situation of your brother, and give him food if still living. He soon returned with the intelligence that Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the death-prison with three pairs of iron fetters each and fastened to a long pole to prevent them moving.

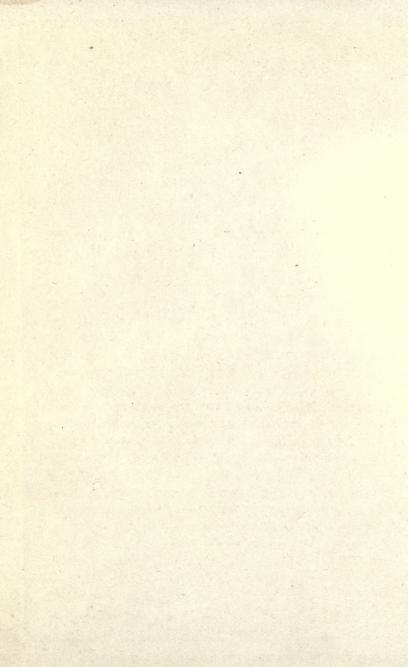
Nothing could be done to obtain the release of the prisoners; but by continued entreaties, petitions and bribes, Mrs. Judson at last obtained permission to see her husband. He was allowed to crawl manacled to the prison door and speak with her.

A fellow prisoner afterwards wrote:—

His food was such as Mrs. Judson could provide. Sometimes it came regularly, and sometimes they went very hungry. Sometimes for weeks together they had no food but rice, savoured with ngapee—a certain preparation of fish, not always palatable to foreigners. But once, when a term of unusual quiet gave her time for the softer and more homely class of loving thoughts, Mrs. Judson made a great effort to surprise her husband with something that should remind him of home. She planned and laboured, until by the aid of buffalo beef and plantains she actually concocted a mincepie. Unfortunately, as she thought, she could not go in person to the prison that day; and the dinner was brought by smiling Moung Ing, who seemed aware that some mystery must be wrapped up in that peculiar preparation of meat and fruit, though he had never seen the well-spread boards of Plymouth and Bradford.



MRS. JUDSON TAKES HER CHILD TO HER CHAINED HUSBAND



But the pretty little artifice only added another pang to a heart whose susceptibilities were as quick and deep as, in the sight of the world, they were silent. When his wife had visited him in prison, and borne taunts and insults with and for him, they could be brave . together; when she had stood up like an enchantress, winning the hearts of high and low, making savage gaolers, and scarcely less savage nobles weep, or moved protected by her own dignity and sublimity of purpose like a queen along the streets, his heart had throbbed with proud admiration; and he was almost able to thank God for the trials which had made a character so intrinsically noble shine forth with such peculiar brightness. But in this simple, homelike act, this little unpretending effusion of a loving heart, there was something so touching, so unlike the part she had just been acting, and vet so illustrative of what she really was, that he bowed his head upon his knees, and the tears flowed down to the chains about his ankles.

During her husband's imprisonment, a little daughter was born to Mrs. Judson. She had long previous to this adopted the Burmese style of dress, in order to conciliate the people and win them to a kindlier treatment of her. In this dress she brought the child to its father, who crawled in his chains to the meeting.

Soon after this all the prisoners were removed, under the most cruel conditions, to Oung-pen-la. One man died from exhaustion by the way, and Mr. Judson bore to the end of his life the marks of the manacles and the scars of wounds

upon his feet. Mrs. Judson, with two little Burman children, a Bengali cook, and her own child, followed them, suffering intense discomfort by the way. Of Oung-pen-la she writes in that same long letter to her husband's brother—

But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view! The prison was an old shattered building without a roof; the fence was snattered building without a roof; the fence was entirely destroyed; eight or ten Burmese were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves; while under a little low projection outside of the prison sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. The first words of your brother were, "Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here." It was now dark. I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoner. had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapura, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the gaolers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said, no; it was not customary. I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I could find some place to live in. He took me to his house in which there were only two small rooms—one in which he and his family lived; the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me, and in that little filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half-boiled

water, instead of my tea, and worn out with fatigue, laid myself down on a mat spread over the paddy, and endeavoured to obtain a little

refreshment from sleep.

Here at this place my personal bodily sufferings commenced. While your brother was confined in the city prison, I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health had continued good beyond all expectation. But now I had not a single article of convenience—not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo floor. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the small-pox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But now she required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued, in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled, that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighbourhood nor medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison with little Maria in my arms.

Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her for an hour, when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. As she was in the same little room with myself, I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inoculated her from another child before Mary's

had arrived at such a state as to be infectious. At the same time I inoculated Abby and the gaoler's children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take; she caught it of Mary, and had it the natural way. She was then only three months and a half old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was about three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder.

The gaoler's children having had the small-pox so lightly, in consequence of inoculation, my fame was spread all over the village, and every child, young and old, who had not previously had it was brought for inoculation. And although I knew nothing about the disorder, or the mode of treating it, I inoculated them all with a needle, and told them to take care of their diet—all the instructions I could give them. Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored, and he found himself much more comfortably situated than when in the city prison.

when in the city prison.

The prisoners were at first chained two and two; but as soon as the gaolers could obtain chains sufficient, they were separated and each prisoner had but one pair. The prison was repaired, a new fence made, and a large airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in the little close prison at night. All the children recovered from the small-pox; but my watchings and fatigue,

together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners. My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson's prison. In this debilitated state I set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines and some suitable food, leaving the cook to supply my place. I reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed at a stand; after which it attacked me so violently that I had no hopes of recovery left; and my only anxiety now was to return to Oung-pen-la to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the medicine-chest from the governor, and then had no one to administer medicine. I, however, got at the laudanum, and by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la. The last four miles was in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buried the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round, thick planks with a hole in the middle, through which a pole, that supports the body, is thrust.

I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house; but

so altered and emaciated was my appearance, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengali cook. A common Bengali cook will do nothing but the simple business of cooking; but he seemed to forget his caste, and almost his own wants, in his efforts to serve us. He would provide, cook and carry your brother's food, and then return and take care of me. I have frequently known him not to taste of food till near night, in consequence of having to go so far for wood and water, and in order to have Mr. Judson's dinner ready at the usual hour. He never complained, never asked for his wages, and never for a moment hesitated to go anywhere or to perform any act we required. I take great pleasure in speaking of the faithful conduct of this servant, who is still with us, and I trust has been well rewarded for his services.

Release from Oung-pen-la came at last. Mr. Judson was sent for to act as interpreter in the Burmese camp. When the war was nearing its end, and the English had possession of the ports, he was allowed to return to find his wife. At the close of the war the prisoners were released, after twenty-one months' misery.

To the end of their lives, Ann Judson and her husband laboured faithfully, patiently, bravely, in the East. Ann died in 1827 in a mission-house which she herself had built at Amhurst, and her little child died soon afterwards. Dr. Judson still continued his work as missionary. He translated the whole of the Bible into Burmese; and compiled a Burmese dictionary. In 1850 his health broke down entirely; he was ordered a sea voyage, but when scarcely three days out of sight of the mountains of Burmah, he passed away peacefully in the evening, and was buried at sea.

THE MAN-EATER OF SHIKARPUR

The following account of a tiger hunt in India is taken from *The Old Forest Ranger*, by Major Walter Campbell, of Skipness, a cousin of Lord Elcho (now Earl of Wemyss), and one of the best-known sportsmen of his day. The characters in the book are fictitious, and, as the author explains, were "merely introduced to serve as foils to the wild beasts, and to avoid the repetition of that eternal egotistical I, which is so disagreeable in a personal narrative." All the incidents described are authentic, and were witnessed either by Major Campbell himself, his brother, Mr. George Campbell, of the Bombay civil service, or by some third person on whose word the author had implicit reliance.

From his fondness for big game hunting, Major Campbell was known among the officers of the 62nd Regiment, with which he served in India, as the Jungle Wallah, or Wild Man of the Woods.

On the banks of the river Cauvery stands one of those mean-looking villages, which occur, at intervals of a few miles, throughout the greater part of the Mysore country. A small mud fort, long since dismantled, and now almost concealed by jungle, overlooked a sluggish stream, whose dark waters lazily licked the crumbling walls. The snow-white egret and the stately crane waded amongst the shallows, with their long necks outstretched, in attitudes of intense watchfulness. The scaly alligator lay basking on the half-covered sand-banks; and the Brahminey kite hovered above the reeds, uttering its querulous note, as its bright chestnut wings quivered in the level beams of the setting sun.

Labourers, with their black blankets hanging over their shoulders, came in straggling parties from the fields, driving their bullocks before them, and the women returned from the wells in picturesque groups, each supporting with one hand an earthen jar of antique form, gracefully balanced on her head; whilst the silver bangles which encircled her ankles made music to her light elastic step. Such was the peaceful scene, as evening closed upon that lonely village. But at intervals, a wild startling shout would come booming on the breeze, and ere its falling notes had died away, the cry was taken up, and continued from an opposite quarter. This was the Shikar-cry of the Mysore woodsmen, raised for the purpose of scaring any wandering tiger from their path; and, to an Indian sportsman, told

its tale. A jungle village on the banks of a river is generally haunted by a tiger; if there be a ruined fort, overgrown with grass and brushwood, such probability is much increased—and whenever the woodcutter returns hurriedly at sunset, shouting that ominous holla, the chances are that a tiger dogs his steps.

The sun had set, and night was fast approaching as Rung Row, the venerated priest of the village, strode along the banks of the river to a convenient spot for making his evening ablutions. He returned with dignified condescension the salutations humbly offered by each ryot whom he met, and proceeded on, wrapped in his own meditations. Little thought the proud Brahman, as he pondered over the probable success of his last project in priestly craft, that he was not doomed to reap its fruits.

At a winding of the river, less than a quarter

At a winding of the river, less than a quarter of a mile from the village, was a little bay, sheltered from observation by some aloe bushes. The water was not too deep; and soft sand, pleasant for the foot to tread, shelved gradually

into a clear pool.

Having no clothes to encumber him, save a cotton wrapper round his loins, the devout worshipper of Vishnu waded at once into the stream, muttering a prayer at every step, and commenced the important ceremony of ablution by pouring water from a small brass vessel, over his shaven crown and well-oiled skin.

What rustle was that? The Brahman's ears

heard not, they were stunned by the cold stream over them. His eyes, too, were closed, else would he have seen two bright-green orbs glaring fiercely upon him, through the branches of an aloe bush at his side. His hour had come, for the famous Man-eater of Shikarpur was upon his trail. Her eye had rested on her victim, and she thirsted for his blood. Her grim head was cautiously thrust through the bushes, and the striped monster issued from her lair with stealthy tread. Dragging her belly along the sand, her tail switching impatiently, her ears laid flat upon her neck, and her whiskered lips drawn back, so as to expose her formidable array of tusks, she crept silently to the brink of the water. There, gathering herself together, she glared for one moment on the devoted wretch; then, bounding forward, she threw herself upon him with a roar, which thrilled through his guilty soul, and drowned the death-shriek which he uttered in his agony. Struggle there was none—the paw of the tigress fell like a bar of iron upon his skull, crushing it to the brain, and her powerful teeth met in his throat. Death was almost instantaneous. A senseless body hung quivering in her grasp, as she turned to the shore; but she still shook it with ferocious energy, and buried her tusks deeper still, as it throbbed at the last convulsive gasp.

This fearful death had been the fate of many a poor ryot and woodcutter belonging to the village, for the tigress had haunted it during several months. Their fate created little sensation—they were only Sudras.1 But when a herd-boy, who had witnessed this tragedy, ran to the village, screaming "Bagh! "2 and announced that the Man-eater was supping on the blessed carcase of a Brahman priest, the holy brotherhood were roused from their apathy into a state of keen excitement. Women ran about beating their breasts, and howling their national lament, and the village resounded with the dismal cries of "Wah! Wah! Bagh! Bagh!"

After a decent indulgence in strenuous demonstrations of grief, the amaldar 3 dispatched a peon to summon Bhurmah, the principal shikari of the village. In a few minutes he was dragged, like a criminal, into the great man's presence, and abused with that despotic disregard of right and wrong which ever accompanies an Asiatic's possession of power.

Bhurmah was one of the most noted shikaris of the province; his whole life had been spent in watching beasts of prey. But the dreaded tigress of Shikarpur had as yet baffled him; and now that she had killed a Brahman, it followed, according to a Brahman's reasoning, that poor Bhurmah, together with all his kindred, but more especially those of the female line, were everything that is odious in a Brahman's eyes. Having been duly apprised of these fair in-ferences, he was commanded, upon pain of an amaldar's displeasure, to produce the head

¹ The lowest caste of Hindus. 2 Tiger. ² Head of a community.

of the tigress before she committed further

sacrilege.

"It is an order!" answered the submissive Hindu, shouldering the long matchlock on which he had leaned during this satisfactory audience. And the man, who wore three medals on his breast, rewards for gallantry in his many conflicts with tigers, retired cowering from the presence of an effeminate Brahman, without a word of reply to the most insulting and unjust abuse.

Bhurmah, a poor shikari, and Mansfield, a British officer, were very different persons, and very different was the style in which the amaldar addressed them.

As soon as he had vented his wrath upon the inferior, the administrator of justice penned a flowery letter to his superior, the English Burra-Sahib, of whose arrival in a neighbouring village he had that day been informed.

Having described the sad event in glowing language, he proceeded to beg that "the mighty warrior, the great and powerful lord, in whose hands a lion was as a mouse, would be graciously pleased to extend the shadow of his protection over his devoted slaves, and come with his elephant and death-dealing weapon, to rid them of the destroyer of their peace."

Before sunset next day, Mansfield and Charles, attended by the trusty Ayapah, were galloping along a path which led to Shikarpur. Their road lay for some miles through a bamboo

jungle, the outskirts of the Wainad Forest, and as the day declined, the faster did they ply their spurs.

There were mementoes enough on that silent road to warn the traveller not to linger after the sun had set. Heaps of stones, raised by the passers-by to mark the spot where some ill-starred wretch had been killed by a tiger, presented themselves in many a gloomy spot; and as the riders passed each of these sad memorials, the foaming Arabs were pushed on at renewed speed—it would not do to be benighted here.

The open country was gained, the lofty pinnacle of the village pagoda was seen towering above the trees, and, ere another mile was passed, the riders had pulled up their smoking horses in the midst of the bazaar, and were surrounded by a host of natives all salaaming with true Oriental obsequiousness, and thrusting into their hands the offerings of fruit, without which it would be presumptuous to approach a superior. They were the authorities of the village—sleek, well-fed Brahmans, each vying with the other in the fervour of his welcome, and prayers for the invincible warrior's prosperity.

All this must be submitted to; and, although Mansfield fidgeted in his saddle, he was too well-bred to show his annoyance. He returned their salaams, answered their compliments, pocketed as much of the fruit as he could, and insisted on the amaldar remounting his little ambling pony, from which, in his humility, he had dismounted. With this gracious order the

smooth-faced Brahman complied, after a decent show of resistance, and was forthwith embedded in a crimson cushion, which, with its complicated trappings, smothered the little punchy steed, so as to leave little visible save a white head

and a pink tail that swept the ground.

A band of native musicians, armed with terrible instruments of discord, struck up a barbarous piece of music, which might have shattered the nerves of a Highland bagpiper. Armed peons cleared the way. The mob shouted, and the cavalcade proceeded. Charles was delighted with the bustle and novelty of the scene; but poor Mansfield, who had long ago been disgusted with the barbarous pageantry and fulsome flattery of native dignitaries, devoutly wished the obsequious amaldar and his shouting myrmidons at Jericho.

It would have been amusing to a stranger to contrast the dusty, wayworn figure of the European, to whom all these honours were paid, with the spotless white robes, gaudy turbans and magnificent shawls, of his fawning flatterers. His shooting-jacket, which had once been green, was now indeed a garment of many colours. His hunting-cap, bruised and battered out of all shape, matched it well; and brown cord breeches, met by deerskin gaiters, completed the attire of the weather-beaten, sundried sportsman, who rode on with Quixotic gravity, surrounded by a staring if not an admiring throng. Thus escorted—the noble Arab which he rode alone denoting his rank—

Mansfield proceeded to a garden on the banks of the river, where a tent was pitched for his reception. The elephant, just arrived, was refreshing itself in the stream, and a party of coolies were cooking their messes, to recruit themselves after their march. Here the Brahmans asked permission to take their leave—a boon most willingly granted—and Mansfield was left to a conference more congenial to his taste. They were no sooner gone than he threw aside his coat, kicked off his gaiters, dropped into an arm-chair, and, inhaling a long whiff from the hookah, placed at his side by a venerable Mussulman, dispatched Ayapah to summon Bhurmah the shikari.

It was not yet light enough to distinguish objects clearly when Mansfield was roused by his attendant announcing that the dawn had come, and that the people were ready. A sleepy voice answered—

"Order the grey horse and the chestnut pony to be saddled. Take the rifles and ammunition, and go to the jungle where Bhurmah lost the trail yesterday, and see that there is a bundle of rockets in the howdah. I shall be with you

before you reach the ground."

The interval between the first faint dawn and the bright glare which immediately precedes sunrise is brief in the tropics. By the time the two sportsmen were mounted there was sufficient light to enable them to pick out the elephant's tracks, guided by which they overtook the party as Bhurmah was leading the way into a tigerish-looking valley, the bright verdure of which contrasted strongly with the brown tints of the surrounding country. A ravine, never dried up in the hottest weather, ran through it and discharged itself into a tank at one extremity, where the cover was thickest. On that side the jungle ended abruptly in a plain, where hog might be ridden, so free was it from brushwood. On this, the valley contracted gradually towards the hills, till it became the mere bed of a little mountain-stream.

While the natives, fifteen in number, examined the edges of the cover, to ascertain if the tigress had passed through, Mansfield and Charles, mounted on the elephant, searched the bed of the ravine, following the foot-prints until they were lost on rocky soil. After making several fruitless casts to recover the trail, they rejoined the natives, who had also failed in finding any outgoing track. A brief consultation was held, and Bhurmah declared his conviction that the tigress lay concealed in the cover.

Mansfield, therefore, ordered every man except Ayapah, who would accompany him on the elephant, to take up a position, by which all points might be guarded. And, as a further precaution, a native horseman was posted on an eminence commanding a clear view, with orders not to lose sight of the tigress if she

broke away.

These arrangements having been made, the stately elephant advanced at the word of com-

mand, crashing his way through the yielding branches as a ship tosses the opening waves from her side. His progress was slow, for the utmost exertions of the mahout 1 were required to force him through some parts of the thicket, where masses of prickly shrubs bristled against him, and tough creepers matted the bushes into a compact barrier, which threw back the immense animal at every rush he made to beat them down. Some hours were spent in this arduous search. The heat was becoming intense; the elephant growing sulky, and the mahout muttering to himself broken sentences, expressive of impatience; even Ayapah relaxed in the diligent scrutiny with which he had examined each tuft of grass. But the leader persevered in his usual patient manner, never passing a bush until it was thoroughly beaten, although no trace had as yet been found to cheer them.

One corner of the valley, in which were some withered brambles, overgrown by high spear-grass, was yet untried. To this the wearied elephant was advancing with unwilling steps, when a monkey, which had been quietly watching their proceedings, was observed to spring from tree to tree, looking down, grinning and chattering with every mark of violent agitation, while the long grass waved below him.
"Look, Sahib!" cried Ayapah, from the back

of the howdah.

[&]quot;Push on the elephant to his utmost!" 1 The driver of an elephant.

shouted Mansfield, in a voice of thunder; "she is there, and is making off."

The sagacious brute knew well that his game was near. His eye glistened, and flapping his ears, he rushed forward with his trunk curled in the air.

"There is the trail!" exclaimed Ayapah, pointing to a fresh impression of paws on the side of the ravine.

"Shall I cross?" asked the mahout, looking over his shoulder.

"Over, quick," was the reply. "She is away! Hark to that holla!"

While he spoke, a piercing yell proclaimed a view; and then arose the wild shikar cry, in full chorus, causing every nerve to thrill with excitement. The goaded elephant scrambled across the ravine, and threaded his way to the point where shouts of "Bagh!" announced that the tigress was approaching. The jungle rang with the cry, and it was returned in echoes from the hills. Rockets were discharged, and every exertion made to hem her in; but she had been hunted before, and would not be stopped. The directing signal from the scouts was still forward, and, before the elephant had forced a passage through the jungle, a shikari, watching the plain, waved his turban, and uttered the well-known whoop, which announced that she had broken cover.

They reached the plain, and there was the sowar, on whom all their hopes of marking the game depended; his arms and legs going like a

windmill in fits, screwing along his old spavined mare, in apparently hot pursuit of the flying tigress. He might safely have done his best, for there was little fear of a native horseman overtaking a wandering man-eater across a hilly country. But, to make "certainty more sure," he pulled yet harder than he spurred; and the consequence was a pace admirably adapted for raising a cloud of dust. Of course, as he intended, the tigress disappeared over the brow of a hill, well in advance, and he returned faster than he went, brandishing his spear manfully, as if he really had intended to use it. Without slackening his speed, he galloped up to the elephant, all in a foam, and pulling the poor old mare on her haunches, by a tug that well-nigh broke her jaw, blustered out a confused account of his own amazing zeal, and hints of what he would have done, had the tigress not fled before him. "Inshallah! she did not wait till my spear could reach her-she fled like a bird before a hawk!"

"It is well for you that she did so," replied Mansfield, drily. "But did you mark the tigress? Was she in sight when you gained the top of the hill?"

"What could your slave do?" replied the

sowar, looking rather crestfallen. "Could he outstrip the wind?"

This unsatisfactory reply was sufficient. Mans-field turned from him in disgust, and addressing his followers, urged the necessity of pressing on at once and endeavouring to hit her trail.

"That fellow has been of little service as a marker," he added; "but we may track her up again; she has not gone far. A hundred rupees to the man who strikes her trail, and runs it to her lair!"

Money will do anything with a native. The wearied, dispirited shikaris roused themselves at the sound of rupees, and the chase recommenced.

From the point where the tigress was lost, they scattered themselves over the country, inspecting the soil with earnest gaze, as if searching for treasure. Some time elapsed without any discovery being made. At last a young villager who had been examining a sheep-track, stopped short, and gave the signal of success. All ran eagerly to the spot, crowding round a footmark, which certainly was that of a tiger.

"Look at it, Bhurmah," said Mansfield, un-

certain how to act.

The veteran gave it a single glance, and turning away with a look of contempt, declared the marks to be three days old.

An assurance coming from such authority admitted of no dispute, and the search was resumed.

As when a puppy, opening on a false scent, brings around him some babblers, who bustle about, whimpering and lashing their sides with their feathery tails, an old hound raises his head, and joins them for a moment, but, detecting the error at the first sniff, leaves them with disdain to make his own cast; so Bhurmah, his long white moustache giving him an air of

peculiar sagacity, struck off from his less experienced companions, and, as if guided by some unerring instinct, proceeded straight in a line, which brought him to a little mountain-stream. Into this he dived, and, for some time, disappeared; then, raising his head above the bank, he sent back a thrilling halloo, which was answered by a shout of triumph from the rest of the human pack.

When they joined him, he was found inspecting

the margin of a small pool.

"She has stopped here to drink, and cannot be far ahead; for the sun has not yet dried the

moisture from her foot-prints."

This was addressed by Mansfield to his peon, Ayapah, who, jealous that another should excel, began to doubt before he had deigned to look. The old shikari listened in silence and with a smile of triumph to the acknowledgment, which after a careful examination of the spot the peon was obliged to make, that they were now on the true scent.

The new trail was followed up rapidly, each step eliciting some cheering remark as to its distinctness. It had been found upon the summit of the hills, where a considerable extent of tableland intervened before the country beyond became visible. Over this the shikaris proceeded at a long trot without a check, till the plain lay stretched beneath them. A flock of goats was feeding amongst the rocks on the mountain side, watched by a goatherd, who sat motionless, like a bronzed figure, on the heated rocks. The little

grey fox basked in the sun, heedless of his proximity; and the wolf passed by at a lazy trot, lolling out his tongue, and hanging his slouching head as if indifferent to the presence of man. Ranges of naked rocks encircling a plain of barren sand, like a vast amphitheatre, met the eye on every side. The scanty vegetation was scorched into a uniform sunburnt tint, and the few sickly date-trees which reared their stunted heads in the midst of the wilderness, only served to heighten the appearance of desolation. There is something peculiarly wild in such a scene. A sky without a cloud, a plain without a spot of verdure, cracked into gaping fissures, and the sun, like a ball of burnished metal, blazing over its nakedness. No smoke to mark the site of a single hut; nor trace of man, save that solitary goatherd, passing his life amongst the beasts of

the desert, and they not fearing him.

So far the party had pursued the wandering tigress by her trail. The nature of the chase

was now altered.

While the natives stood clustered together at fault, having lost the track among stones, Mansfield was looking around, considering where they would probably bring her to bay, when his quick eye perceived the goats to start, and scramble in confusion up the rocks.

"My rifle, Ayapah; there she goes!"

It was indeed the hunted tigress once more in view. Charles threw forward his rifle, and fired without a moment's hesitation, although the tigress was nearly three hundred yards

distant. But the bullet fell far short of its intended mark.

"That is rather too long a range for accurate shooting, Master Charles," said Mansfield; "we must push on and get nearer. She can never

keep up that pace under such a sun."

"Sahib, if an old man may speak," interrupted Bhurmah, "it will be better to remain quiet. She is making straight for her house—that ravine below us. There she will lie up. I have followed her trail into it before now."

"I dare say you are right," replied Mansfield, watching the tigress with his glass. "She is nearly blown. Ay, now she looks back—I can see her jaws wide open, her tongue is hanging a foot out of her mouth, and is as white as her teeth. We have her now-she has disappeared under the bank. Her race is run, and she must stand to bay. But, oh! for two hours more of daylight!" he added, looking at the lengthening shadows on the plain.

"It is a stronghold she has chosen," observed Bhurmah. "I have seen a tiger hold out for a whole day against three elephants in that very place; and you may be sure the man-eater of

Shikarpur knows the strongest part."

By the time the indefatigable band had surrounded their game, the sun was gilding the hill-tops with its setting rays. Not a moment was lost. Bhurmah mounted the howdah that he might guide the mahout at once to the spot where he expected to find the tigress, for he knew every inch of ground, and, on this occasion, he was not mistaken. The experienced shikari brought the elephant under a clump of babul-bushes which grew upon a high ledge of almost perpendicular rock. Further progress was impossible. Pointing upwards to an opening in the grass, through which a heavy animal had evidently passed, he said—

"There is her den!" A low growl from the centre of the bushes confirmed his accuracy.

She had chosen her stronghold admirably. It was protected, in front, by a mountain stream, and backed by a perpedicular rock, which projected over it so as to shelter it from above. Mansfield looked in vain for a path where the elephant might find footing. There was none. A man might have reached the den by climbing; but certain death would have been the fate of him who dared to approach the watchful tigress. One chance of success still remained, and it was adopted. The elephant having been withdrawn, Mansfield and Charles posted themselves on a rock, sufficiently high to protect them from the tigress, in the event of her bolting, and directed the people to bombard her position with rockets from the opposite height. But all was ineffectual. Showers of rockets lighted up the gloomy chasm, and ignited the thin grass along its edges, but it quickly consumed, without spreading to the bushes in which she lay: they were green, and would not burn.

When the whole stock of combustibles had been exhausted, rocks were hurled down, and volleys of matchlocks fired; but the only result was an occasional surly growl; and the party, wearied and dispirited by their fruitless efforts, were unwillingly obliged to retire, it having become too dark for further operations.

For three whole days the party traversed the country without finding a mark, or hearing anything of the dreaded tigress. But she was pursued by men who had sworn that she should die, and the ardour of their search was not relaxed.

On the morning of the fourth day, whilst Bhurmah and his men were trying some covert in the neighbourhood, two herdboys sat watching their buffaloes in that valley where the pursuit had first commenced. They cared little about tigers; for they knew that the old bull of their herd would protect them while they kept at his side. And now, believing that the great maneater had been driven from the neighbourhood, there was nothing to fear. Thus, unsuspicious of danger, the boys sauntered along, picking berries, and amusing themselves with childish sports, till they had wandered a considerable distance from their protectors.

Alas! the destroyer was at hand. She had crept from bush to bush so silently that her heavy breathing first gave warning of her approach. The hindermost child turned round, his heart beating with a vague presentiment of danger. The fierce eye of the tigress met his. He uttered a scream of terror, and shrieked the fearful name of Bagh! The sound had scarcely passed his lips, when the terrible roar of the monster shook the earth, and his small bones

crackled between her jaws. The other boy fled to the nearest tree, into which he climbed with the agility of a monkey; from there he saw the tigress toss her prey over her shoulder, and trot back, growling, to the jungle. As soon as she was out of sight he hurried to the village to give the alarm; and, in less than an hour, Mansfield and his followers, guided by the little herdboy, were on their way to the fatal spot.

It was a sight to melt the heart, to see that poor trembling child standing with the tears rolling down his cheeks, over the scene of the

late tragedy.

As he told his melancholy tale, a cold shudder ran through his little frame, and choked his feeble voice.

Mansfield drew a rough hand across his eyes, as he ordered the elephant to kneel.

"Ask that boy, one of you," said he, addressing a peon, "if he would like to come with me,

on the elephant, and see the tigress die."

The man whom he addressed stared; and a murmur of amazement ran around, at an offer so little in conformity with a native's idea of becoming dignity. To mount a naked outcast boy upon the same elephant with an English Burra-Sahib! The idea was almost sacrilegious. But the honest, manly heart of Mansfield knew no such petty pride, and he repeated his orders in a tone which admitted of no remonstrance, whilst he cast a look of kindness on the poor despised child, whose large black eyes were fixed upon him with a look of stupefied amaze-

ment. He was reluctantly obeyed: Charles had taken his seat, and Mansfield was about to follow, when the elephant, tired of kneeling so long on hard ground, gave utterance to his annoyance by an angry roar.

Before the elephant had time to rise, the buffaloes, which had been quietly grazing round the edge of the jungle, raised their heads, snorted, and rushed in a body towards one point, bellowing

furiously.

"Bagh! Bagh!" shrieked the terrified child, cowering down into the bottom of the howdah.
"By Heavens, it is!" cried Mansfield, springing to the ground. "She has taken the alarm

already. The large rifle, quick!"

Ayapah thrust it into his hand. Setting the third sight, for a long shot, he stretched back one leg, and slowly raised the heavy weapon to his eye, his finger feeling the trigger with a pressure so gradual that the barrel seemed to pour forth its contents spontaneously, the instant it rested motionless.

"That hit her!" he calmly observed, as he dropped the discharged weapon into the hollow of his arm, and stood for a moment to watch the effect of the shot.

The tigress, who was stealing along at a distance of full two hundred yards, uttered a short angry roar, and dropped on her knees. When she rose one fore-leg hung dangling from her shoulder, and in this crippled state she slunk into cover, pursued by the buffaloes bellowing at her haunches.

A murmur of admiration ran around the bystanders at this exhibition of skill, which so far exceeded what the majority thought possible that it seemed more than human, and made them look upon the successful marksman almost in the light of a demi-god. Even old Bhurmah could hardly believe his senses when he heard the soft thud of the bullet and saw the animal drop, at a distance so far beyond the range of his own trusty matchlock. And the poor little herdboy clasped his hands together, and his large eyes glistened with tears of gratitude when the joyful shout announced that his dreaded enemy was disabled from flight, and her death certain.

Without noticing the admiration which his skilful shot had occasioned, Mansfield reloaded his rifle with scrupulous exactness, and took his seat in the howdah beside Charles, with the wondering herdboy between them. Old Bhurmah climbed up on the elephant's crupper to ensure being in at the death, and the stately animal marched up to the final encounter.

Drops of blood guided them to the bush in which the wounded tigress lay. The heavy foot of the advancing elephant shook the ground. She raised her head, laid back her ears savagely, and ceased licking the blood from her shattered shoulder. Mansfield cautioned Charles to be ready, but not to fire in a hurry, as he would wait for him to take the first shot. They were now near enough to observe the bush agitated, as if she was collecting herself for a rush, and a low growl gave forth its warning. Old Bhurmah danced about like a maniac, one hand grasping the back of the howdah to support himself, the other brandishing his sword; and his long white moustache, which curled up to his eyes, giving him a look of ferocity almost equal to that of the tigress. The sagacious elephant twisted his trunk up to be out of harm's way, and advanced cautiously another step. A louder growl increased to a short hoarse roar.

"Keep him steady now—she is coming," said Mansfield, addressing the mahout with perfect coolness. Charles held his breath, and his eyes seemed as if starting from his head with excitement, as he cocked both barrels of his rifle, and half raised it to his shoulder.

"No hurry, boy; take her coolly," said

Mansfield.

The branches crashed — a brindled mass gleamed through them—and the tigress sprang forth. Her flaming eye gazed wildly around, then settled on her foes. Every hair in her body stood erect-her tail lashed her painted sides, and her flanks heaved laboriously, as if almost suffocated with rage. Uttering a deep growl, she arched her back and lowered her head for a spring.
"Now!"

Quick as lightning followed the flash of the rifle, both barrels being discharged almost simultaneously, and the tigress staggered back with two balls in her chest. She recovered her footing, and was in the act of bounding forward to the charge, when a shot from Mansfield's unerring rifle entered her brain. She dropped from her proud attitude, and the famous maneater of Shikarpur lay gasping in a pool of blood, which gushed from a ragged hole between her eyes.

Whilst Ayapah busied himself in the important operation of singeing the whiskers of the dead tigress, the overjoyed natives crowded around, rending the air with shouts, and invoking blessings on the head of the Burra Sahib, the invincible slayer of wild beasts, whose powerful hand had rid the country of this dreadful scourge.

A TOUGH CUSTOMER

THE STORY OF AN ENCOUNTER WITH A WILD BOAR

No one but he who has seen it would believe that the wild hog of India can on his own ground outpace, at his first burst, the fastest Arab racehorse: but such is the fact. Let the hog be mountain born and bred, having to travel in certain seasons of the year forty or fifty miles every night for his food, then try him on his own hill-side, or over the rock and bush of the Deccan, and I will back the hog against the hunter.

This is ground which few men will ride over, because their horses' legs suffer so severely that they cannot afford to do it, even should they themselves have the nerve necessary for the work.

Again, no man who has not been an eyewitness of the desperate courage of the wild hog would believe in his utter recklessness of life, or in the fierceness that will make him run up the hunter's spear, which has passed through his vitals, until he buries his tusk in the body of the horse, or, it may be, in the leg of the rider.

The native shikari affirms that the wild boar will quench his thirst at the river between two tigers, and I believe this to be strictly the truth. The tiger and the boar have been heard fighting in the jungle at night, and both have been found dead, alongside of one another, in the morning. Of all the animals in India killed by me—and

Of all the animals in India killed by me—and these are the tiger, wild elephant, buffalo, bison, bear, panther, leopard and wild hog—in short, all of the *genus ferox* inhabiting those splendid forests—not one has ever made good his charge against the deadly bullets of my heavy rifles, or against the spear, save the wild boar and a panther: they have all been cut down, killed or turned.

In the month of January, 1851, I was out hog hunting at a village some ten miles from Hingoli, in the Deccan, and beating the sugar-canes at daylight without success. A villager came up to me and said, "What are you beating the cane for? If you want to see a hog, come with me. I'll show you one." Falling at the time to the rear of my horse, he whispered to a native officer of the cavalry regiment I then commanded, "The sahib won't be able to kill him. He is such a monster, we are afraid to go near the place where he lives." My first impression was that he was the owner of the sugar-cane, and wished to lure us away from it; however, I promised him a present if he would show us his large friend.

On this he gaily led the way, until, coming over the brow of a hill about half a mile from the cane he stopped dead and pointed to an object in a dal ¹ field below us. In the mist of the morning this appeared to me like a large blue rock, much too large for a hog; however, the object moved, or rather, got up, and there was no mistaking it.

About a hundred and twenty yards on the other side of him was a deep corri, or fissure in the hills, thickly wooded: this evidently was his stronghold, and if he chose to make his rush for it there was no chance of being able to intercept and spear him Thinking it possible that he might not run, but fight at once, I started to gallop round the field and place myself between the boar and his stronghold. The native officer with me was a very good rider, a man well known for his courage, and for being one of the best spearsmen and horsemen in the Nizam's cavalry. He was mounted on a good Arab horse; I was on an imported Arab mare, which had been sent by the Pasha of Egypt to the Nawab of the Carnatic, and sold at auction at Madras, where I had procured her. It was the first time I had ridden her hunting.

We galloped round and stood behind the hedge of the field, waiting for the beaters to come up, and if possible to drive the big fellow away from the hill. Standing as I was, behind a hedge considerably higher than my mare's head, I did not see the boar. The dafadar, who was thirty yards to my left, but looking over a lower part

of the hedge, shouted, "Look out! here he comes." The mare was standing still, and I had just time to drop my spear-point, which caught the boar in his rise; the blade was buried in his withers. The beautiful mare, with one bound, cleared the boar, spear and all, as this was carried out of my hand; then suddenly turning, was in a moment in her stride after the hog. The latter had but seventy yards to reach the edge of the cover, as I shouted to the Dafadar Allahudin Khan, "There goes my spear: spear him!"

Just as the boar struck the first branch of the jungle with his back, breaking my spear in two, the dafadar closed with him. The boar, having been missed by the spear, was under the horse, and thus for thirty yards the latter, literally lifted off his legs, was plunging and kicking until the rider came to the ground. Fortunately, I had three dogs out with me, and having shouted to let them go, they came up and took off the attention of the boar at the moment I thought he was on the dafadar. The latter had fallen on his sword and broken it, so that he was utterly helpless, for I had not then obtained another spear.

In the next moment the boar and dogs had disappeared in the jungle, which was, as I before remarked, his stronghold. Immediately I procured a spear, I rode up the face of the hill, and round the further end of the corri I heard the dogs baying the boar below me; but it was impervious, and, from rock and jungle, was inaccessible to the horse. Looking towards the

spot whence I had come, and across to the opposite side of the corri, I saw the dafadar again mounted and shouted to him, "Lend me again mounted and shouted to him, "Lend me a big spear. Come down and let us spear him on foot: he is killing the dogs." The man replied, "For heaven's sake, sahib, don't attempt it on foot!" It then suddenly occurred to me that this was the native officer who, a year before, when out with another party, had been dreadfully wounded by a wild boar. On that occasion the boar knocked him down and stripped the flesh off his thighs. At this moment up came one of my people with my heavy double rifle, and being still under the impression that the boar was killing the dogs, I descended on foot into the ravine, leaving my mare with the guncarrier. Just as I got to the bottom, I saw the monster boar with his back to a tree, and the three dogs looking very cautiously at him. He was about forty yards' distance from me.

There was an open, green space where the water lodged in the rains, and lear of jungle. At the farther end stood the boar. Directly he saw me, putting his head a little down to take aim, he came straight at me, increasing his pace from the

trot to the charge.

When about fifteen yards off he received the first bullet of my rifle in his neck. Taking not the least notice of it he came on, and the second barrel, fired at him at about five yards, broke his left under-jaw bone at the tusk. Fortunately I brought my rifle down to the charge, and striking it with his head, the boar sent me over on my

back. While running over me, he made a glance and wounded me in the left arm. Had I not put down my rifle-barrel at the moment, most probably his tusk would have been buried in my body, and this interesting tale would never have appeared before the public!

As it was, I had two shooting-jackets on, it being a very cold morning; and I suffered more from the jar on my shoulders than from the wound. As I lay, I seized the end of my rifle barrels, determining to sell my life as dearly as possible. To my delight, I must say, I saw the boar knock over the man who was running down with my big spear. He did not turn on either of us; for the boar is a noble foe, rarely turning, unless desperately wounded and unable to go on, to mutilate a fallen enemy. The dogs immediately tackled him, and permitted me, though breathless, to get up. The spear carrier looked covered with blood, enveloped as he was in a large white sheet—the usual protection of a native against the cold of the morning. My first impression was that the man was mortally wounded; but I soon discovered, to my delight, that the blood on the cloth was that of the boar. The man valiantly affirmed that he had speared him, but the mud on the broad blade clearly denoted what an ignominious sheath it had found.

The rifle stock was cracked, and the pin that fastens the barrel into the stock much bent. Having put this to rights, I loaded, and, proceeding in the direction the boar had gone, heard a pistol-shot, and the rush of a retreating horse.

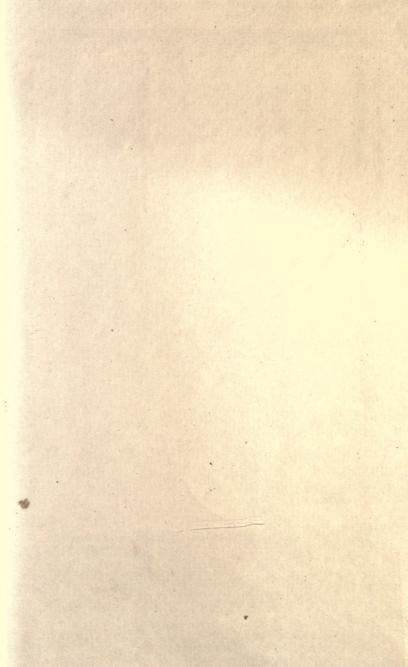
320 R ADVENTURES IN INDIA

This was the dafadar, who had discharged his weapon at him, from a distance, of course, without any damage to either party. I walked cautiously up to about fifteen yards, when the boar began glancing at me with his very wicked eye. A dog's head was very near the line of fire, but, determining to take the initiative this time, I shot the beast through the eye to the brain. Over he rolled, the biggest boar I have ever killed: height, thirty-nine inches; length, not including tail, about five feet and a half; tusks, nine inches.

A pair of plough-bullocks were caught, and the boar, placed on a sledge formed of three or four branches, was with difficulty dragged by them to

camp.

I prefaced this story with the statement that the boar is the most courageous animal in the jungle. There he was, with a broken spear in his withers—the shaft sticking up a foot and a half from the blade—knocking over a horseman and wounding his horse; receiving two bullets—ten to the pound weight each—the first in his neck and throat—a very deadly part in all animals—the second breaking his jaw, and fired within a few feet of the muzzle; making good his charge; cutting down his enemy like grass, wounding him, then knocking over a second man armed with a spear; defying the dogs; and at last, when in the act of charging again, shot to the brain, and dying without a groan.



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